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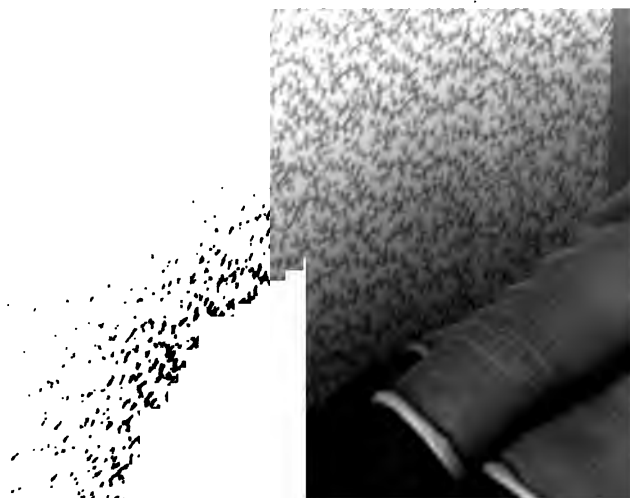
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THE
 DRAMATIC WORKS
 OF
 AARON HILL, Esq;
 VOLUME THE SECOND.

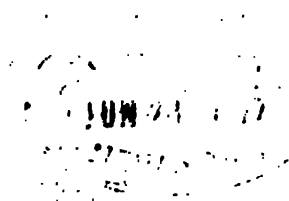
CONTAINING

MUSES in MOURNING.	✦ MEROPE.
ZARA, to which is added,	✦ ROMAN REVENGE.
an INTERLUDE, never	✦ INSOLVENT: OR, FILIAL
before Printed.	✦ PIETY.
SNAKE in the GRASS.	✦ To which are added,
ALZIRA.	✦ Some LOVE LETTERS, by
SAUL.	✦ the AUTHOR.
PARAXES.	✦



L O N D O N:

Printed for T. LOWNDS, near the Corner of Salisbury-
 Court, Fleet-street. M D C C L X.





T H E

MUSES in MOURNING.

A N

O P E R A.



B 2

WYOMING
COUNTY
VIRGINIA



THE
MUSES in MOURNING.



ACT I. SCENE I.

The curtain drawing up, discovers a scene of Mount Parnassus; Pegasus in the proper attitude. The Muses, in garlands, and dresses, expressive of their characters, ascend; successively, into sight, from between the two points, and come down, on the right and left, into their respective places, distinguished by niches, adorned with pilasters, supporting cornices, with compartments, in which are painted their several musical instruments: after which, appears a globe of light, like the evening sun, above the hill, which, descending out of sight, discovers Apollo in his seat, at the head of the Nine Muses: an altar at the foot of the hill.

AIR I.

First division, with a trumpet.

Apol. **N**OW with joy, O ye Muses! let the trumpet of
glory
Sound the triumphs of fame, for the heroes of story. [*Martial.*

Second division, with a flute.

Now, let the flute, attempt'ring gladness,
Sigh, to the soul, in tuneful sadness.

[*Plaintive.*

*The Muses in Mourning.**Third division, with a violin.*

Till the gay vision, starting, earnest, and airy,
Bids the wanton measures vary. [Wanton.

Fourth division, with a base-viol.

But, hark! each changing note, new passion shakes;
Each awful sound a deep impression makes;
The heart glows, conscious; and the bosom quakes. [Awful.

Fifth division, with a hautbois.

O'er the mind, on each occasion,
Music brings a soft invasion;
Now, 'tis hope; 'tis, now, persuasion. [Persuasive.

Sixth division, with a lute.

She loves, and Graces, now---all, smile, transporting,
Each melting note dies soft--each word is courting. [Amorous.

Seventh division, with a flagelet.

But, if a new purpose is light, as the air is,
Still to the subject, the harmony varies. [Jiggish.

Eighth division, with an organ.

In sounding anthems music swells desire,
Till, loud, and solemn, all the glowing choir
Flame, with expanded soul, in sacred fire. [Solemn.

Ninth division, to a French horn.

Fame's empire the Muses inherit;
They praise, and reward, and give spirit;
They lend an ambition to merit... [Hunting tune.

Apol. to the Muses.] Tuneful creators of immortal sounds!

Ye souls of music, rest.—Behold, who comes!

Pallas! great partner of our heaven-born care!

Some danger o'er the Muses' empire low'rs;

High Pindus, conscious bows, his laurell'd top,

And whole Parnassus, trembling to his root,

Groans with impending dread!—Hail, Goddess, hail!

[At the entrance of Pallas, Apollo and the Muses rise, and bow,
from their places; then reseate themselves.

—Daughter of Jove! Imperial charmer, hail!

Doubly victorious Power! whom arts, and arms,

Dependent—with eternal empire crown.

Pal. Spring of æthereal day! thou eye of heaven!

Fair

AN OPERA

7

Fair light's original ! harmonious God !
Guardian of Wit, and Health ! Apollo, hail ! ——
—Late, has my olive, breath'd on by the Nine,
And bath'd, and temper'd, in Aonian dews,
Shed peaceful influence on the western world ;
Hush'd is the voice of war ; and waking realms
Hearken, delighted, to the Muses' call :
Genius, rekindling, glows, with promis'd wit,
And dawns faint meaning on the nations round.

Apol. Fruit of thy care ! thou bright'ner of the soul !

Pal. Fall'ti *Italy*, long deaf to every charm,
But music's voice, and love's ; ——imperious *Spain*;
Loud *France*, and sullen *England's* moping spleen ;
Join'd with the bustling *Dutchman's* plodding power,
Devoted, all, conspire to sigh for wit :
Each nation's Genius, separate, seeks my smile ;
Each to my courted feet, his offerings brings,
And prays to be protected, and inspir'd.
Partial to none, but conscious, what respect
Is yours, celestial Muses ! and your God's !
Hither I guided their unanswer'd prayer :
Resolv'd to have no choice, but your decree.

Apol. Goddess of Wisdom, wisely hast thou judg'd !
Uniting, thus, when different Pow'rs concur,
Each makes his influence double.

AIR II.

Wit and wisdom greatly vary,
Tho' the world suppose 'em one :
Each alone, they both miscarry,
One too dull, and one too airy :
Neither's task compleatly done.
Wou'd you give new force to either ?
Take, and join 'em both together.

Pal. Approach, ye Nations ! let your suits be heard,
The Muses, and their leading Light, all, smile,
Indulgent to your hopes.

The Muses in Mourning.

AIR III.

The voice of war shall, now, be heard no longer,
The shade of death, no more, shall darken joy ;
The jocund shepherd's reed, now, sounding stronger,
In love, and peace, shall music's charms employ :
The fame of *wit* shall, now, cause emulation,
And new ambition fire each rising nation.

Pal. Queen of the nations ! far-fam'd *Italy* !
Once, a distinguish'd name.

Enter Genius of Italy ; his dress, like that of a lover, in an Opera, with a plume of feathers, and white satin robe, embroidered with flaming hearts, intermix'd with musical instruments : in his hands, a roll of music scores, round a double-headed gilt staff.

RECITATIVO.

G. of It. Inspiring Power !
And ye, fair Muses ! once adorning me !
And by my sons most honour'd ! yet once more,
Give me, to shine supreme, in envied wit ;
And deign to take these offerings, which I bring,
Devoted to your shrine.

AIR IV.

Take, ye Muses, take, ye Muses,
Wealth, that idle greatness chuses ;
Sounding nonsense, sweetly chiming,
Airs for Opera, softly rhiming ;
Music scores, the pride of scening,
Take our songs, and give us meaning.

All the while this air is singing, he lets run a long roll of music score, which, at the end of the song, he lays down on the altar.

Pal.

Pal. Genius of Spain, unbending, and elate !
Of height unshorten'd and unvaried nod !
Raife thy flow foot, and step serenely on.

Enter Genius of Spain, like a formal Spanish Don, in a bays cloak ; a long spada by his side ; and, under each arm, a large bag of money.

G. of Sp. I thank ye, Gods ! you, from the youth of time,
Knew, and confess'd your gifts most due to Spain.
My empire, like eternity, no line
Not circular, can figure ; for the sun,
In his wide compass, when he rounds the globe,
Forms but a ring, the measure of my crown,
And sets, and rises, in the realms, I rule,
All unaccustom'd I to hope in vain,
Let my due thanks, thus low, anticipate
Apollo's purpos'd bounty ; what to ask
Yet, scarce resolv'd : --- but what possess'd, far known !

A I R V.

Bless'd with all, that's worth desiring,
In our taste, alone, too low
Keep our fancy still aspiring,
Let our judgment overflow :
Swell our sense above bravada,
And accept this warlike spada ;
[*Draws his spada, and lays it down, as also the gold and silver, on the altar.*
Strongly to guard, what Muses slightly hold,
Inspiring silver, and inflaming gold.

Pal. Genius of France ! gay spirit of loud delight,
Lively concealer of design, in mirth !
Dance into sight ; and, at the Muses' feet,
Lay thy meant off'rings, and address thy prayer.

Enter

Enter Genius of France, dress'd like one of their petites maitres; the colour of his coat white, embroidered with flowers de-luces of gold.

G. of Fr. Fam'd for vivacity, and inbred fire;
From fruitful France all nations borrow wit,
The vivid growth of nature! — What I ask,
Is, that Apollo, since I shine, supplied;
With-holds his smile from others. — 'Tis my fame,
To lend my lights; and glitter among nations:
To guide their learning, fashions, thoughts, and taste,
And, oft, to change, and to be follow'd, ever.

AIR VI.

Fond of the wit, we so long have been fam'd for;
Still, O Apollo! confine it to France:
'Tis a request, that we cannot be blam'd for,
Modest, as any, we use to advance;
Take, in acknowledgment, all the French favours,
Which, for an age, over Europe have pass'd:
Dresses to form, and to fashion behaviours,
This is our empire — O; grant it to last.

During the song, he draws out of his pockets, and throws about, a great quantity of toupees, black bags, shoularknots, ribbons, and feathers.

Pal. Advance; Dutch Mightiness! huge growth of car
Industrious heaviness! unshining gem!
Dull dignity! untowering eminence!
Holland's swell'd Genius! next, present thy claim;
Envied, by none, be wonder'd at by all:
And speak thy blunt proposal.

Enter Genius of Holland, like a fat Dutch skipper; under his left arm a puncheon: in his right hand, the impal'd lion staff, beaded with the hat of Liberty; to which is hang'd a string of herrings.

G. of Hol. -- They say that I want wit-- shou'd that be true,
As true it may be, since I deal not in't ;
'Tis fit, that I shou'd buy some --- sell it me,
Apollo ! good Mynheer ! and company !
And take, because my bargains, all, are just,
Take, in exchange, two quick commodities,
Of price, to purchase wit, beyond my call,
If Muses are fair traders. [*Presents his puncheon of brandy,
and string of herrings.*]

ACT VII.

Tho' wit may be proud of its worth,
Let none undervalue good drinking ;
Here's brandy can soon give it birth,
And raise a weak head to strong-thinking :
Pickle herring's an excellent whet,
And will love of good brandy beget :
And, since wit is of brandy's conferring,
The Muses shou'd love pickle herring.

Pal. Genius of England ! thou art last, advance,
Worthiest, yet, least assur'd --- for ever stand,
Thou, self-supported : strongest, when alone,
Nor weak, but where assisted. --- Plain, and brave,
Be bold to speak thy claim.

*Enter Genius of England, like a gentleman-commoner, with a
square cap : in one hand a pen in an inkhorn ; in the other,
a few roll'd sheets of blank paper.*

G. of Eng. I, conscious of no public want, but one,
Derive that want from plenty : -- Smile, ye Nine !
Nor thou, Apollo ! great inspirer ! frown,
But firm my honest prayer. -- All England writes ;
Learn'd, and unlearn'd, each sex, all ages write !
Untaught, unask'd, unprais'd, unread, they write.
O, take these sheets, ye Muses ! harmless, yet, [*Presents
the blank paper, and pen and ink, on the altar.*]
And

And blank, as wittings' brains are. — Set us *copies*,
 And bless, indulgent to our courteous readers,
 Bless the wide-scribbling nation, with new skill,
 That flatt'ry, when it *paints*, may learn to *shade*,
 And faction, to *enlighten*

AIR VIII.

Wou'd Apollo, to puzzle the Muses all Nine,
 Contrive, how to set 'em a task without end;
 Let 'em influence *party* with *party* to join,
 And *Will* to treat *Bob*, like a brother, and friend:
 Let 'em make, men in place;
 Strive, and pray, to be eas'd;
 And those, in disgrace,
 Contented, and pleas'd:
 Apollo shall be my Lord Treasurer then,
 And the Muses be married to parliament men.

Pal. Sovereign decider! thou hast heard the claims;
 Pronounce thy wish'd decree.

Apol. Nations, 'tis well;
 Silent, I lent my ear to every plea,
 Impartially attentive: — Now, be dumb;
 And hear my general judgment. — *Italy*,
 Possessing wit, in vain, deserves no more;
 Unconscious of its uses: — Haughty *Spain*,
 Misled by superstition, cripples truth,
 And fetters thought with the constraint of stiffness:
France is, in age, too dry, and sour, for wit,
 In youth, too light, and wanton: — *Holland* creeps
 Too prone, and abject, for the Muse's wing;
 And thinks, too thrivingly, to wish the waste
 Of Fancy's losing liveliness. — Thou, then,
England's adaptive Genius! temper'd soft,
 And turn'd, for wit, or folly! friend to both,
 And both, by turns, preferring: be thou mine!
 Henceforth the Muses, watchful of thy wish,
 Shall cultivate good taste, support true wit;

And

And shine in thy productions : --- nor was this
Undue to thy late modesty, that own'd
A want, while these but prided in possession.

A I R IX.

While Italy boasts of her music,
And Spain of her silver and gold :
While France is of vanity too sick,
And Holland to traffic is sold :
Let England be known for her merit,
Her learning, her honour, and wit ;
Let her scorn a low fame to inherit,
And prize, what is noble, and fit.

Pal. Genius of England, crown'd with due success,
Stay, and enjoy thy fortune : --- Get ye hence,
Ye disappointed rivals ; --- re-imbark :
And, unaspiring to be chiefs in wit,
Pursue more dull distinctions.

A I R X.

G. of It. Away, away,
Come away,
I'll not stay,
No, no, no :
I will go,
Come away.

A I R XL

G. of Sp. Since Apollo is so rough,
 'Tis enough ;
 Off I blow him with a puff,
And rate him at a pinch of snuff ;
 'Tis enough.

A I R

AIR XII.

G. of Fr. Ha, ha, ha,
This plot shall miscarry ;
I can parry ;
Sa, sa, sa.

AIR XIII.

G. of Hol. Let others follow proud Apollo's
Your Muse is a jade.
Unacquainted with trade,
And too poor for a Dutchman to follow.
But I'll outwit 'em ;
And to fit 'em,
I'll take back my brandy, and leave 'em the herring ;
'Tis a stock, that they'll want, and I'll keep the transferring.

It. Sp. Fr. Hol.
All Gen. successively. — Oh, -- Oh, -- Oh, -- Oh.

It. Sp. Fr. Hol.
All. Gen. successively. — Woe, -- Woe, -- Woe, -- Woe.

Gen. of Hol. — — Give us comfort, O France !

Gen. of Fra. — — Come, along, let us dance,

It. Sp. Fr. Hol.
All, in succession — Oh, -- Oh, -- Oh, -- Oh.

At the entrance upon this last line, they form a dance to slow, mournful music, in heavy, dull steps ; one shaking the body, another the head, a third shrugging the shoulders, &c. and go out dancing.

Apol. Now, ye pleas'd Muses smile upon your choice,
And, slow descending, with due welcome, greet
Your fav'rite Genius.

The Muses come, severally, down from the hill, in measured motions, stopping to the sound of the instruments, in air the first

first (with attitudes proper to their characters, in manner of the Grecian dances); they salute the Genius of England, as they pass in the dance, and range themselves opposite, till all are descended: Pallas, as they, successively pass, acquainting the Genius with their names, and distinctions,

Apol. First of the Muses, bay-crown'd *Clio*, this!
 Gives heroes fame, and teaches praise to live:
 This is *Euterpe*, with her flow'ry wreath,
 Sweet softner of the soul. — *Thalia*, this,
 Whose temples a broad ivy garland binds,
 She, to gay comedy, attunes the mind,
 And laughs mankind to virtue. — This, *Melpomene*,
 Bright, in her coronet of radiant gems,
 That glitter, like her fancy: Tragedy,
 And all its scepter'd powers, obey this Muse,
 And the soul shakes before her. — Eloquence,
 And sweet Persuasion, next, in *Polymnia*,
 Pay England's genius homage; her loose hair,
 Spread, and soft flowing, emblem of her words. —
 Next, *Erato*, brings danger in her eye,
 Kindler of love's sweet flame; her every step,
 Ten thousand Cupids, arm'd, attend, unseen,
 And shoot their influence round her: from her brow,
 Roses, and myrtles, drink eternal bloom,
 To shed it, on her votaries. — *Terpsichore*,
 Gay, as her feathery garland, breathes in song;
 Light, as the airs, which tremble from her tongue!
 She swells the raptur'd soul, to float on sound,
 And melts it into music. — This, *Urania*,
 Muse, most lov'd of Heaven! her starry crown
 Shines amidst planets, when she sails the skies,
 Detective of the vast profound of heaven!
 And stoops the stars, to guide astronomy.
Calliope, circling her front with gold,
 Is the protector Muse, who gathers bays,
 To shade the poet's sacred brow, from thunder.
 — Ever ador'd be your auspicious powers,

Immor-

Immortal, bear the whole unfading charms
Bloom, for ungrasp'd eternity!

G. of Eng Oh, smile,

Propitious powers of meaning passion's guides!
Ye, who disturb the mind to mend the heart,
And charm, with gen'rous purpose! Ever smile;
Ever, thus partial, blest your votary's prayer.

ACT XIV.

What are good fortune, distinction, and greatness,
If wit is but wanting, the rest to adorn?
No man is happy, whom all his elateness,
Untemper'd with reason, but lifts into scorn:
Wisdom, alone, can to bliss recommend us,
High fortunes expose, but high virtues defend us.

Apol. Clio! --- bright leader of the tuneful train,
Guide the lov'd stranger to the sacred spring;
And let his favour'd taste confess its powers.

The Muses join, here, in a grand dance, after which, Clio gives her hand to the Genius of England, and leads him up the hill; follow'd by all the Muses, in a repetition of the measures, and music, abovemention'd. They ascend in front, and bowing, as they pass by Apollo, descend, out of sight, on the contrary side.

Pul. Now, wou'd high Jove confirm Apollo's choice,
He makes our purpose, fate!

Apol. Jove shall be fought:
England has enviers, e'en among the Gods.
Juno is fond of Spain for she loves pride,
It recommends her peacocks. --- Love smiles, warm,
On amorous Italy. --- Vulcan's whole shop
Glow's red, for Holland's service. Active France,
Is dear to Mercury; whose shadowy wiles,
Those fine drawn subtleties, which fools call wit,
Import more danger, to our favourite charge,

Than

Then all the open anger of those powers,
Who, bravely, own their enmity. --- Jove's *Fiat*
Secures us from their practices : for this,
Resolv'd, I tread, forthwith, the courts of heaven ;
Pallas, mean while, will guard the Muses' hope.

AIR XV.

Swift, attend me, radiant Light,
From the day-spring's glowing store,
Dart a beam, effulging bright,
Flaming, half creation o'er!
Then, revolving, shoot above,
And bear me to the throne of Jove.

*At the close of this air, a sunbeam shoots down, and snatches
Apollo up, from the mount.*

AIR XVI.

Pal. Go, go, --- my good wishes attend you,
Keep your fav'rite constant, and true ;
But, till more than your wisdom befriended you
I'll forfeit my skill, if you do.
Old England is apt to take dudgeon,
And not very clearly to see ;
She's restive, by fits, and won't budge on,
But, like her own wits of South Sea,
Will let go a whale for a gudgeon,
And cry --- what a profit have we !

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the general principles of the theory of the structure of the human brain. It is shown that the brain is a complex system of interconnected parts, each of which has its own function. The author discusses the role of the different parts of the brain in the process of thinking and memory.

2. The second part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the role of the brain in the process of learning. It is shown that the brain is able to learn from experience and to store information for future use. The author discusses the different types of learning and the factors that influence the rate of learning.

3. The third part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the role of the brain in the process of decision-making. It is shown that the brain is able to weigh the different factors involved in a decision and to choose the best course of action. The author discusses the different types of decision-making and the factors that influence the quality of the decision.

4. The fourth part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the role of the brain in the process of communication. It is shown that the brain is able to understand and produce language. The author discusses the different types of communication and the factors that influence the effectiveness of communication.

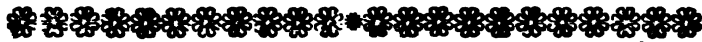


Z A R A:

A

T R A G E D Y.

As it is acted at the THEATRES.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

At DRURY-LANE, 1759.

OSMAN, Sultan of <i>Jerusalem</i> ,	Mr. MOSSOR.
LUSIGNAN, last of the blood of the } Christian Kings of <i>Jerusalem</i> ,	Mr. GARRICK.
ZARA, } Slaves to the Sultan,	Mrs. CIBBER.
SELIMA, }	Mrs. DAVIS.
NERESTAN } <i>French Officers</i> ,	Mr. DAVIS.
CHATILLON, }	Mr. BLAKES.
ORASMIN, Minister to the Sultan,	Mr. BURTON.
MELIDOR, an Officer in the Seraglio,	Mr. SCRACE.

S C E N E, the Seraglio, at *Jerusalem*.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

At COVENT-GARDEN, 1757.

OSMAN, Sultan of <i>Jerusalem</i> ,	Mr. BARRY.
LUSIGNAN, last of the blood of the } Christian Kings of <i>Jerusalem</i> ,	Mr. SPARKS.
ZARA, } Slaves to the Sultan,	Mrs. CIBBER.
SELIMA, }	Mrs. ELMY.
NERESTAN, } <i>French Officers</i> ,	Mr. DYER.
CHATILLON, }	Mr. USHER.
ORASMIN, Minister to the Sultan,	Mr. RIDOUT.
MELIDOR, an Officer in the Seraglio,	Mr. BRANSBY.



TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS,
THE
P R I N C E.

S I R,

*W*RITERS, who mean no *int'rest*, but their *arts*;
Of *undepend*ing minds, and *stedfast* hearts,
Disclaiming *hopes*, will empty *forms* neglect;
Nor need PERMISSION ——— to address *respect*.

Frank, as the manly faith of *ancient* time,
Let *truth*; for once, approach the *great*, in *rhime*!
Nor public benefit, misguided, *stray*,
Because a *private wisher* points its way.

If wond'ring, *here*, your greatness condescends
To ask, *What's HE*, who, thus, *uncall'd*, attends?
Smile, at a *suisor*, who, in courts, untrac'd,
Pleas'd, if o'erlook'd, thus, *owns* his humble *taste*.

Vow'd an *unenvier* of the busy *great*;
Too plain for *flatt'ry*; and, too calm for *bate*:

*Fit to be happy; who surveys, unknown,
The pow'rless cottage, and the peaceless throne,
A silent subject to his own control:
Of active passions, but, unyielding soul;
Engross'd by NO pursuits, amus'd, by all;
But, deaf, as adders, to ambition's call:
Too free, for pow'r, (or prejudice) to win,
And, safely, lodging liberty, WITHIN.*

Pardon, Great Prince! th' unfashionable strain,
That shuns to dedicate; nor seeks to gain:
That, (*self-resigning*) knows no narrow view;
And, but for public blessings, courts, ev'n YOU!

*Late, a bold tracer of your measur'd mind,
(While, by the mournful SCENE, to grief inclin'd)
I saw your eloquence of eyes confess
Soft sense of BELVIDERA's deep distress,
Prophetic, thence, fore-deem'd the rising years;
And hail'd a HAPPY NATION, in YOUR tears!*

Oh! — nobly touch'd! — th' inspiring pleasure chaf,
Snatch, from the *fable wave*, the sinking MUSE!
Charming, — be charm'd! the Stage's anguish heal:
And teach a languid people how to feel.

*Then her full soul, shall TRAGIC pow'r impart,
And reach three kingdoms in their Prince's heart!
Lightness, disclaim'd, shall blurb itself away:
And reas'ning SENSE resume forgotten sway:
Love, courage, loyalty, taste, honour, truth,
Flash'd from the scene, recharm our list'ning youth:
And, virtues, (by YOUR influence form'd) sustain
The future glories of their founder's reign.*

Nor, let due care of a *protected Stage*,
Misjudg'd amusement, but spare hours engage:
Strong, serious TRUTHS, the manly Muse displays;
And leads charm'd Reason thro' those flow'ry ways.

Whi

D E D I C A T I O N.

23

While HISTORY's cold care but facts enrolls,
The MUSE (pervasive) saves the pictur'd soul;
Beyond all *Egypt's* gums, *embalms* mankind:
And stamps the living features of the MIND.

Time can eject the sons of pow'r, from fame;
And *he* who gains a *world*, may LOSE his NAME.
But, *cherish'd* *arts* insure immortal breath:
And, bid their *prop'd* *defenders* tread on death!

Look back, lov'd *Prince*! on ages sunk in *shade*!
And feel, what DARKNESS, absent *Genius* made!
Think, on the *dead* *fore-fillers* of your place!
Think, on the stern *first-founders* of your race!
And, where *lost* *story* sleeps in silent night;
Charge to their want of *taste*, their want of LIGHT.

When, in your rising grove; (no *converse* nigh)
BLACK EDWARD's awful *bust* demands your eye;
Think, from *what* *cause*, blind chronicles DEFAME
The *grfs-told* tow'rings, of that *dreadful* name!
Search him, thro' FANCY: and SUPPOSE him, *shown*
By the *long* *glories*, to the MUSES known:
Shining, *disclsd*;—o'ertrampling *Death's* control!
And, *opening*, *backward*, all his depth of *soul*!

Then—breathe a conscious *figh*; to *mourn* his fate;
Who *form'd* no *writers*, like his spirit; *great*!
To *limn* his living *thoughts*—past fame *renew*;
And build HIM *honours*; they reserve, for you!

I am, with profound respect;

S I R,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

most humble

and obedient servant,

A. HILL.

P R E F A C E
T O T H E
R E A D E R.

THE beauties of *nature*, will be beauties, *everlastingly*.—If they are sometimes *eclips'd*, by a cloud of ill accidents, they *disperse* the dark *screen*; and, again, become amiable.

But, unwilling to suppose, we are, *now*, under influence of such a *cloud*, with regard to *dramatical taste*, I thought it more decent, (and *juster*) to charge its degeneracy to the *STAGE*, than to the *Genius* of the nation.

Accounting in this manner for the *defect*, I have often taken pleasure, (when turning my search towards a *remedy*) to consider it, as no improbable hope, that *YOUNG Actors* and *Actresses*, beginning, *uneduc'd* by *AFFECTED EXAMPLES*, might go some length, towards what has been said, of a celebrated writer,

“ *Who reach'd Perfection, in his first Essay.*

It requir'd, methought, but the assistance of a lively *imagination*, join'd to an easy, and natural, *power*; with a resolute *habitude*, to *BE*, for an hour or two, the very persons, they wou'd *seem*.—Such a *foundation* for accomplish'd acting, lies so open, and so clearly *in nature*, that they, who find it all, *must* discover it at *first*: because when men are once got *out of the road*, they who travel the *farthest*, have but most length of way to ride *back* again.

Yet, the interested in playhouses were so positive, in the contrary sentiment, that they submitted to reverence, as a *maxim*, this extraordinary concession, “ That *actors must be twenty years such, before they can expect to be masters of the air, and tread, of the Stage.*

Now,

Now, there is but *one* view, in nature, wherein I was willing to admit of this argument: I was forced to *confess*, I had seen some *particular* stage airs, and stage treads, which a man of good sense *might* indeed, waste a long life, in endeavouring to imitate, and, *at last, lose his labour!*

However, since an opinion, in opposition to these gentlemen's, wanted weight to make *that* believed *possible*, which had not, yet, been reduced into *practice*, I took a sudden resolution, actually to try, *who was in the right*, by attempting the EXPERIMENT. — This, I knew, was a design, which, succeeding, wou'd not fail to give pleasure to the *public*; and, which, *miscarrying*, cou'd produce no worse consequence, than *my* particular mortification.

I imagined it reasonable to found a trial, of this nature, rather on a *new* Play, than an *old* one: and, as it ought to be a play of unquestionable merit, it must have been presumption, and vanity, to have cast a thought toward any thing, *of my own*. — Upon the whole, that I might keep out of reach either of prejudice, or partiality, a *foreign* production seemed the properest choice; and, the ZAIRE, of *Monfieur de Voltaire*, offered me every thing that nature could do, on the part of the *Poet*: but, I had still something to *wish*, with regard to that *other* part of her influence, which depended on the *Player*.

I had (of late) among the rest of the town, been deprived of all rational pleasure from the Theatre, by a monstrous, and unmoving *affetation*: which, choking up the avenues to *passion*, had made *Tragedy* FORBIDDING, and HORRIBLE!

I was despairing to see a *correction* of this folly; when I found my self, unexpectedly, re-animated, by the war which the PROMPTER has proclaimed, and is now, weekly, waging, against the *Ranters*, and *Wbiners*, of the Theatre; after having undertaken to reduce the *Actor's* *lost art*, into PRINCIPLES, with design, by reconciling them to the touching, and spirited, *medium*, to reform those *wild copies* of life, into some *resemblance*, at least, of their *originals*.

Thus,

Thus, *confirmed* in my sentiments, I ventured on the *cast* of two *capital* characters, into hands, *not disabled*, by custom, and obstinate prejudice, from pursuing the *plain track*, of NATURE.

It was easy to induce OSMAN, (as he is a relation of my own, and *but too fond* of the amusement) to make trial, *how far* his delight, in an art, I shall never allow him to *practise*, might enable him to supply *one* part of the proof, that, to *imitate nature*, we must proceed, *upon natural principles*.

At the same time, it happened, that Mrs. CIBBER was, fortunately, inclinable to exert her inimitable talent, in *additional* aid of my purpose, with view to *continue* the *practice* of a profession, for which, her *person*, her *voice*, the unaffected *sensibility* of her *heart*, (and, her *face*, so finely dispos'd, for *assuming*, and *expressing*, the PASSIONS) have, so naturally, qualify'd her.

And, to give this bold *novelty of design*, all its necessary furtherance, Mr. FLETTERWOOD, who professes the most generous inclinations, for *improvement* of his troublesome province, very willingly *concurred*, in whatever could, on *his* part, be of use to the *experiment*.

Behold, in this little *detail*, from *what motive* I have taken upon me to throw one of the finest of *French* plays upon the public.—If my expectations are not strangely *deceived*, it will be found, by the *event*, whether our taste for true *Tragedy* is *declined*, or, the true *art* of *acting* it *forgotten*.

From the *first*, I can have nothing to conclude, but, that my judgment has been *weak*, and *mistaken*.

But, if the *last* proves the case, I shall flatter my self, that those persons of quality, from whose *imaginary want of discernment* some people have not *blushed* to *derive* their dull qualities, will, in right of their *insulted understanding*, *exact*, for the future, a warm, and toilsome exertion, of the *strong* and the *natural*, tho' at the cost of the *lazy* and *affected*.

This

This would awaken, at once, the *reflection*, of many, who have it in their *POWER* to be moving, and natural, actors; and, by effectually *convincing* them, that their present opinion is *wrong*, bring 'em over (for their own, and the public advantage) to embrace, and succeed by, a *new* one.

Such a step, toward *reforming* the Theatre, would draw on, (as a consequence) many of its *nobler* improvements. — For, where *emotions* are keenest, the *delight* becomes greatest; and, to whatever *most charms*, we, most closely, *adhere*; and, encourage it, *most actively*.

If, in translating this excellent Tragedy, I have regarded, in some places, the *soul*, and, in others, the *letter*, of the original *Monsieur de Voltaire*, who has made himself a very capable *judge*, both of our *language* and *customs*, will indulge me that latitude; except he should, in observing some *alterations* I have made, in his *names*, and his *distinction*, forget, that their *motives* are to be found, in the turn of our national *difference*.

After what I have said of the playhouses, it would be injustice, not to *declare*, that I exclude from the censure, of speaking, or acting, *unnaturally*, any one of the persons, who have been cast into ZAKA. — And, in particular, I must say *this*, of *two* of them; that Mr. MIZWARD, who is already a very *excellent*, and hourly rising to be an *accomplished* actor, has a *VOICE*, that both comprehends, and expresses, *the utmost compass* of HARMONY. — And, Mr. CIBBER, discerningly, pursued, thro' the numberless *extent* of his *walks*, is an actor, of as *unlimited a compass* of GENIUS, as ever I saw on the stage: and, is, *barely*, received, as he *deserves*, when the town is *most favourable*.

.....
.....
P R O L O G U E.

Written by COLLEY CIBBER, Esq;

Spoken by Mr. CIBBER.

THE French, howe'er mercurial they may seem,
Extinguish half their fire, by critic pblegm :
While English writers Nature's freedom claim,
And warm their scenes with an un govern'd flame :
'Tis strange, that Nature never should inspire
A Racine's judgment, with a Shakespear's fire !

Howe'er, to-night — (to promise much we're loth)..
But — you've a chance, to have a taste of both.
From English Plays, Zara's French author fir'd,
Confess'd his Muse, beyond herself, inspir'd ;
From rack'd Othello's rage, he rais'd his style,
And snatch'd the brand, that lights this tragic pile :
Zara's success his utmost hopes outflow,
And a twice twentieth weeping-audience drew.

As for our English friend, he leaves to you,
Whate'er may seem to his performance due ;
No views of gain, his hopes or fears engage,
He gives a child of leisure to the Stage :
Willing to try, if yet, forsaken Nature,
Can charm, with any one remember'd feature.

Thus far, the Author speaks — but now, the Player,
With trembling heart, prefers his humble prayer.
To-night the greatest venture of my life,
Is lost, or sav'd, as you receive ——— a wife :
If time, you think, may ripen her, to merit,
With gentle smiles, support her wav'ring spirit:

Zara

*Zara in France, at once, an actress rais'd,
Warm'd into skill, by being kindly prais'd :
O ! could such wonders here, from favour flow,
How would our Zara's heart, with transports glow !
But she, alas ! by juster fears oppress'd,
Begs but your bare endurance, at the best.
Her unskill'd tongue would simple Nature speak,
Nor dares her bounds, for false applauses break.
Amidst a thousand faults her best pretence
To please — is unpresuming innocence.
When a chaste heart's distress your grief demands,
One silent tear out-weighs a thousand bands.
If she conveys the pleasing passions, RIGHT,
Guard and support her, this decisive night.
If she MISTAKES — or, finds her strength too small,
Let interposing pity — break her fall.
In you it rests, to save her, or destroy,
If she draws tears from you, I weep — for Joy,*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

HERE, take a surfeit, Sirs, of being jealous,
And shun the pains, that plague those Turkish fellows:
Where love and death join hands, their darts confounding,
Save us, good Heav'n! from this new way of WOUNDING!
Curs'd climate!—where, to CARDS, a lone-left woman
Has only one of her black-guards to summon!
Sighs, and sits mope'd, with her tame beast to gaze at:
And, that cold treat, is all the game she plays at!
For—shou'd she once, some abler hand be trying,
Poignard's the word!—and, the first deal is—DYING!
Slife, shou'd the bloody whim get ground, in Britain,
Where woman's FREEDOM has such heights, to sit on;
DAGGERS, PROVOK'D, wou'd bring on DESOLATION:
And, murder'd Belles un-people half the nation!—
Fain wou'd I help this Play, to move compassion,
And live, to hunt SUSPICION out of fashion.——
FOUR motives, strongly recommend, to lovers,
Hate of this weakness, that our scene discovers:
First then—A woman WILL, or WON'T—depend on't;
If she will do't, she WILL:—and, there's an end on't.
But, if she won't,—since safe and sound your trust is,
Fear is AFFRONT: and jealousy INJUSTICE.
Next—he who bids his dear, do what she pleases,
Blunts wedlock's edge; and, all its torture eases:
For—not to feel your suff'rings, is the same,
As not to suffer: — All the diff'rence — name.
Thirdly—The jealous husband wrongs his honour;
No wife goes lame, without some hurt upon her:
And, the malicious world will still be guessing,
Who, oft, dines out, dislikes her own cook's dressing.
Fourthly, and lastly — to conclude my lecture,
If you wou'd FIX th' inconstant wife — RESPECT her.
She who perceives her virtues OVER-RATED,
Will fear to have th' account more justly stated:
And, borrowing from her pride, the good wife's SEEMING,
Grow REALLY SUCH — to merit your esteeming.

Z A R A

Z A R A.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Zara and Selima.

Sel. **I**T moves my wonder, young, and beauteous Zara,
Whence these new sentiments inspire your heart !
Your peace of mind increases with your charms ;
Tears, now, no longer shade your eyes' soft lustre :
You meditate no more, those happy climes,
To which Nerestan will return to guide you :
You talk no more of that gay nation, now,
Where men adore their wives, and woman's power
Draws rev'rence from a polish'd people's softness :
Their husbands' equals ; and their lovers' queens !
Free, without scandal ; wise, without restraint ;
Their virtue, due to nature, not to fear !
Why have you ceas'd to wish this happy change ?
A barr'd seraglio ! ——— sad, unsocial life !
Scorn'd, and a slave ! All this has lost its terror :
And Syria rivals, now, the banks of Seine !
Zara. Joys, which we do not know, we do not wish ;
My fate's bound in, by Sion's sacred wall ;
Clos'd, from my infancy, within this palace,

Exit

Custom has learnt, from *time* the power to please ;
 I claim no share in the remoter world,
 The Sultan's property, his will my law ;
 Unknowing all, but him, his power, his fame ;
 To live his subject, is my only hope,
 All, else, an empty dream. ———

Sel. Have you forgot

Absent Nereftan then ? Whose gen'rous friendship,
 So nobly vow'd redemption from your chains !
 How oft have you admir'd his dauntless soul !
 Osman, his conqu'ror, by his courage, charm'd,
 Trusted his faith, and, on his word, releas'd him ;
 Tho' not return'd, in time — we, yet, expect him,
 Nor had his noble journey other motive,
 Than to procure our ransom : — And is this,
 This dear, warm, hope — become an idle dream ?

Zara. Since, after two long years, he not returns,
 'Tis plain, his promise stretch'd beyond his power :
 A stranger, and a slave, unknown like him,
 Proposing much, means little ; — Talks, and vows,
 Delighted with a prospect of escape : ———
 He promis'd to redeem ten Christians more,
 And free us all, from slavery ! — I own,
 I once admir'd th' unprofitable zeal,
 But, now, it charms no longer. ———

Sel. What ! if yet,

He, faithful, shou'd return, and hold his vow !
 Wou'd you not, then ———

Zara. No matter — Time is past ;
 And every thing is chang'd ———

Sel. But, whence comes this ?

Zara. Go — 'twere too much, to tell thee *Zara's* fate ;
 The Sultan's secrets, all are sacred, here :
 But my fond heart delights to mix with thine. ———
 Some three months past, when thou, and other slaves,
 Were forc'd to quit fair Jordan's flow'ry bank ;
 Heaven, to cut short the anguish of my days,

Rais'd

Rais'd me, to comfort, by a powerful hand !

This mighty Osman !

Sel. What of him ?

Zara. This Sultan !

This conqu'ror of the Christians ! loves——

Sel. Whom ?

Zara. Zara !——

Thou blushest, and I guess, thy thoughts accuse me ;

But, know me better——'twas unjust suspicion :

All Emperor, as he is, I cannot stoop

To honours, that bring shame and baseness with 'em ;

Reason, and pride, those props of modesty,

Sustain my guarded heart, and strengthen virtue ;

Rather than sink to infamy, let *chains*

Embrace me, with a joy ; such love denies :

No——I shall, now, astonish thee ;—His greatness

Submits, to own a pure and honest flame ;

Among the shining crowds, which *live*, to *please* him ;

His whole regard is fix'd on *me*, alone :

He offers marriage—and its rites, now, wait,

To crown me Empress of this Eastern world.

Sel. Your virtue, and your charms, deserve it all :

My heart is not surpris'd, but struck, to hear it ;

If, to be *Empress*, can compleat your happiness,

I rank my self, with joy, among your slaves.

Zara. Be, still, my equal – and enjoy my blessings :

For, *thou* partaking, they will bless *me* more.

Sel. Alas ! but Heaven ! will it permit this marriage ?

Will not this grandeur, safely, call'd a bliss,

Plant bitterness, and root it, in your heart ?

Have you forgot, you are of Christian blood ?

Zara. Ah me ! what hast thou said ? Why would'st thou
thus

Recal my wav'ring thoughts !—How know I, what,

Or whence I am ? Heaven kept it, hid, in darkness,

Conceal'd me from my self, and from my blood.

Sel. Nereftan, who was born a Christian, here,

Asserts, that you, like him, had Christian parents ;

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D

Besides

Besides—*That* cross, which, from your infant years,
Has been preserv'd, was found upon your bosom,
As if design'd, by Heaven, a pledge of faith,
Due to the God, you purpose to forsake!

Zara. Can my fond heart, on such a feeble proof,
Embrace a faith, abhorr'd by him I love?
I see, too plainly, custom forms us all;
Our thoughts, our morals, our most fix'd belief,
Are consequences of our place of birth:
Born beyond Ganges, I had been a Pagan:
In France, a Christian;—I am, here, a Saracen:
'Tis but *instruction*, all! Our parents' hand
Writes, on our heart, the first, faint characters,
Which time, re-tracing, deepens into strength,
That nothing can efface, but Death, or Heaven! —
Thou wert not made a pris'ner in this place,
'Till, after reason, borrowing force from years,
Had lent its lustre, to enlighten faith: —
For me, who in my cradle was their slave,
Thy Christian doctrines were, too lately, taught me:
Yet, far from having lost the rev'rence due,
This cross, as often as it meets my eye,
Strikes thro' my heart a kind of awful fear!
I honour, from my soul, the Christian laws,
Those laws, which, soft'ning nature, by humanity,
Melt nations into brotherhood; — no doubt,
Christians are happy; and, 'tis just to love 'em.

Sel. Why have you, then, declar'd yourself their foe?
Why will you join your hand, with this proud Osmand's?
Who owes his triumphs to the Christians' ruin!

Zara. Ah!—*Who* could *slight* the offer of his heart?
Nay—for I mean to tell thee all my weakness
Perhaps, I had, ere now, profess'd *thy* faith,
But Osmand lov'd me—and I've lost it all: —
I think, on none, but Osmand—my pleas'd heart,
Fill'd with the blessing, to be lov'd, by *him*,
Wants room for other happiness: ——l'lace thou,
Before thy eyes, his merit, and his fame,

His

His youth, yet, blooming but in manhood's dawn !
 How many conquer'd Kings have swell'd his power !
 Think, too, how lovely ! how his brow becomes
 This wreath of early glories ! — Oh ! my friend !
 I talk not of a scepter, which he gives me :
 No—to be charm'd with that, were thanks, too humble !
 Offensive tribute, and, too poor, for love !
 'Twas Osman won my heart, not Osman's crown !
 I love not, in him, aught, besides himself.
 Thou think'st, perhaps, that these are starts of passion ;
 But, had the will of Heav'n, less bent to bless him,
 Doom'd Osman to my chains, and me, to fill
 The throne, that Osman sits on—ruin and wretchedness ;
 Catch and consume my wishes, but I wou'd —
 To *raise me, to my self, descend to him.*

Set. Hark ! the wish'd music sounds ! — 'Tis he — he
 comes — [*Exit Selima.*

Zara. My heart prevented him, and found him near :
 Absent, two whole long days, the slow-pac'd hour,
 At last, is come—and gives him to my wishes !

Enter Osman, reading a paper, which he re-delivers to Orasmin.

Ofm. Wait my return — or, shou'd there be a cause,
 That may require my presence — do not fear
 To enter — ever mindful, that my *own* [*Exit Orasmin.*
Follows my people's happiness. — At length,
 Cares have releas'd my heart — to love, and Zara.

Zara. 'Twas not in cruel absence, to deprive me
 Of your imperial image — every where,
 You reign, triumphant : memory supplies
 Reflection, with your pow'r ; and you, like Heaven,
 Are always present — and are always gracious.

Ofm. The Suitans, my great ancestors, bequeath'd
 Their empire to me, but their taste they gave not ;
 Their laws, their lives, their loves, delight not me :
 I know, our prophet smiles on am'rous wishes ;

And opens a wide field, to vast desire :
 I know, that, at my will, I might possess ;
 That, wasting tenderness, in wild profusion,
 I might look down, to my surrounded feet,
 And bless contending beauties. — I might speak,
 Serenely slothful, from within my palace,
 And bid *my pleasure* be my *people's law*.
 But, sweet, as softness is, its end is cruel ;
 I can look round, and count a hundred Kings,
 Unconquer'd, by themselves, and slaves to others :
 Hence was Jerusalem, to Christians lost ;
 But Heaven, to blast that unbelieving race,
 Taught me to *be* a King, by thinking *like* one.
 Hence, from the distant Euxine to the Nile,
 The trumpet's voice has wak'd the world to war ;
 Yet, amidst arms, and death, *thy* power has reach'd me :
 For thou disdain'st, like me, a languid love ;
 Glory, and Zara, join — and charm, together.

Zara. I hear, at once, with blushes, and, with joy,
 This passion, so unlike your country's customs.

Ofm. Passion, like mine, disdains my country's customs,
 The jealousy, the faintness, the distrust,
 The proud, superior, coldness, of the East :
 I know to love you, Zara, with esteem ;
 To trust your virtue, and to court your soul.
 Nobly confiding, I unveil my heart,
 And dare inform you, that, 'tis all your own :
 My joys must, *all*, be yours — only my *cares*
 Shall lie, conceal'd, within — and reach not Zara.

Zara. Oblig'd, by this excess of tenderness,
 How low, how wretched, was the lot of Zara !
 Too poor, with aught, but thanks, to pay such blessings !

Ofm. *Not so* — I love — and wou'd be lov'd, again ;
 Let me confess it, I possess a soul,
 That what it wishes, wishes, *ardently*.
 I shou'd believe, you *bated*, had you *power*
 To *love*, with *moderation* : 'Tis my aim,
 In every thing, to reach supreme perfection.

If, with an equal flame, I touch your heart,
 Marriage attends your smile — but know, 'twill make
 Me wretched, if it makes not Zara happy.

Zara. Ah! Sir, if such a heart, as gen'rous Osman's,
 Can, from my will, submit to take its bliss,
 What mortal, ever, was decreed so happy!
 Pardon the pride, with which I own my joy;
 Thus, wholly, to possess the man, I love!
 To know, and to confess, his will my fate!
 To be the happy work of his dear hands!
 To be——

Enter Orasmin.

Os. Already interrupted! What?
 Who? — Whence?

Oras. This moment, Sir, there is arriv'd
 That Christian slave, who, licens'd, on his faith,
 Went hence, to France — and, now return'd, prays
 audience.

Zara. [*Aside.*] O! Heaven!

Os. Admit him — What? — Why comes he not? —

Oras. He waits, without. — No Christian dares approach
 This place, long sacred to the Sultan's privacies.

Os. Go — bring him with thee — Monarchs, like the sun,
 Shine but in vain, unwarming, if unseen:
 With forms, and reverence, let the *great* approach us;
 Not the *unhappy*. — Every place, alike,
 Gives the distress'd a privilege to enter. — [*Exit Orasmin.*]
 I think, with horror, on these dreadful maxims,
 Which harden Kings, insensibly, to tyrants.

Re-enter Orasmin, with Nerestan.

Ner. Imperial Sultan! honour'd, ev'n by foes!
 See me, return'd, regardful of my vow,
 And, punctual, to discharge a Christian's duty:
 I bring the ransom of the captive, Zara,

Fair Selima, the partner of her fortune,
 And of ten Christian captives, pri'sners, here.
 You promis'd, Sultan, if I shou'd return,
 To grant their rated liberty : ---- Behold,
 I *am* return'd, and they are yours, no more.
 I wou'd have stretch'd my purpose to *my self*,
 But Fortune has deny'd it; ----- My poor All
 Suffic'd, no further; and a noble poverty
 Is, now, my whole possession : ----- I redeem
 The promis'd Christians, for I taught 'em hope.
 But, for my self, I come, again, your slave,
 To wait the fuller hand of future charity.

Ofm. Christian! I must confess, thy *courage* charms me;
 But let thy *pride* be taught, it treads too high,
 When it presumes to climb above my mercy. -----
 Go, ransomless, thy self --- and carry back
 Their unaccepted ransoms, join'd with gifts,
 Fit to reward thy purpose : ----- Instead of ten,
 Demand a hundred Christians; they are thine :
 Take 'em --- and bid 'em teach their haughty country,
 They left some virtue, among Saracens. -----
 Be Lusignan, alone, excepted ----- He,
 Who boasts the blood of Kings, and dares lay claim
 To *my* Jerusalem ----- that claim his guilt!
 Such is the law of States, had *I* been vanquish'd,
 Thus had *he* said of *me* : ----- I mourn his lot,
 Who must, in fetters, lost to day-light, pine,
 And sigh away old age, in grief, and pain. -----
 For Zara ----- but to name her, as a captive,
 Were to dishonour language; ----- she's a prize,
 Above thy purchase. ----- All the Christian realms,
 With all their Kings to guide 'em, wou'd unite
 In vain, to force her from me. --- Go, retire ---

Ner. For Zara's ransom, with her own consent,
 I had your royal word --- For Lusignan -----
 Unhappy, poor, old man ---

Ofm. Was I not heard?
 Have I not told thee, Christian, all my will?

What,

What, if I prais'd thee! — This presumptuous virtue,
Compelling my esteem, provokes my pride:
 Be gone — and, when to-morrow's sun shall rise
 On my dominions, be not found — too near me.
 [Exit Nerestan.]

Zara. [Aside.] Assist him, Heaven!

Osm. Zara, retire, a moment —
 Assume, throughout my palace, sovereign empire,
 While I give orders, to prepare the pomp,
 That waits, to crown the mistress of my throne.
 [Leads her out, and returns.]

Orafin! didst thou mark th' imperious slave?
 What could he mean? — he sigh'd — and, as he went,
 Turn'd, and look'd back at Zara! — didst thou mark it?

Oraf. Alas! my sovereign master! let not jealousy
 Strike high enough, to reach your noble heart.

Osm. Jealousy, saidst thou? I disdain it: — No.
 Distrust is poor, and a misplac'd suspicion
 Invites, and justifies, the falsehood fear'd. —
 Yet, as I love with warmth — so, I cou'd hate!
 But Zara is above disguise and art: —
 My love is stronger, nobler, than my power.
 Jealous! — I was not jealous — if I was,
 I am not — no — my heart — but, let us drown
 Remembrance of the word, and of the image:
 My heart is fill'd with a diviner flame. —
 Go — and prepare for the approaching nuptials;
 Zara to *careful empire* joins delight.
 I must allot one hour to thoughts of state,
 Then, all the smiling day is love and Zara's.

[Exit Orafin.]

Monarchs, by forms of pompous misery, press'd,
 In proud, unsocial misery, unblest'd,
 Wou'd, but for love's soft influence, curse their throne,
 And, among crowded millions, live, *alone*.

 A C T II. S C E N E I.

Nereſtan, Chatillon.

Cbat. **M**Atchleſs Nereſtan! generous, and great!
 You, who have broke the chains of hopeleſs
 You, Chriſtian Saviour, by a Saviour ſent! [ſlaves!
 Appear, be known, enjoy your due delight;
 The grateful weepers wait to claſp your knees,
 They throng, to kiſs the happy hand, that ſav'd 'em:
 Indulge the kind impatience of their eyes,
 And, at their head, command their hearts, for ever.

Ner Illuſtrious Chatillon, ! this praiſe o'erwhelms me;
 What have I done, beyond a Chriſtian's duty?
 Beyond, what *you* wou'd, in my place, have done?

Cbat. True—it is every honeſt Chriſtian's duty;
 Nay, 'tis the bleſſing of ſuch minds as ours,
 For others' good to ſacrifice our own.—
 Yet, happy they, to whom Heav'n grants the power,
 To execute, like you, that duty's call!
 For us—the relicks of abandon'd war,
 Forgor in France, and, in Jeruſalem,
 Left, to grow old, in fetters; — Oſman's father
 Conſign'd us to the gloom of a damp dungeon,
 Where, but for you, we muſt have groan'd out life;
 And native France have bleſs'd our eyes no more.

Ner. The will of gracious Heaven, that ſoſten'd Oſman,
 Inſpir'd me, for your ſakes; ——— but, with our joy,
 Flows, mix'd, a bitter ſadneſs—— I had hop'd,
 To ſave, from their perverſion, a young beauty,
 Who, in her infant innocence, with me,
 Was made a ſlave by cruel Noradin;
 When, ſprinkling Syria, with the blood of Chriſtians,
 Cæſarea's walls ſaw Luſignan, ſurpris'd,
 And the proud creſcent riſe, in bloody triumph:

From

From this seraglio, having, young, escap'd,
 Fate, three years since, restor'd me to my chains;
 Then, sent to Paris, on my plighted faith,
 I flatter'd my fond hope, with vain resolves,
 To guide the lovely Zara to that court,
 Where Lewis has establish'd Virtue's throne; —
 But Osman will detain her — yet, not Osman;
 Zara, herself, forgets she is a Christian,
 And *loves* the tyrant Sultan! — Let that pass:
 I mourn a disappointment, still more cruel;
 The prop of all our Christian hope is lost!

Cbat. Dispose me at your will — I am your own.

Ner. Oh, Sir! great Lusignan, so long their captive,
 That last, of an heroic race of Kings!
 That warrior! whose past fame has fill'd the world!
 Osman refuses, to my sighs, for ever!

Cbat. Nay, then we have been all redeem'd in vain;
 Perish that soldier, who would quit his chains,
 And leave his noble Chief behind in fetters.
 Alas! you know him not, as I have known him;
 Thank Heaven, that plac'd your birth so far remov'd
 From those detested days of blood and woe;
 But I, less happy, was condemn'd to see
 Thy walls, Jerusalem, beat down — and all
 Our pious fathers' labours lost, in ruins!
 Heav'n! had you seen the very temple rised!
 The sacred sepulchre, itself, profan'd!
 Fathers with children, mingled, flame together!
 And our last King, oppress'd with age and arms,
 Murder'd — and bleeding, o'er his murder'd sons!
 Then, Lusignan, sole remnant of his race,
 Rallying our fated few, amidst the flames,
 Fearless, beneath the crush of falling towers,
 The conqu'rors and the conquer'd, groans and death!
 Dreadful — and, waving in his hand his sword,
 Red with the blood of infidels — cry'd out,
 This way, ye faithful Christians! follow *me* —

Ner. How full of glory was that brave retreat!

Cbat.

Chat. 'Twas Heav'n, no doubt, that sav'd, and led him on;
 Pointed his path ; and march'd our guardian guide :
 We reach'd Caesarea ---- there, the general voice
 Chose Lusignan, thenceforth, to give us laws ;
 Alas! 'twas vain ----- Caesarea cou'd not stand,
 When Sion's self was fall'n! --- we were betray'd ;
 And Lusignan condemn'd, to length of life,
 In chains, in damps, and darkness, and despair :
 Yet, great, amidst his miseries, he look'd,
 As if he could not feel his fate, himself,
 But as it reach'd his followers : --- and shall we,
 For whom our gen'rous Leader suffer'd this,
 Be, vilely, safe ? and dare be bless'd without him ?

Ner. Oh! I shou'd hate the liberty, he shar'd not :
 I knew too well, the miseries, you describe,
 For I was born, amidst 'em --- chains, and death,
 Caesarea lost, and Saracens triumphant,
 Were the first objects, which my eyes e'er look'd on.
 Hurried, an infant, among other infants,
 Snatch'd, from the bosoms of their bleeding mothers,
 A temple sav'd us, till the slaughter ceas'd ;
 Then, were we sent to this ill-fated city,
 Here, in the palace of our former Kings,
 To learn, from Saracens, their hated faith,
 And be compleatly wretched. -- Zara, too,
 Shar'd this captivity ; we, both, grew up,
 So near each other, that a tender friendship
 Endear'd her to my wishes. --- My fond heart ---
 Pardon its weakness! bleeds, to see her lost,
 And, for a barb'rous, tyrant, quit her God !

Chat. Such is the Saracens', too fatal, policy !
 Watchful seducers, still, of infant weakness :
 Happy, that *you*, to young, escap'd their hands !
 But, let us think --- may not this Zara's int'rest,
 Loving the Sultan, and, by him lov'd,
 For Lusignan procure some softer sentence ?
 The wife, and just, with innocence, may draw
 Their own advantage, from the guilt of others.

Ner.

Ner. How shall I gain admission to her presence ?
 Ofman has banish'd me—but that's a trifle ;
 Will the seraglio's portals open to me ?
 Or, cou'd I find, *that*, easy, to my hopes,
 What prospect of success, from an apostate ?
 On whom I cannot look without disdain ;
 And who will read her shame, upon my brow ?
 The hardest trial of a gen'rous mind,
 Is, to court favours, from a hand it scorns.

Chab. Think, it is Lusignan, we seek to serve.

Ner. Well—it shall be attempted—Hark ! who's this ?
 Are my eyes false ? or, is it, really, she ?

Enter Zara.

Zara. Start not, my worthy friend ! I come to seek you ;
 The Sultan has permitted it ; fear nothing : —
 But, to confirm my heart, which trembles, near you,
 Soften that angry air, nor look reproach ;
 Why should we fear each other, both, mistaking ?
 Associates, from our birth, one prison held us,
 One friendship taught affliction, to be calm ;
 Till Heav'n thought fit to favour your escape,
 And call you to the fields of happier France ;
 Thence, once again, it was my lot to find you,
 A pris'ner here ; where, hid, amongst a crowd
 Of undistinguish'd slaves, with less restraint,
 I shar'd your frequent converse ; —
 It pleas'd your pity, shall I say your friendship ?
 Or, rather, shall I call it generous charity ?
 To form that noble purpose, to redeem
 Distressful Zara — you procur'd my ransom,
 And, with a greatness, that out-soar'd a crown,
 Return'd, your self a slave, to give me freedom !
 But Heav'n has cast our fate, for different climes ;
 Here, in Jerusalem, I fix, for ever :
 Yet, among all the shine, that marks my fortune,
 I shall, with frequent tears, remember yours ;

Your

Your goodness will, for ever, sooth my heart,
 And keep your image, still a dweller, there.
 Warm'd, by your great example, to protect
 That faith, that lifts humanity so high,
 I'll be a mother to distressful Christians.

Ner. How!—*You* protect the Christians! *You*, who can
 Abjure their saving truth!---and, coldly, see
 Great Lusignan, their Chief, die slow in chains?

Zara. To bring him freedom, you behold me here ;
 You will, this moment, meet his eyes, in joy :

Chat. Shall I, then, live, to bless that happy hour ?

Ner. Can Christians owe so dear a gift to *Zara* ?

Zara. Hopeless, I gather'd courage, to intreat
 The Sultan, for his liberty — Amaz'd,
 So soon, to gain the happiness, I wish'd !
 See ! where they bring the good, old Chief, grown dim,
 With age, by pain, and sorrows, hasten'd on !

Chat. How is my heart dissolv'd, with sudden joy !

Zara. I long to view his venerable face,
 But tears, I know not why, eclipse my sight !
 I feel, methinks, redoubled pity for him ;
 But I, alas ! my self, have been a slave ;
 And, when we pity woes, which we have felt,
 'Tis put a partial virtue !

Ner. Amazement---whence this greatness, in an infidel ?

Enter Lusignan, led in by two guards.

Lus. Where am I ! What forgiving angel's voice
 Has call'd me, to revisit long-lost day ?
 Am I with Christians ?---I am weak---forgive me,
 And guide my trembling steps. ---I'm full of years,
 Yet, *misery* has worn me more than age.
 [*Seating himself.*] Am I, in truth at liberty ?

Chat. You are ;
 And every Christian's grief takes end, with yours.

Lus. O, light!--O ! dearer, far, than light ! that voice !
 Chatillon ! is it you ?---my fellow martyr !

And

And shall our wretchedness, indeed, have end?
 In what place are we, now?—my feeble eyes,
 Difus'd to day-light, long, in vain, to find you.

Cbat. This *was* the palace of your royal fathers,
 'Tis, *now*, the son of Noradin's seraglio.

Zara. The master of this place---the mighty Osman!
 Distinguishes, and loves to cherish, virtue;
 This gen'rous Frenchman, yet a stranger to you,
 Drawn from his native soil, from peace, and rest,
 Brought the vow'd ransoms of ten Christian slaves,
 Himself, contented, to remain a captive:
 But Osman, charm'd by greatness, like his own,
 To equal, what he lov'd, has giv'n him, *you*.

Luf. So gen'rous France inspires her social sons!
 They have been, ever, dear, and useful to me!
 Wou'd I were nearer to him—Noble Sir!

[*Nerestan approaches.*]

How have I merited, that you, for me,
 Shou'd pass such distant seas, to bring me blessings,
 And hazard your own safety, for my sake?

Ner. My name, Sir, is Nerestan—Born in Syria,
 I wore the chains of slav'ry, from my birth;
 Till, quitting the proud crescent, for the court,
 Where warlike Lewis reigns, beneath his eye,
 I learnt the trade of arms:—the rank, I hold,
 Was but the kind distinction, which he gave me,
 To tempt my courage, to deserve regard.
 Your sight, unhappy Prince, wou'd charm his eye;
 That best, and greatest Monarch, will behold,
 With grief, and joy, those venerable wounds,
 And print embraces, where your fetters bound you:
 All Paris will revere the cross's martyr;
 Paris, the refuge, still, of ruin'd Kings!

Luf. Alas! in times, long past, I've *seen* its glory:
 When Philip, the victorious, liv'd—I fought,
 Abreast, with Montmorency, and Melun,
 D'Estaing, De Neile, and the far-famous Courcy;—
 Names, which were, then, the praise, and dread, of war!

But

But what have I to do, at Paris, *now*?
 I stand upon the brink of the cold grave;
That way, my journey lies—to find, I hope,
 The King of *Kings*, and move remembrance, there,
 Of all my woes, long-suffer'd, for his sake.—
 You, gen'rous witnesses of my last hour,
 While I yet live, assist my humble prayers,
 And join the resignation of my soul.
 Nerestan! Chatillon! and you—fair mourner!
 Whose tears do honour to an old man's sorrows!
 Pity a father, the unhappiest, sure!
 That ever felt the hand of angry Heaven!
 My eyes, tho' dying, still, can furnish tears:
 Half my long life they flow'd, and, still, *will* flow!
 A daughter, and three sons, my heart's proud hopes,
 Were, all, torn from me, in their tend'rest years;
 My friend Chatillon knows, and can remember—

Chat. Wou'd I were able, to *forget* your woe.

Luf. Thou wert a pris'ner, with me in Cæsarea,
 And, there, beheld'st my wife, and two dear sons
 Perish, in flames—they did not *need* the grave,
 Their foes wou'd have *deny'd* 'em!—I beheld it;
Husband! and *father!* helpless, I beheld it!
 Deny'd the mournful privilege, to die!
 If ye are saints in Heaven, as, sure! ye are!
 Look with an eye of pity, on *that* brother,
That sister, whom you left!—if I have, yet,
 Or son, or daughter:—for, in early chains,
 Far from their lost, and unassisting father,
 I heard, that they were sent, with numbers more,
 To this seraglio; hence, to be dispers'd,
 In nameless remnants, o'er the East, and spread
 Our Christian miseries, round a faithless world.

Chat. 'Twas true—for, in the horrors of that day,
 I snatch'd your infant daughter, from her cradle;
 But, finding ev'ry hope of flight was vain,
 Scarce had I sprinkled, from a public fountain,
 Those sacred drops, which wash the soul from sin;

When,

When, from my bleeding arms, fierce Saracens
 Forc'd the lost innocent, who, smiling, lay,
 And pointed, playful, at the swarthy spoilers!
 With her, your youngest, then, your *only* son,
 Whose little life had reach'd the fourth, sad year,
 And, just giv'n sense, to *feel* his own misfortunes,
 Was order'd to this city.

Ner. I, too hither,
 Just, at that fatal age, from lost Cæsarea,
 Came, in that crowd of undistinguish'd Christians. —

Luf. *You?*---came *you* thence?---Alas! who knows but *you*
 Might, heretofore, have seen my two, poor children?
 [*Looking up.*] Hah! Madam! that small ornament *you* wear,
 Its form a stranger to this country's fashion,
 How long has it been yours?

Zara. From my first birth, Sir ———
 Ah! what!--you seem surpris'd!--why should *this* move *you*?

Luf. Wou'd you confide it to my trembling hands?

Zara. To what new wonder, am I now reserv'd?

Oh! Sir, what mean you?

Luf. Providence! and Heaven!

O, failing eyes! deceive ye not my hope?

Can this be possible?—Yes, yes—'tis she!

This little cross—I know it, by sure marks;

Oh! take me, Heav'n! while I can die with joy—

Zara. O! do not, Sir, distract me!—rising thoughts,
 And hopes, and fears, o'erwhelm me!

Luf. Tell me, yet,

Has it remain'd, for ever, in your hands?

What!—both brought captives, from Cæsarea, hither?

Zara. Both, both ———

Ner. Oh, Heaven! have I then found a father?

Luf. Their voice! their looks!

The living images of their dear mother!

O, thou! who, thus, canst bless my life's last sand!

Strengthen my heart, too feeble for this joy.

Madam! Nerestan!----- Help me, Chatillon! [*Rising.*

Nerestan! if thou ought'it to own that name,

Shines

Shines there, upon thy noble breast, a noble scar,
Which, ere Cæsarea fell, from a fierce hand,
Surprising us, by night, my child receiv'd ?

Ner. Bless'd hand! — I *bear* it, Sir — the mark is there!

Luf. Merciful Heaven !

Ner. [*kneeling*] O, Sir ! --- O, Zara, kneel !

Zara. [*kneeling.*] My father ! ----- Oh !

Luf. O, my lost children !

Both. Oh ! ———

Luf. My son ! my daughter ! lost, in embracing you,
I wou'd, now, *die*, lest this should prove a dream.

Chat. How touch'd is my glad heart, to see their joy !

Luf. Again, I find you — dear, in *wretchedness* :

O, my brave son --- and, thou, my nameless daughter !

Now, dissipate all doubt, remove all dread :

Has Heaven, that gives me back my children --- giv'n 'em.

Such, as I lost 'em ? --- come they, Christians, to me ? ---

One weeps --- and one declines a conscious eye !

Your silence speaks -- too well I understand it.

Zara. I cannot, Sir, deceive you — Osman's laws
Were mine --- and Osman is *not* Christian. ---

Luf. Oh ! my misguided child ! --- at that sad word,

The little life, yet mine, had left me, quite,

But that my death might fix thee, lost, for ever.

Full sixty years, I fought the Christians' cause,

Saw their doom'd temple fall, their power destroy'd :

Twenty a captive, in a dungeon's depth,

Yet, never, for my self my tears sought Heaven ;

All, for my children, rose my fruitless prayers :

Yet, what avails a father's wretched joy ?

I have a daughter gain'd, and *Heav'n* an enemy.

But 'tis *my* guilt, not hers — thy father's *prison*

Depriv'd thee of thy faith — yet, do not lose it :

Reclaim thy birthright — think upon the blood

Of twenty Christian Kings, that fills thy veins ;

'Tis heroes' blood — the blood of saints and martyrs !

What wou'd thy *mother* feel, to see thee, thus ?

She, and thy murder'd *brothers* ? — think, they call thee ;

Think,

Think, that thou see'st 'em stretch their bloody arms;
 And weep, to win thee, from their murderers' bosom.
 Ev'n in the place, where thou *betray'st* thy God,
 He dy'd, my child, to save thee. — Turn thy eyes,
 And see; for thou art *near*, his sacred sepulchre;
 Thou can'st not move a step, but where he *trod*!
 Thou tremblest — Oh! admit me to thy *soul*;
 Kill not thy aged, thy afflicted father;
 Take not, thus soon, again, the life thou gav'st him;
 Shame not thy mother — nor betray thy God. —
 'Tis past — repentance dawns, in thy sweet eyes;
 I see bright Truth, descending to thy heart,
 And, now; my long-lost child, is found; for ever.

Ner. O! doubly blest'd! a sister, and a soul,
 To be redeem'd together!

Zara. O! my father!

Dear author of my life! inform me; teach me,
 What shou'd my duty do?

Luf. By one short word,
 To dry up all my tears; and make life welcome,
 Say, thou art Christian.

Zara. Sir — I *am* a Christian.

Luf. Receive her, gracious Heaven! and bless her, for it;

Enter Orasmin.

Oraf. Madam, the Sultan order'd me, to tell you;
 That he expects, you, instant, quit this place,
 And bid your last farewell to these vile Christians:
 You, captive Frenchmen, — follow *me*; for you,
 It is my task, to answer. —

Cbat. Still, new miseries!
 How cautious man shou'd be, to say, I'm happy!

Luf. These are the times, when men of virtue, prove,
 That, 'tis the mind, not blood, insures their firmness.

Zara. Alas! Sir — Oh! —

Luf. Oh, you! — I dare not name you:
 Farewel — but, come what may, be sure, remember,
 You keep the fatal secret! — for the rest,
 Leave all to Heaven, — be faithful, and be blest.

 ACT III. SCENE I.

Osman, and Orasmin.

Osman. **O** Rasmin! this alarm was false, and groundless;
 Lewis, no longer turns his arms, on *me*:
 The French, grown weary, by a length of woes,
 Wish not, at once, to quit their fruitful plains,
 And famish, on Arabia's desert sands.
 Their ships, 'tis true, have spread the Syrian seas;
 And Lewis, hovering o'er the coast of Cyprus,
 Alarms the fears of Asia; — but, I've learnt,
 That, steering wide, from our unmenac'd ports,
 He points his thunder at th' Egyptian shore.
 There, let him war, and waste *my* enemies;
 Their mutual conflict will but fix my throne. —
 Release those Christians — I restore their freedom;
 'Twill please their master, nor can weaken *me*:
 'Transport 'em, at my coast, to find their King;
 I wish, to have him *know* me: carry thither,
 This Lusignan, whom, tell him, I restore,
 Because I cannot fear his fame in arms;
 But love him, for his virtue, and his blood.
 Tell him, my father having conquer'd, twice,
 Condemn'd him to perpetual chains; but I
 Have set him *free*, that I might triumph, *more*.

Orasmin. The Christians gain an army, in *his* name.

Osman. I cannot fear a *sound* —

Orasmin. But, Sir — — thou'd Lewis — —

Osman. Tell Lewis, and the *world* — it *shall* be so:

Zara propos'd it, and my heart approves:
 Thy statesman's reason is too dull, for love!
 Why wilt thou force me, to confess it all?
 Tho' I, to Lewis send back Lusignan,
 I give him but to Zara — I have griev'd her;

And

And ow'd her the atonement of this joy.
Thy false advices, which, but now; misled
 My anger, to confine those helpless Christians,
 Gave her a pain, I feel; for her, and me:
 But I talk on; and waste the smiling moments.
 For one long hour, I yet, defer my nuptials;
 But, 'tis not *lost*, that hour! 'twill all be hers!
 She wou'd employ it; in a conference,
 With that Nerestan, whom thou know'st---that Christian!
Oraf. And have you, Sir, indulg'd that strange desire?
Osm. What mean'st thou? they were infant slaves, together;
 Friends should *part*; *kind*; who are to meet no more;
 When Zara asks; I will refuse her nothing:
 Restraint was never made for those, we love;
 Down; with these rigours, of the proud seraglio;
 I hate its laws---where blind austerity
 Sinks virtue to necessity.---My blood
 Disclaims your Asian jealousy;---I hold
 The fierce, free; plainness; of my Scythian ancestors;
 Their open confidence, their honest hate,
 Their love; unfearing, and their anger, told.
 Go---the good Christian waits---conduct him to her;
 Zara expects thee---what she wills; obey. [*Exit Osmari*;
Oraf. Ho! Christian! enter---wait, a moment, here;

Enter Nerestan.

Zara; will soon; approach---I go, to find her [*Exit Orafmitt*;
Ner. In what a state, in what a place, I leave her!
 O, faith! O, father! O! my poor, lost sister!
 She's here! -----

Enter Zara.

Thank Heaven; it is not; then; unlawful,
 To see you; yet, once more, my lovely sister!
 Not *all* so happy!---We, who met; but now;
 Shall never meet *again*---for Lusignan---
 We shall be orphans; still; and want a father.

E 2

Zarâ.

Zara. Forbid it, Heaven!

Ner. His last, sad hour's at hand. ———

That flow of joy, which follow'd our discovery,
Too strong, and sudden, for his age's weakness,
Wasting his spirits, dry'd the source of life,
And Nature yields him up to Time's demand:
Shall he not die, in peace? ——— Oh! let no doubt
Disturb his parting moments, with distrust;
Let me, when I return, to close his eyes,
Compose his *mind's* impatience, too, and tell him,
You are confirm'd a Christian. ———

Zara. Oh! may his soul enjoy, in earth, and heaven,
Eternal rest! nor let one thought, one sigh,
One bold complaint, of *mine*, recall his cares!
But, *you* have injur'd me, who, still, can *doubt*. ———
What! am I not your sister? and shall *you*
Refuse me credit? *you* suppose me light?
You, who shou'd judge *my* honour, by your own!
Shall *you* distrust a truth, I da'n't avow,
And stamp apostate, on a sister's heart!

Ner. Ah! do not misconceive me! ——— if I err'd,
Affliction, not distrust, mislead my fear;
Your *will* may be a Christian, yet *not* you:
There is a sacred *mark* ——— a *sign* of faith,
A pledge, of promise, that must firm your claim;
Wash you from guilt, and open heaven, before you.
Swear, swear, by all the woes, we all have borne,
By all the martyr'd saints, who call you daughter;
That you consent, this day, to seal our faith,
By that mysterious rite, which waits your call.

Zara. I swear, by heaven, and all it's holy host,
Its saints, its martyrs, its attesting angels,
And the dread presence of its living Author,
To have no faith, but yours; — to die, a Christian!
Now, tell me, what this mystic faith requires?

Ner. To hate the happiness of Osman's throne,
And love that God, who, thro' this maze of woes,
Has brought us all, unhoping, thus, together;

For

For me——I am a foldier, uninstructed,
 Nor daring to instruct, tho' strong in faith :
 But I will bring th' ambassador of Heaven,
 To clear your views, and lift you to your God :
 Be it your task, to gain admission for him. ——
 But where ? from whom ?---Oh ! thou Immortal Power !
 Whence can we hope it, in this curs'd seraglio ?
 Who *is* this slave of Osman ? -----yes, this slave !
 Does she not boast the blood of twenty Kings ?
 Is not her race the same, with that, of Lewis ?
 Is she not Lusignan's unhappy daughter ?
 A Christian ? and my sister ? ----- yet, a slave !
 A *willing* slave ! ----- I dare not speak, more plainly.

Zara. Cruel ! go on ----- Alas ! you know not *me* !
 At once, a stranger, to my secret fate,
 My pains, my fears, my wishes, and my power :
 I am ----- I will be, Christian ----- will receive
 This holy priest ; with his mysterious blessing ;
 I will not do, nor suffer, aught, unworthy
 My self, my father, or my father's race. -----
 But, tell me ----- nor be tender, on this point ;
 What punishment your Christian laws decree,
 For an unhappy wretch ; who, to herself,
 Unknown, and, all abandon'd, by the world,
 Lost, and enslav'd, has, in her Sovereign master,
 Found a protector, generous, as great,
 Has touch'd *his* heart, and giv'n him, all her own ?

Ner. The punishment of such a slave, *shou'd* be
 Death, in *this* world ----- and pain, in *that* to come.

Zara. I am that slave---strike here---and save my shame :

Ner. Destruction to my hopes ! ----- can it be you ?

Zara. It is ----- ador'd by Osman, I adore him :
 This hour, the nuptial rites will make us, *one*.

Ner. What ! marry Osman !---Let the world grow dark,
 That the extinguish'd sun may hide thy shame !
 Cou'd it be thus, it were no crime to kill thee.

Zara. Strike, strike----I love him----yes, by Heav'n ! I
 love him.

Nor. Death is thy due ----- but not thy due from *me* !
 Yet, were the honour of our house no bar -----
 My father's fame, and the *too* gentle laws
 Of that religion, which thou hast disgrac'd -----
 Did not the God, thou quit'st, hold back my arm,
 Not there --- I cou'd not, there ; --- but, by my soul,
 I wou'd rush desperate, to the Sultan's breast,
 And plunge my sword in his proud heart who damns thee.
 Oh ! shame ! shame ! shame ! at such a time, as this !
 When Lewis, that awak'ner of the world,
 Beneath the listel cross, makes Egypt pale,
 And draws the sword of Heaven, to spread our faith !
Now, to submit to see my sister, doom'd
 A bosom slave, to him, whose tyrant heart
 But measures glory, by the Christians' woe !
 Yes --- I will dare acquaint our father with it,
 Departing Lusignan may live, so long,
 As just, to hear, thy shame, and die to 'scape it.

Zara. Stay---my *too* angry brother,---slay---perhaps,
Zara has resolution, great, as thine :
 'Tis cruel ----- and unkind ! -- 'Thy words are crimes ;
My weakness but *misfortune* ! Dost thou suffer ?
 I suffer more ; --- Oh ! wou'd to Heaven, this blood
 Of twenty boasted kings, would stop, at once,
 And stagnate in my heart ! --- it, then, no more,
 Wou'd rush, in boiling fevers, thro' my veins,
 And every trembling drop, be fill'd with *Osman*.
 How has he lov'd me ! how has he oblig'd me !
 I owe *thee* to him ! what has he *not* done,
 To justify his boundless pow'r of charming !
 For *me*, he softens the severe decrees
 Of his own faith ; ----- and is it just, that *mine*
 Shou'd bid me hate him, but because he loves me ?
 No ----- I will be a Christian ----- but, preserve
 My gratitude, as sacred, as my faith :
 If I have death to fear, for *Osman's* sake,
 It must be from his *coldness*, not his *love*.

Nor. I must at once, condemn, and pity thee,
 I cannot

I cannot point thee out, which way to go,
 But Providence will lend its light, to guide thee,
 That sacred rite, which thou shalt, now, receive,
 Will strengthen, and support, thy feeble heart,
 To live, an innocent ; or die, a martyr :
 Here, then, begin performance of thy vow ;
 Here, in the trembling horrors of thy soul,
 Promise thy King, thy father, and thy God,
 Not to accomplish these detested nuptials,
 'Till, first, the reverend priest has clear'd your eyes,
 Taught you to know, and giv'n you claim to Heaven.
 Promise me this——

Zara. So bless me, Heaven ! I do. ——
 Go——hasten the good priest, I will expect him ;
 But, first, return——cheer my expiring father,
 Tell him, I am, and will be, all he wishes me :
 Tell him, to give him life, 'twere joy, to die.

Ner. I go—farewell——farewell, unhappy sister !
 [Exit Nerestan.]

Zara. I am alone——and now be just, my heart !
 And tell me, wilt thou dare betray thy God !
 What am I ? what am I about to be ?
 Daughter of Lusignan ?——or wife to Osman ?
 Am I a lover, most ? or, most, a Christian ?
 Wou'd Selima were come ! and yet, 'tis just,
 All friends shou'd fly her, who forsakes herself :
 What shall I do ?—What heart has strength, to bear
 These double weights of duty ?—Help me, Heaven !
 To thy hard laws I render up my soul :
 But, Oh ! demand it back—for, now, 'tis Osman's.---

Enter Osman.

Osman. Shine out, appear, be found, my lovely Zara !
 Impatient eyes attend——the rites expect thee ;
 And my devoted heart, no longer, brooks
 This distance from its soft'ner !——all the lamps
 Of nuptial love are lighted, and burn pure,

As if they drew their brightness from thy blushes ;
 The holy mosque is fill'd with fragrant fumes,
 Which emulate the sweetness of thy breathing :
 My prostrate people, all, confirm my choice,
 And send their souls to Heaven, in prayer, for blessings.
 Thy envious *rivals*, conscious of thy right,
 Approve superior charms, and join to praise thee ;
 The throne, that waits thee, seems to shine, more richly,
 As all its gems, with animated lustre,
 Fear'd to look dim, beneath the eyes of Zara !
 Come, my slow love ! the ceremonies wait thee ;
 Come, and begin, from this dear hour, my triumph.

Zara. Oh ! what a wretch am I ? O, grief ! Oh, love !

Os. Come ——— come ———

Zara. Where shall I hide my blushes ?

Os. Blushes ? — here in my bosom, hide 'em.

Zara. My Lord ?

Os. Nay, Zara—give me thy hand, and come——

Zara. Instruct me, Heaven !

What I shou'd say ——— Alas ! I cannot speak.

Os. Away — this modest, sweet, reluctant, trifling,
 But doubles my desires, and thy own beauties !

Zara. Ah, me !

Os. Nay---but thou should'st not be *too* cruel---

Zara. I can no longer, bear it — Oh ! my Lord--:

Os. Ha!----- what !-----whence ? how ?-----

Zara. My Lord ! my Sovereign !

Heaven knows, this marriage wou'd have been a bliss,
 Above my humble hopes !—yet, witness, love !
 Not from the grandeur of your throne, that bliss,
 But, from the pride of calling Osman, mine.
 Wou'd you had been no Emperor ! and I,
 Possess'd of power, and charms, deserving *you* !
 That, slighting Asia's thrones, I might, alone,
 Have left a profler'd world, to follow *you*,
 Through desarts, uninhabited by men,
 And bless'd, with ample room, for peace, and love :
 But, as it *is* ——— these Christians ———

Os.

Osm. Christians! what!

How start two images into thy thoughts,
So distant——as the Christians, and *my* love!

Zara. That good, old Christian, reverend Lufignan,
Now, dying, ends his life, and woes, together!

Osm. Well! let him die——what has thy heart to feel,
Thus pressing, and thus tender, from the death
Of an old, wretched, Christian?—Thank our prophet,
Thou art no Christian!——Educated, here,
Thy happy youth was taught our better faith:
Sweet, as thy pity shines, 'tis, now, mis-tim'd;
What! tho' an aged sufferer dies, unhappy,
Why shou'd his foreign fate disturb our joys?

Zara. Sir, if you love me, and wou'd have me think,
That I am truly dear——

Osm. Heaven! *if* I love——

Zara. Permit me——

Osm. What?

Zara. To desire——

Osm. Speak out——

Zara. The nuptial rites
May be deferr'd, till——

Osm. What?——is that the voice
Of Zara?

Zara. Oh! I cannot bear his frown!

Osm. Of Zara!

Zara. It is dreadful to my heart,
To give you but a seeming cause, for anger;
Pardon my grief—alas! I cannot bear it;
There is a painful terror, in your eye,
That pierces to my soul——Hid, from your sight,
I go, to make a moment's truce, with tears,
And gather force, to speak of my despair [*Exit disordered.*]

Osm. I stand, immoveable, like senseless marble!
Horror had frozen my suspended tongue:
And an astonish'd silence robb'd my will
Of power, to tell her, that she shock'd my soul!
Spoke she to *me*?——sure! I misunderstood her?
Cou'd it be *me*, she left?——What have I seen?

Enter Orasmin.

Orasmin! what a change is here! -- she's gone,
And I permitted it, I know not how!

Oraf. Perhaps, you but accuse the charming fault
Of innocence, too modest, oft, in love.

Osm. But why, and whence, those tears?---those looks
that sigh!

'That grief! so strongly stamp'd on every feature!
If it has been that Frenchman!---- what a thought!
How low, how horrid, a suspicion, that!
'The dreadful flash, at once, gives light, and kills me:
My too bold confidence repell'd my caution;
An infidel!----a slave!----a heart, like mine,
Reduc'd, to suffer, from so vile a rival!
But, tell me, did'st thou mark 'em at their parting?
Didst thou observe the language of their eyes?
Hide nothing from me--- Is my love betray'd?
'Tell me my whole disgrace: nay, if thou tremblest,
I hear thy pity speak, tho' thou art silent.

Oraf. I tremble, at the pangs, I see you suffer;
Let not your angry apprehension urge
Your faithful slave, to irritate your anguish;
I did, 'tis true, observe some parting tears;
But, there are tears, of *charity* and *grief*:
I cannot think, there was a cause, deserving
'This agony of passion-----

Osm. Why no---I thank thee-----
Orasmin, thou art wise! it cou'd not be,
'That I shou'd stand, expos'd, to such an insult:
'Thou know'st, had Zara meant me the offence,
She wants not wisdom, to have *bid* it, better;
How rightly did'st thou judge!--Zara shall know it:
And thank thy honest service---After all,
Might she not have some cause for tears, which I
Claim no concern in---but the grief it gives her?
What an unlikely fear-----from a poor slave!
Who goes, to-morrow, and, no doubt, who wishes,
Nay, who resolves, to see these climes no more!

Ora,

Graf. Why did you, Sir, against our country's custom, Indulge him, with a second leave to come?

He said, he should return, once more, to see her.

Ofm. Return!---the traitor! he return!--Dares he
Presume, to press a second interview?

Wou'd he be seen again?-----He shall be seen ;

But, dead ;——I'll punish the audacious slave,

To teach the faithless fair, to feel my anger :

Be still, my transports; violence is blind:

I know, my heart, at once, is fierce, and weak ;

I feel, that I descend, below my self ;

Zara can never, justly, be suspected ;

Her sweetness was not form'd to cover treason :

Yet, Osman must not stoop to woman's follies.

Their tears, complaints, regrets, and reconcilements,

With all their light, capricious, roll of changes,

Are arts, too vulgar, to be try'd on me.

It wou'd become me, better, to resume

The empire of my will : ----Rather than fall

Beneath my self, I must, how dear soe'er

It costs me, *rise*-----till I look down, on Zara!

Away---but mark me---these scraglio doors,

Against all Christians, be they, henceforth, shut,

Close, as the dark retreats of silent death.—

What have I done, juſt Heav'n! thy rage to move,

That thou shou'dst sink me down, so low, to love?



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Zara, Selima.

Sel. **A**H! Madam, how, at once, I grieve your fate,
And, how admire your virtue!—Heaven permits,
And Heaven will give you strength, to bear misfortune;
To break these chains, so strong, and yet, so dear.

Zara. Oh! that I cou'd support the fatal struggle!

Sd.

Sel. Th' Eternal aids your weakness, sees your will,
Directs your purpose, and rewards your sorrows.

Zara. Never had wretch more cause, to *hope*, he does.

Sel. What! tho' you, here, no more, behold your father!
There is a Father to be found above,

Who can restore that father to his daughter.

Zara. But, I have planted pain, in Olman's bosom;
He loves me, ev'n to death! — and I reward him,
With anguish and despair: — How base! how cruel!
But I deserv'd him not, I shou'd have been
Too happy, and the hand of Heaven repell'd me.

Sel. What! will you, then, regret the glorious loss,
And hazard, thus, a vict'ry, bravely won?

Zara. Inhuman victory! — thou dost not know,
This love, so pow'rful, this sole joy of life,
This first, best hope of earthly happiness,
Is, yet, less pow'rful, in my heart, than Heaven;
To him, who made that heart, I offer it;
There, there, I sacrifice my bleeding passion:
I pour, before him, ev'ry guilty tear,
I beg him, to efface the fond impression,
And fill, with his own image, all my soul;
But, while I weep, and sigh, repent, and pray,
Remembrance brings the object of my love,
And ev'ry light illusion floats before him.
I see, I hear him, and again, he charms!
Fills my glad soul, and shines, 'twixt me, and Heaven!
Oh! all ye royal ancestors! Oh, father!
Mother! you Christians, and the Christians' God!
You, who deprive me of this gen'rous lover!
If you permit me not to live for him,
Let me not live, at all, and I am bless'd:
Let me die, innocent; let his dear hand
Close the sad eyes of her, he stoop'd to love,
And I acquit my fate, and ask no more.
But he forgives me not---regardless, now,
Whether, or how, I live, or, when I die,
He quits me, scorns me — and I, yet live on,

And

And talk of death, as distant.——

Sel. Ah! despair not,

Trust your eternal helper, and be happy.

Zara. Why——what has Osman done, that *be*, too,
shou'd not?

Has Heaven, so nobly, form'd his heart, to *bate* it?

Gen'rous, and just, beneficent, and brave,

Were he but Christian——what can man be *more*?

I wish, methinks, this reverend priest were come;

To free me from these doubts, which shake my soul:

Yet, know not, why I shou'd not dare to hope,

That Heaven, whose mercy all confess, and feel,

Will pardon, and approve, th' alliance wish'd:

Perhaps, it seats me on the throne of Syria,

To tax my pow'r, for these good Christians' comfort.

Thou know'st, the mighty Saladine, who, first,

Conquer'd this empire, from my father's race,

Who, like my Osman, charm'd th' admiring world,

Drew birth, tho' Syrian, from a Christian mother.

Sel. What mean you, Madam! Ah! you do not see!—

Zara. Yes, yes——I see it all; I am not blind:

I see, my country, and my race, condemn me;

I see, that, spite of all, I still love Osman.——

What! if I, now, go throw me at his feet,

And tell him, there, sincerely, what I am?

Sel. Consider—*That* might cost your brother's life,
Expose the Christians, and betray you all.

Zara. You do not know the noble heart of Osman.

Sel. I know him the protector of a faith,

Sworn enemy to ours. ---The *more* he loves,

The *less* will he permit you, to profess

Opinions, which he hates. To-night, the priest,

In private, introduc'd, attends you, here;

You promis'd him admission----

Zara. Wou'd I had not!

I promis'd, too, to keep this fatal secret;

My father's urg'd command requir'd it, twice;

I must obey, all dangerous, as it is:

Compell'd

Compell'd to silence, Osman is enrag'd,
Suspicion follows, and I lose his love.

Enter Osman.

Osman. Madam! there was a time, when my charm'd heart
Made it a virtue, to be lost, in love;
When, without blushing, I indulg'd my flame;
And ev'ry day, still, made you dearer to me.
You taught me, Madam, to believe, my love
Rewarded, and return'd——nor was that hope;
Methinks, too bold for reason: Emperors,
Who chuse to sigh, devoted, at the feet
Of beauties, whom the world conceive their slaves,
Have fortune's claim, at least, to sure success:
But, 'twere profane to think of pow'r, in love.
Dear, as my passion makes you, I decline
Possession of her charms, whose heart's another's;
You will not find me a weak, jealous, lover,
By coarse reproaches giving pain to you,
And shaming my own greatness——wounded deeply;
Yet shunning, and disdaining, low complaint,
I come——to tell you——

Zara. Give my trembling heart
A moment's respite——

Osman. That unwilling coldness,
Is the just prize of your capricious lightness;
Your ready arts may spare the fruitless pains,
Of colouring deceit with fair pretences;
I wou'd not wish to hear your slight excuses;
I cherish ignorance, to save my blushes.
Osman, in ev'ry trial, shall remember,
That he is Emperor——Whate'er I suffer,
'Tis due to honour, that I give up you,
And, to my injur'd bosom, take despair;
Rather than, shamefully possess you; sighing;
Convinc'd, those sighs were, never, meant for me.—
Go, Madam—you are free—From Osman's pow'r

Expect

Expect no wrongs, but see his face no more.

Zara. At last, 'tis come—the fear'd, the murd'r^{er},
moment to

Is come—and I am curs'd by earth and heaven !

[Throws herself on the ground.]

If it is true, that I am lov'd no more ; —

If you —

Os^m. It is too true, my *fame* requires it ;
It is too true, that I, unwilling, leave you :
That I, at once, renounce you, and adore.—

Zara ! —

[Zara strikes her forehead with her hand.]
If you, my world,
Oh ! yet, do justice
Not wrong me doubly :

Be faithful to your peace,
I lov'd it — This, at least,
Believe me, not the greatness of your soul
Is truth, more pure, and sacred — no regret
Can touch my bleeding heart, for having lost
The rank, of her, you raise to share your throne ;
I know, I never ought to have been there ;
My fate, and my defects require, I lose you :
But ah ! my heart was, never, known to Os^man.
May Heaven, that punishes, for ever hate me,
If I regret the loss of aught, but you.

Os^m. Rise—rise—this means not love. *[Raises her.]*

Zara. Strike—strike me, Heaven !

Os^m. What ! is it love, to force yourself to wound
The heart you wish to gladden ? — But I find,
Lovers, least know *themselves*, for, I believ'd,
That I had taken back the power I gave you ;
Yet, see ! — you did but weep, and have resum'd me !
Proud, as I am — I must confess, one with
Evades my power — the blessing to forget you.
Zara — thy tears are form'd to teach disdain,
That softness can disarm it. — 'Tis decreed,
I must, for ever, love — but, from what cause,

Cehy consenting heart partakes my fires;
 But thou reluctant to a blessing, meant me;
 Ask, is it levity — or, is it fear?
 Fear of a power, that, but for blessing thee,
 Had, without joy, been painful. — Is it artifice?
 Oh! spare the needless pains — *Art* was not made
 For *Zara*; — *Art*, however innocent,
 Looks like deceiving: — I abhor'd it, ever.

Zara. Alas! I have no art, not ev'n enough,
 To hide this love, and this distress, you give me.

Osman. New riddles! speak, with plainness, to my soul;
 What can'st thou mean?

Zara. I have no power to speak it.

Osman. Is it some secret, dangerous to my state?
 Is it some Christian plot, grown ripe, against me?

Zara. Lives there a wretch, so vile, as to betray you?
Osman is blest'd, beyond the reach of fear;
 Fears, and misfortunes, threaten only *Zara*.

Osman. Why threaten *Zara*?

Zara. Permit me, at your feet,
 Thus, trembling, to beseech a favour from you.

Osman. A favour! — Oh! you guide the will of *Osman*.

Zara. Ah! wou'd to Heaven, our duties were united,
 Firm, as our thoughts and wishes! — But this day,
 But this one sad, unhappy day, permit me,
 Alone, and far divided, from your eye,
 To cover my distress, lest you, too tender,
 Shou'd see, and share it with me — from to-morrow,
 I will not have a thought, conceal'd from you.

Osman. What strange disquiet! from what stranger cause?

Zara. If I am really blest'd with *Osman*'s love,
 He will not, then, refuse this humble prayer.

Osman. If it must be, it must. — Be pleas'd — my will
 Takes purpose, from your wishes; — and, consent
 Depends not on my choice, but your decree:
 Go — but remember, how he loves, who thus,
 Finds a delight in pain, because you give it.

Zara. It gives me more than pain, to make you feel it.
Osman.

Ofm. And——can you, Zara, leave me ?

Zara. Alas ! my Lord ! *[Exit Zara.]*

Ofm. *[Alone.]* It shou'd be, yet, methinks, too soon to fly me !

Too soon, as yet, to wrong my easy faith ;
 The *more* I think, the *less* I can conceive,
 What hidden cause shou'd raise such strange despair !
 Now, when her hopes have wings, and ev'ry wish
 Is courted to be lively !——When I love,
 And joy, and empire, press her to their bosom ;
 When, not alone belov'd, but, ev'n, a lover :
 Professing, and accepting ; blest'd, and blessing :
 To see her eyes, thro' tears, shine mystic love !
 'Tis madness ! and I were unworthy power,
 To suffer longer, the capricious insult !
 Yet, was I blameless ?——No —— I was too rash ;
 I have felt jealousy, and spoke it to her ;
 I have distrusted her —— and, still, she loves :
 Gen'rous atonement, that ! and 'tis my duty
 To expiate, by a length of soft indulgence,
 The transports of a rage, which, still, was love.
 Henceforth, I, never, will suspect her false ;
 Nature's plain power of charming dwells about her,
 And innocence gives force to ev'ry word :
 I owe full confidence to all, she *looks*,
 For, in her eye, shines truth, and ev'ry beam
 Shoots confirmation round her :---I remark'd,
 Ev'n, while she wept, her soul, a thousand times,
 Sprung to her lips, and long'd to leap to mine,
 With honest, ardent, utterance of her love.---
 Who can possess a heart, so low, so base,
 To look such tenderness, and, yet, have none ?

Enter Melidor, with Orasmin.

Mel. This letter, great disposer of the world !
 Address'd to Zara, and, in private brought,
 Your faithful guards, this moment intercepted,

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And,

And, humbly, offer to your sovereign eye.

Osm. Come nearer ; give it me---To Zara!---Rise !
Bring it, with speed---shame on your flatt'ring distance--

[Advancing, and snatching the letter.]

Be honest---and approach me, like a subject,
Who serves the Prince, yet, not forgets the man.

Mel. One of the Christian slaves, whom, late, your bounty
Releas'd from bondage, fought, with heedful guile,
Unnotic'd, to deliver it,---discover'd

He waits, in chains, his doom, from your decree.

Osm. Leave me---I tremble, as if something fatal,
Were meant me, from this letter-----shou'd I read it.

Oraf. Who knows, but it contains some happy truth,
That may remove all doubts, and calm your heart ?

Osm. Be it, as 'twill---it *shall* be read---my hands
Have apprehension, that outreaches mine !

Why shou'd they tremble, thus ?---'Tis done---and now,
[Opens the letter.]

Fate, be thy call obey'd---Orafmin, mark-----

- “ There is a secret passage, toward the mosque,
- “ That way, you might escape ; and, unperceiv'd,
- “ Fly your observers, and fulfil our hope ;
- “ Despise the danger, and depend on me,
- “ Who wait you, but, to die, if you deceive.

Hell ! tortures ! death ! and woman !---What? Orafmin?
Are we awake ? Heard'st thou ? Can this be Zara ?

Oraf. Wou'd I had lost all sense---for, what I heard,
Has cover'd my afflicted heart with horror !

Osm. Thou see'st, how I am treated ?

Oraf. Monstrous treason !

To an affront, like this, you cannot---must not---
Remain insensible-----You, who, but now,
From the most slight suspicion, felt such pain,
Must, in the horror of so black a guilt,
Find an effectual cure, and banish love.

Osm.

Ofm. Seek her, this instant—Go—Oraffin, fly—
 Shew her this letter—bid her read, and tremble !
 Then, in the rising horrors of her guilt,
 Stab her unfaithful breast ——— and let her die. —
 Say, while thou strik'st—Stay, stay--return, and pity me !
 I will think, first, a moment ——— Let that Christian
 Be, strait, confronted with her—Stay——I will,
 I will——I know not what —— Wou'd, I were dead !
 Wou'd, I had dy'd, unconscious of this shame !

Oraf. Never did Prince receive so bold a wrong.

Ofm. See ! here, detected, this infernal secret !
 This fountain of her tears, which my weak heart
 Mistook for marks of tenderness and pain !
 Why ! what a reach has woman to deceive !
 Under how fine a veil, of grief, and fear,
 Did she propose retirement, 'till to-morrow !
 And I, blind dotard ! gave the fool's consent,
 Sooth'd her, and suffer'd her to go ! —— She parted,
 Dissolv'd in tears ; and parted, to betray me !

Oraf. Reflection serves but to confirm her guilt :
 At length resume yourself ; awaken thought ;
 Assert your greatness ; and resolve like Osman.

Ofm. Nerestan, too ! —— Was this the boasted honour
 Of that proud Christian ? whom Jerusalem
 Grew loud, in praising ! whose half-envy'd virtue
 I wonder'd at myself ! and felt disdain,
 To be but, equal to a Christian's greatness !
 And does he thank me thus ? —— Base infidel !
 Honest, pretending, pious, *praying*, villain !
 Yet, Zara is, a thousand times, more base,
 More hypocrite, than he ! —— a slave ! a wretch !
 So low, so lost, that, ev'n the vilest labours,
 In which he lay condemn'd, cou'd never sink him
 Beneath his native infamy ! —— Did she not know,
 What I have done, what suffer'd —— for her sake ?

Oraf. Cou'd you, my gracious Lord ! forgive my zeal !
 You wou'd ——

Ofm. I know it —— Thou art right — I'll see her ——

I'll tax her, in thy presence ; — I'll upbraid her —
I'll let her *learn* — Go — find, and bring her, to me.

Oraf. Alas ! my Lord, disorder'd as you are,
What can you wish to say ?

Osm. I know not, now : — — —
But I resolve to see her — lest she think,
Her falshood has, perhaps, the power to grieve me.
Oraf. Believe me, Sir, your threatnings, your complaints,
What will they all produce, but Zara's tears,
To quench this fancy'd anger ! Your lost heart,
Seduc'd, against itself, will search but reasons,
To justify the guilt, which gives it pain :
Rather conceal, from Zara, this discovery,
And let some trusty slave convey the letter,
Reclos'd, to her own hand — then, shall you learn,
Spite of her frauds, disguise, and artifice,
The firmness, or abasement, of her soul.

Osm. Thy counsel charms me ! We'll about it, now :
'Twill be some recompence, at least, to see
Her blushes, when detected — —

Oraf. Oh ! my Lord,
I doubt you in the trial — — for, your heart — —

Osm. Distrust me not — my love, indeed, is weak,
But, honour, and disdain, more strong than Zara :
Here, take this fatal letter — — chuse a slave,
Whom, yet, she never saw, and who retains
His try'd fidelity — — — dispatch — — — be gone — — [*Exit Orafmin.*
Now, whither shall I turn my eyes, and steps,
'The surest way, to shun her ; and give time
For this discovering trial ? — — Heav'n ! she's here !

Enter Zara.

So, Madam ! fortune will befriend my cause,
And free me from your letters : — — You are met,
Most aptly, to dispel a new-ris'n doubt,
That claims the finest of your arts to gloss it.
Unhappy, each, by other, it is time,

To

To end our mutual pain, that both may rest :
 You want not generosity, but love :
 My pride forgotten, my obtruded throne,
 My favours, cares, respect, and tenderness,
 Touching your gratitude, provok'd regard ;
 Till, by a length of benefits, besieg'd,
 Your heart submitted, and you thought, 'twas love ;
 But, you deceiv'd yourself, and injur'd me.
 There is, I'm told, an object, more deserving
 Your love, than Osman — I wou'd know his name :
 Be just, nor trifle with my anger : tell me,
 Now, while expiring pity struggles, faint ;
 While I have yet, perhaps, the pow'r to pardon ;
 Give up the bold invader of my claim,
 And let him die, to save thee.—Thou art known ;
 Think, and resolve—While I yet speak, renounce him ;
 While yet the thunder rolls, suspended, stop it ;
 Let thy voice charm me, and recall my soul,
 That turns, averse, and dwells no more on Zara.

Zara. Can it be Osman, speaks ? and speaks to Zara ?
 Learn, cruel ! learn, that this afflicted heart,
 This heart, which Heaven delights to prove, by tortures,
 Did it not love, has pride, and pow'r to shun you :
 Alas ! you will not know me ! What have I
 To fear, but that unhappy love, you question ?
 That love, which, only cou'd outweigh the shame,
 I feel, while I descend, to weep my wrongs.
 I know not, whether Heaven, that frowns upon me,
 Has destin'd my unhappy days for yours ;
 But, be my fate, or blest'd, or curs'd, I swear,
 By honour, dearer ev'n than life, or love,
 Cou'd Zara be but mistress of herself,
 She wou'd, with cold regard, look down on Kings,
 And, you alone excepted, fly 'em all :
 Wou'd you learn more, and open all my heart ?
 Know then, that, spite of this renew'd injustice,
 I do not — cannot — wish to love you less :
 That, long before you look'd so low as Zara,

She gave her heart to Osman—Yours, before
 Your benefits had bought her, or your eye
 Had thrown distinction round her ; never had,
 Nor ever will acknowledge, other lover.—
 And, to this sacred truth, attesting Heaven !
 I call thy dreadful notice ! If my heart
 Deserves reproach, 'tis *for*, but not *from* Osman.

Osman. What! does she, yet, presume to swear sincerity !
 Oh ! boldness or unblushing perjury !
 Had I not seen, had I not read, such proof,
 Of her light falsehood, as extinguish'd doubt,
 I cou'd not be a man, and not believe her.

Zara. Alas! my Lord, what cruel fears have seiz'd you?
 What harsh, mysterious words were those, I heard ?

Osman. What fears shou'd Osman feel, since Zara loves him!

Zara. I cannot live, and answer to your voice,
 In that reproachful tone !—Your angry eye
 Trembles with fury, while you talk of love!

Osman. Since Zara *loves* him !

Zara. Is it possible,
 Osman shou'd disbelieve it ? —Again, again
 Your late repented violence returns ;
 Alas ! what killing frowns you dart against me !
 Can it be kind ? Can it be just, to doubt me ?

Osman. No—I can doubt no longer —You may retire.
[Exit Zara.]

Re-enter Orasmin.

Orasmin ! she's perfidious, ev'n beyond
 Her sex's undiscover'd power of seeming :
 She's at the topmost point of shameless artifice :
 An Empress at deceiving !—soft, and easy,
 Destroying like a plague, in calm tranquillity :
 She's innocent, she swears—So is the fire ;
 It *shines*, in harmless distance, bright, and pleasing,
 Consuming nothing, till it first embraces.—
 Say ? hast thou chos'n a slave ?—Is he instructed ?
Haste,

Haste, to detect her vileness, and my wrongs.

Oraf. Punctual, I have obey'd your whole command ;
But, have you arm'd, my Lord, your injur'd heart,
With coldness, and indiff'rence ? Can you hear,
All, painless, and unmov'd, the false on's shame ?

Osm. Orafmin ! I adore her, more than ever !

Oraf. My Lord ! my Emperor ! forbid it, Heaven !

Osm. I have discern'd a gleam of distant hope ;
This hateful Christian, the light growth of France,
Proud, young, vain, amorous, conceited, rash,
Has misconceiv'd some charitable glance,
And judg'd it love in Zara :---He alone,
Then, has offended me.--Is it her fault,
If those, she charms, are indiscreet and daring ?
Zara, perhaps, expected not this letter ;
And I, with rashness, groundless, as its writer's,
Took fire, at my own fancy, and have wrong'd her.
Now, hear me, with attention---Soon as night
Has thrown her welcome shadows o'er the palace ;
When this Nereftan, this ungrateful Christian,
Shall lurk, in expectation, near our walls,
Be watchful, that our guards surprize, and seize him ;
Then, bound in fetters, and o'erwhelm'd with shame,
Conduct the daring traitor, to my presence ;
But, above all, be sure, you hurt not Zara :
Mindful, to what supreme excess, I love.
I feel, I must confess, a kind of shame,
And blush, at my own tenderness ;---but, faith,
Howe'er it seems deceiv'd, were weak, as I am,
Cou'd it admit distrust, to blot its face,
And give appearance way, till proof takes place.

 ACT V. SCENE I.

Zara, Selima.

Zara. SOOTH me, no longer, with this vain desire;
 To a recluse, like *me*, who dares, henceforth,
 Presume admission!—The seraglio's *shut---*
Barr'd, and unpassable—as *death to time*!
 My brother ne'er must hope to see me, more:—
 How now! what unknown slave accosts us here!

Enter Melidor.

Mel. This letter, trusted to my hands, receive,
 In secret witness, I am, wholly, yours,
[Zara reads the letter.]

Sel. *[Aside.]* Thou, everlasting Ruler of the world!
 Shed thy wish'd mercy on our hopeless tears;
 Redeem us from the hands of hated infidels,
 And save my Princess from the breast of Osman.

Zara. I wish, my friend, the comfort of your counsel.

Sel. Retire---you shall be call'd---wait near--Go, leave
 us. *[Exit Melidor.]*

Zara. Read this—and tell me, what I ought to answer?
 For I wou'd gladly hear my brother's voice.

Sel. Say rather, you wou'd hear the voice of Heav'n.
 'Tis not your brother calls you, but your God.

Zara. I know it, nor resist his awful will;
 Thou know'st, that I have bound my soul by oath;
 But, can I——ought I—to engage myself,
 My brother, and the Christians in this danger?

Sel. 'Tis not their danger, that alarms your fear;
 Your love speaks loudest, to your shrinking soul;
 I know your heart, of strength, to hazard all,

But,

But, it has let in traitors, who surrender,
 On poor pretence of safety :—Learn, at least,
 To understand the weakness, that deceives you :
 You tremble, to offend your haughty lover,
 Whom wrongs, and outrage, but endear the more ;
 Yes —— you are blind to Osman's cruel nature,
 That Tartar's fierceness, that obscures his bounties :
 This tyger, savage, in his tenderness,
 Courts, with contempt, and threatens, amidst softness ;
 Yet, cannot your neglected heart efface
 His fated, fix'd, impression !

Zara. What reproach

Can I, with justice, make him ?----I, indeed,
 Have given him cause to hate me ! ——
 Was not his throne, was not his temple, ready ?
 Did not he court his slave, to be a Queen ?
 And have not I declin'd it ?----I, who ought
 To tremble, conscious of affronted power !
 Have not I triumph'd o'er his pride, and love ?
 Seen him submit his own high will, to mine ?
 And sacrifice his wishes to my weakness ?

Sel. Talk we, no more, of this unhappy passion :
 What resolution will your virtue take ?

Zara. All things combine, to sink me to despair :
 From the seraglio, death alone will free me.
 I long to see the Christians' happy climes ;
 Yet, in the moment, while I form that prayer,
 I sigh a secret wish, to languish here :
 How sad a state is mine ! my restless soul
 All ign'rant, what to do, or what to wish ?
 My only *perfect* sense is, that of pain.
 O, guardian Heaven ! protect my brother's life :
 For I will meet him, and fulfil his prayer.
 Then, when, from Solyma's unfriendly walls,
 His absence shall unbind his sister's tongue,
 Osman shall learn the secret of my birth,
 My faith unshaken, and my deathless love ;
 He will approve my choice, and pity me.

I'll fend my brother word, he may expect me ;
Call in the faithful slave---God of my fathers !

[*Exit Selima.*]

Let thy hand save me, and thy will direct.

Enter Selima, and Melidor.

Go——tell the Christian, who intrusted thee,
That Zara's heart is fix'd, nor shrinks at danger ;
And, that my faithful friend will, at the hour,
Expect, and introduce him, to his wish.
Away—the Sultan comes ; he must not find us.

[*Exeunt Zara and Selima.*]

Enter Osman, and Orasmin.

Os. Swifter, ye hours, move on ; my fury glows
Impatient, and wou'd push the wheels of time :—
How now ! What message dost thou bring ? Speak boldly,
What answer gave she, to the letter sent her ?

Mel. She blush'd, and trembled, and grew pale, and paus'd ;
Then blush'd, and read it ; and, again, grew pale ;
And wept, and smil'd, and doubted, and resolv'd :
For, after all this race of vary'd passions,
When she had sent me out, and call'd me back,
Tell him (she cry'd) who has intrusted thee,
That Zara's heart is fix'd, nor shrinks at danger ;
And, that my faithful friend will, at the hour,
Expect, and introduce him, to his wish.

Os. Enough—be gone—I have no ear for more.—

[*To the slave.*]

Leave me, thou too, Orasmin.—Leave me, life,

[*To Orasmin.*]

For, ev'ry mortal aspect moves my hate :
Leave me, to my distraction—I grow mad,
And cannot bear the visage of a friend.
Leave me, to rage, despair, and shame, and wrongs ;
Leave me, to seek myself—and shun mankind.

[*Alone.*] Who *am* I?—Heav'n! Who *am* I? What resolve I?
 Zara! Nereftan! Sound those words, like names
 Decreed to join!—Why pause I?—Perish Zara——
 Wou'd, I cou'd tear her image from my heart:——
 'Twere happier, not to live at all, than live
 Her scorn, the sport of an ungrateful false one!
 And sink the Sovereign, in a woman's property.

Re-enter Orasmin.

Orasmin!—friend! return—I cannot bear
 This absence, from thy reason: 'twas unkind,
 'Twas cruel, to obey me, thus distress'd,
 And wanting pow'r to *think*, when I had lost thee.
 How goes the hour? Has he appear'd? This rival!
 Perish the shameful sound—This villain Christian!
 Has he appear'd below?

Oras. Silent, and dark,
 Th' unbreathing world is hush'd, as if it heard,
 And listen'd to, your sorrows.

Osm. O, treach'rous night!
 Thou lend'st thy ready veil, to ev'ry treason,
 And teeming mischiefs thrive, beneath thy shade.
 Orasmin! Prophet! reason! truth! and love!
 After such length of benefits to wrong me!
 How have I over-rated, how mistaken,
 The merit of her beauty!—Did I not
 Forget, I was a Monarch? Did I remember,
 That Zara was a slave?—I gave up all;
 Gave up tranquillity, distinction, pride,
 And fell, the shameful victim of my love!

Oras. Sir! Sovereign! Sultan! my Imperial Master!
 Reflect on your own greatness, and disdain
 The distant provocation.—

Osm. Heard'st thou nothing?

Oras. My Lord?

Osm. A noise, like dying groans?

Oras. I listen, but can hear nothing.

Osm.

Osm. Again!—look out—he comes.—

Oraf. Nor tread of mortal foot—nor voice, I hear :
The still seraglio lies, profoundly plung'd,
In deathlike silence! nothing stirs.—The air
Is soft, as infants' sleep, no breathing wind
Steals thro' the shadows, to awaken night.

Osm. Horrors, a thousand times more dark, than these,
Benight my suff'ring soul—Thou dost not know,
To what excess of tendernefs, I lov'd her.
I knew no happiness, but what she gave me,
Nor cou'd have felt a mis'ry, but for her !
Pity this weakness—Mine are tears, Orafmin !
That fall not oft, nor lightly.—

Oraf. Tears!—Oh, Heaven !

Osm. The first, which, ever, yet, unmann'd my eyes!
O! pity Zara—pity *me*—Orafmin,
These but forerun the tears of destin'd blood.

Oraf. Oh, my unhappy Lord!--I tremble for you---

Osm. Do---tremble at my suff'rings, at my love ;
At my revenge, too, tremble---for, 'tis due,
And will not be deluded.

Oraf. Hark ! I hear
The steps of men, along the neighb'ring wall ! ———

Osm. Fly—seize him—'tis Nerestan ? wait no chains,
But, drag him down, to my impatient eye, [*Exit. Oraf.*

Enter Zara, and Selima, in the dark.

Zara. Where art thou, Selima ? Give me thy hand ;
It is so dark, I tremble, as I step,
With fears, and startings, never felt, 'till now !

Osm. Damnation! 'tis her voice! the well-known sound,
That has, so often, charm'd me into baseness !
Oh ! the perfidious hypocrite ! ——— she goes,
To meet th' inviting Infidel ! ——— now, now,

[*Drawing a dagger.*

Revenge, stand firm. and intercept his wishes :—
Revenge ! on whom ?—no matter—earth and heaven,
Wou'd

Wou'd blush, shou'd I forbear :—Now — Zara, now ;
[Drops the dagger.]

I must not — cannot strike, the starting steel,
 Unwilling, flies my hand, and shuns to wound her.

Zara. This is the private path—come nearer, lead me—
 Are we not notic'd, think'st thou ?

Sel. Fear not, Madam ;

It cannot, now, be long, ere we shall meet him.

Ofm. That word has giv'n me back my ebbing rage.

[Recovers the dagger.]

Zara. I walk in terror, and my heart forbodes :

Who's there ?—Nerestan ! Is it you !—Oh ! welcome—

Ofm. *[Stabbing her.]* This to thy heart—'Tis not the
 traitor meets thee,

'Tis the betray'd—who writes it in thy blood.

Zara O, gracious Heaven ! receive my parting soul.

[Dies.]

Ofm. Soul ?—then revenge has reach'd thee—I will, now,
 Haste, from this fatal place —— I cannot leave her !

Whom did I strike ? Was this the act of love ?

Swallow me, earth ! —— She's silent —— Zara's dead !

And should I live, to see returning day,

'Twill shew me but her blood ! —— shew me, left joyless,

In a wide, empty, world, with nothing round me,

But penitence, and pain —— and, yet, 'twas just : ——

Hark ! —— Destiny has sent her lover to me,

To fill my vengeance, and restore my joy.

Enter Orasmin, with Nerestan.

Approach, thou wretch ! thou more than curs'd ! come
 near ——

Thou ! who, in gratitude, for freedom gain'd,

Hast given *me* miseries, beyond thy own !

Thou heart of hero, with a traitor's soul !

Go —— reap thy due reward, prepare to suffer,

Whate'er inventive malice can inflict,

To make thee *feel* thy death, and perish, slow.

Are my commands obey'd ?

Oraf. All is prepar'd.

Osm. Thy wanton eyes look round, in search of her,
Whose love, descending to a slave like thee,
From my dishonour'd hand, receiv'd her doom ?
See ! where she lies --

Ner. O, fatal, rash, mistake !

Osm. Dost thou behold her, slave ?

Ner. Unhappy sister !

Osm. Sister ! — Did'st thou say, sister ? if thou did'st,
Bless me with deafness, Heaven !

Ner. Tyrant ! I did --

She *was* my sister — All, that, now, is left thee,
Dispatch -- From my distracted heart, drain, next,
The remnant of the royal, Christian, blood :
Old Lufignan, expiring in my arms,
Sent his too wretched son, with his last blessing,
To his, now, murder'd daughter ! --
Wou'd, I had seen the bleeding innocent !
I wou'd have liv'd to speak to her, in death ;
Wou'd have awaken'd, in her languid heart,
A livelier sense of her abandon'd God :
That God, who, left by her, forsook her, too,
And gave the poor, lost, sufferer, to thy rage.

Osm. Thy sister ? — Lufignan, her father — *Selima!*
Can this be true ! — and have I wrong'd thee, *Zara* ?

Sel. Thy love was all the cloud, 'twixt her, and I leav'n !

Osm. Be dumb -- for thou art base, to add distraction,
To my, already, more, than bleeding, heart :
And was thy love sincere ? -- What, then, remains ?

Ner. Why shou'd a tyrant hesitate, on murder !
There, now, remains, but mine of all the blood,
Which, thro' thy father's cruel reign, and thine,
Has, never, ceas'd to stream, on Syria's sands ;
Restore a wretch to his unhappy race ;
Nor hope, that torments, after such a scene,
Can force one feeble groan, to least thy anger.
I waste my fruitless words, in empty air ;

The

The tyrant, o'er the bleeding wound, he made,
Hangs his unmoving eye, and heeds not me.

Ofm. O, Zara!—

Oraf. Alas! my Lord, return—whither wou'd grief
Transport your gen'rous heart?—This Christian dog—

Ofm. Take off his fetters, and observe my will :
To him, and all his friends, give instant liberty :
Pour a profusion, of the richest gifts,
On these unhappy Christians; and, when heap'd,
With vary'd benefits, and charg'd, with riches,
Give 'em safe conduct, to the nearest port.

Oraf. But, Sir!—

Ofm. Reply not, but obey.—

Fly---nor dispute thy Master's last command,
Thy Prince, who orders---and thy friend, who loves thee!
Go---lose no time---farewel---be gone---And thou !
Unhappy warrior!--yet, less lost, than I !
Haste, from our bloody land--and, to thy own,
Convey this poor, pale, object of my rage ;
Thy King, and all his Christians, when they hear
Thy miseries, shall mourn 'em, with their tears ;
But, if thou tell'st 'em mine, and tell'st 'em, truly,
They, who shall hate my crime, shall pity *me*.
Take, too, this poinard, with thee, which my hand
Has stain'd with blood, far dearer, than my own ;
Tell 'em---with this, I murder'd, her, I lov'd ;
The noblest, and most virtuous, among women !
The soul of innocence, and pride of truth !
Tell 'em, I laid my empire at her feet :
Tell 'em, I plung'd my dagger in her blood ;
Tell 'em, I so ador'd--and, thus reveng'd her.

[*Stabs himself.*

Rev'rence this hero---and, conduct him, safe. [Dies.]

Ner. Direct me, great Inspirer of the soul !
How I shou'd act, how judge in this distress ?
Amazing grandeur ! and detested rage !
Ev'n I, amidst my tears, admire this foe,
And mourn his death, who liv'd, to give me woe.

A C O M I C



A COMIC CHORUS,
O R,
INTERLUDES:

To be sung between the Acts of ZARA.



PROLOGUE.

By Mr. BEARD, and Mrs. CLIVE, *from opposite Entrances.*

She. *SO Sir--you're a man of your word.*

He. *Who wou'd break it, when summon'd by you ?--*

She. *Very fine that---but pray, have you heard,
What it is you are summon'd to do ?*

He. *Not a word--but expected to see
Something new, in the musical way.*

She. *Why, this Author has cast you, and me,
As a Prologue, it seems, to his play.*

He. *What then is its tuneful name,
Robin Hood, of the Greenwood tree ?
Or, what good old ballad of fame
Has be built into Tra--ge- dy ?*

She.

- She. *Tho' he rails against songs, he thought fit,
Most gravely to urge, and implore us,
In aid of his tragical wit,
To erect ourselves into a chorus!* [Laughing.]
- He. *A chorus! what's that---a composing
Of groans, to the rants of his madness?*
- She. *No---he binders the boxes from dozing,
By mixing some spirit with sadness.*
- He. *So, then---'tis our task, I suppose,
To sing sober sense into relish,
Strike up, as each tragical close,
And unbedded moral embellish.*
- She. *'Twas the custom, you know, once in Greece,
And, if here, 'tis not witty, 'tis new*
- He. *Well then, when find you an act cease,* [Turning to the boxes.]
Tremble Ladies---
- She. *And, Gentlemen, too---* [To the Men.]
If I give not the beaux good advice, [Merrily.]
Let me dwindle to recitative!
- He. *Nor will I to the belles be more nice,
When I catch 'em, but here, to receive.*
- She. *If there's ought to be learnt from the play,
I shall sit in a nook, here, behind,
Peeping out, in the good ancient way,
Now and then, with a piece of my mind.*
- He. *But suppose, that no moral shoud rise,
Worth the ears of the brave, or the fair!*
- She. *Why, we'll then give the word--and advise---*
Face about, and stand all, as ye were.

After the First A C T.

Song in duet.

He **T**HE Sultan's a bridegroom---the *slaves* are set free,
And none must presume to wear *setters*, but he!

Before honey-moon,
Love's *fiddle's* in tune;

So we think, (filly souls!) 'tis always to be:
For the man, that is *blind*—how shou'd he **FORESEE**!

She. I hate these *hot blades*, who so *fiercely* begin;
To *boulk* a rais'd *hope*, is a *cowardly* sin!
The *maid* that is *wise*, let her always procure,

Rather a *grave*, than a *spirited* woer:
What she *loses*, at breakfast, at supper she'll *win*.
But your *amorous* violence never *endures*:

For, to dance, without doors,
Is the way to be *weary*, before we get *in*.

He. Pray how does it happen, that passion, so gay,
Blooms, fades, and falls away,
Like the *rose*, of this morn, that at night must decay?

WOMAN, I fear,
Does one thing appear,
But is found quite *another*, when look'd on, too near.

She. Ah---no---

Not---fo

'Tis the fault of you MEN, who, with *flames of desire*,
Set your *palates* on *fire*,

And dream not, that *eating*---will appetite *tire*;

So, resolve in your *beat*,

To do nothing, but *eat*,

Till, alas! on a sudden,---you *sleep* o'er your meat!

Therefore, learn, O ye *fair*! —

He. And, you *lovers*, take care —

She.

She. That you trust not, before-hand ---

He. That you trust not, at all.

She. Man was born to deceive.

He. Woman form'd, to believe.

Both. Trust not *one* of us all!

For to stand on *sure* ground, is the way not to *fall*.

After the Second A C T.

Mrs. Clive (sola) to a flute.

I.

O H *Jealousy!* thou *bane* of bleeding love!

Ah! how unhappy, we!

Doom'd by the partial powers, above,

Eternal slaves, to thee!

Not more unsta'd, than *lovers'* hearts, the *wind*!

This moment, *dying*—and the next, *unkind*:

Ah! wavering, weak desires of frail *mankind*!

With pleading passion ever to pursue,

Yet triumph, only to *undo*.

2.

Go to the *deeps*, *below*, thou joyless fiend!

And never *rise* again, to sow *despair*;

Nor you, ye heedless *fair*, occasions lend,

To *blast* your blooming *hopes*; and bring on care:

Never conclude your *innocence* secure,

Prudence, alone, makes *love* endure.

[*As she is going off, he meets her, and pulls her back, detaining her, while he sings, what follows.*

He. Ever, ever, *doubt* the *fair*—in *sorrow*.

Mourning, as if they felt *compassion*;

Yet, what they *weep* for to day — to-morrow,

They'll be the first to laugh into *fashion*.

By Mr. Beard alone.

MARK, O, ye beauties!—gay, and young,
Mark the plaintful *woes*, and *weeping*,
That, from forc'd *concealment* sprung,
Punish the sin of *secret* keeping.
Tell then—nor *veil* a willing heart,
When the *lover*, lov'd, alarms it ;
But—to *sooth* the pleasing *smart*,
Whisper the glowing *wish*, that warms it.

She that wou'd *bide* the gentle flame,
 Does but teach her *hope*, to languish;
 She, that boldly TELLS her aim,
 Flies from the *path* that leads to *anguish*.
 Not that too *far*, your trust shou'd go;
 All that you *say*—to ALL discover;
 All, that you *do*—but *two* should know,
 One of 'em *you*, and one your *lover*.
 [She meets him, going off.]

Sbe. Ah! *man*, thou wert always a *traitor*,
 Thou giv'st thy advice, to *betray*;
 Ah! form'd for a *rover*, by nature,
 Thou leader of love the wrong way.
 Wou'd *women* let *women* advise 'em,
 They cou'd not so easily *stray*.
 'Tis trusting to lovers, supplies 'em
 With *will*, and *excuse*, to betray.
 She's *safe*, who, in *guard* of her passion,
 Far, far, from *confessing* her pain,
 Keeps *silence*, in spite of the *fashion*,
 Nor suffer her *eyes*, to EXPLAIN.



After the Fourth A C T.

Duet.

Sbe. WELL, what do you *think*----of these sorrows,
 and joys,
 These calms, and these whirlwinds-- this silence, and noise?
 Which *love*, in the bosom of *man*, employs?
He. For my part, wou'd *lovers* be govern'd by me,
 Not *one* of you *women* so *wish'd for*, shou'd be,
 Since, *here*, we a *proof* of your mischief see.
Sbe. Why, what wou'd you do, to escape the distress?
He. I wou'd *do*--I wou'd *do*--by my soul, I can't guess--

She. Poor wretch ! by my soul I imagin'd no less.
Come, come---let me tell you, these tempests of love,
Do but blow up *desire*, its brisknets to *prove*,
Which else wou'd---you know---*too too lazily* move.
Were women like *logs*---of a make to *lie still*,
Men wou'd sleep, and grow dull---but *our absolute will*
Sets *life* all a whirling---like wheels in a mill :

He. Ambition, in *woman*, like valour in *man*,
Tempts danger---from which, they'd be safe, if they *ran*;
And once get 'em *in*---get 'em *out*, how you can.

She. Pray, what will you give me, to teach you the *trick*,
To keep your wife *pleas'd*, either healthy, or sick ?

He. The man, who *bids* that, sure ! must *touch to the quick* !

She. Learn this---and depend on a *life*, without *pain*,
Say nothing to *vex* her, yet *let* her complain ;
Submit to your *fate*,---and disturb not her *reign* :
Be *mop'd* when she's *sad*---and be *pleas'd* when she's *gay*,
Believe her, and trust her---and give her---her *way* ;

For want of this *rule* --- there's *the devil to pay*,

Both. For want of this *rule*, there's *the devil to pay*.



THE
SNAKE in the GRASS:

A
Dramatic Entertainment, of a new Species;

BEING
**Neither TRAGEDY, COMEDY, PANTOMIME,
FARCE, BALLAD, nor OPERA.**



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TWO PLAYERS, *deep Plotters, as usual.*

POET, *a tough stubborn Blade of the old Metal: but converted, by the Grace of certain new-fashioned Powers interposing.*

GENIUS of the Stage, *dress'd and character'd in the modern Propriety.*

TRAGEDY, *struck dumb, and buried alive.*

COMEDY, *set upon her Head, and her wrong End turned uppermost.*

Old APOLLO, *struck blind, and dismounted.*

First singing Spirit.

Second singing Spirit.

Young APOLLO, *Laureat supreme, but conferring Bays of a new Model, on a Laureat elect, to encourage him.*

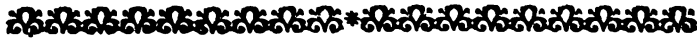
TRUTH and TIME, *two Dancers.*

S C E N E, t h e S T A G E,



T H E

SNAKE in the GRASS.



SCENE, *the Stage.* Enter two Players.

1st Player, [*looking on his watch*].

IT is now ten o'clock : and Mr. Fightfashion, in expectation of our rehearsing his tragedy, will scarce fail to be here, in a minute or two.

2d Play. But can this gentleman, in good earnest, be so strongly impress'd by poetic enthusiasm, as to believe the existence of ghosts, wits, and genius'es ?

1st Play. Tho' you throw those ideas together by way of a joke, Mr. Fightfashion unites 'em in earnest ; for he has told me, and sworn to it very seriously, that the Genius of wit, the last time he was seduced to the sight of a pantomime, drew his curtains at midnight, and wept over him in the shape of a consumption.

[*Distant knocking without.*]

2d Play. Hark, he knocks at the street-door : let us retire, and observe the success of your project ; for I hardly know how to persuade myself, that a person of his learning and good sense can be liable to an imposition so glaring !

[*Second knocking at the door.*]

1st Play. Oh ! that were to expect more than I have ventured to promise you ; but the voice and person of
Ned

Ned Frolick are quite new to him ; the influence of melancholy, in pensive natures, is powerful. The darkness too, and silence of the scene, will concur with the effect of our neglecting his rehearsal this morning, towards preparing his mind for the object. -- 'Tis unlikely indeed, as you say, that he can mist take honest Ned for a Genius, but his relentment, or surprize, will be equally diverting—and while he thinks us too remote to observe his behaviour, we shall have the pleasure to laugh in the frys, whether it be at the detection and routing of Frolick, or the amazement and odd humours of Frightlashion.

[Third knocking, more loud than before.]

Let us be gone—He becomes quiet impatient : and the doorkeeper's orders were to admit him, at the third time of asking.

[They go in at the Prompter's door.]

Enter Poet, in a passion.

Oons !—not *rebearse* ?—and nobody ready for action, but the *Ladies* ?—Here's fine doings ! here's wisdom ! here's industry ! here's management !

[Sings.] Robin Hood,

In the Greenwood stood ———

P'sha !— how came that silly thing into my head now !—A man has no sooner set his foot into the shade of these theatres, than he is haunted by the dying echo of some departed old madrigal !

[Plums, again, to himself a short bit of a tune, and walks fretfully.]

Rare management, i'faith !—one wou'd almost be tempted to swear they had bought some old patent for blundering !—Dullness never sleeps so safe, and so satisfied, but when it snores to the sound of authority.

And then, too, the good manners of locking me out ! They needed not, one wou'd have thought, as taste stands at present, have put themselves to the trouble of fast'ning their door, to keep *wit* from intruding among them !

[Walks backward and forward, looking down much disturb'd---then stops short, and speaks on.]

Poor

Poor stage! while I measure thy breadth, I am deploring thy narrowness! — Thou art possess'd, like an African wood--by a generation of *parrots* and *monkeys*! — These people have a mortal aversion for a man that can't *tumble*. — What a favourite wou'd a tragic Poet have been, that cou'd come bounce into the house, like a thunder clap, through the opening of one of their chimneys!

Well! they may spare, in a little time, this new stratagem of locking their doors. They have shut out grave meanings already; and when sharp ones won't pass, muster among 'em, we Poets shall have as little to do at the playhouse, as we have at the bank, or the treasury.

[*Pauses, and bangs pensively over a trap.*]

Oh! Shakespear! Shakespear! Shakespear! — Cou'd thy own ghost rise, through one of these traps, when the Signors and Signoras are capering, it would rise, not to fright, but *be frightened*. — How now? what's this? the trap opens, as if they had set it to swallow me!

While the Poet stalks backward, the Genius of the stage ascends through the trap: dressed on the right side, like a man, in the habit of a Scaramouch (with a wand) — on the left side like a Columbine (with a fan) — the face neatly cover'd with a flesh-colour'd masque, representing on one side a grave man's countenance, with black hair and whiskers; and on the other, a gay young woman's, with fair locks and complexion; half a hat, or cap, on the right of the head, and the proper head-dress for a woman on the left half: and so, in like manner, the whole dress divided quite down to the shoes — the petticoat rounded in, and concealing the left leg and thigh, to the girl's.

Poet. Bless us! what have we here? — they have sent up a two-edged ghost, to foretell double death to my tragedy! — What art thou? speak. — What monster must I call thee?

Gen. [*In a tragical tone.*] Know'st thou not me, — the Genius of the stage!

Learn,

Learn, from the loud Miltonic trumpet's sound,

"Not to know *me*, argues *thyself unknown*."

[Changes into a comic tone.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, 'tis no wonder, Mr. Fightfashion, that your poetry succeeds so ill, since you and I are no better acquainted!

Poet. The Genius of the stage, quoth'a! ———

[Walks whimsically round her.

Nay, faith, now I survey thee with a critical eye, that is not so very *unlikely*. 'Tis impossible (to say truth) there should be *such* a Genius any where else! All that motly composition of contraries fits thee admirably, for the empire thou hast plac'd thyself at the head of.

Genius. Ever, the Poet's friend, tho' seen but rarely, I rise, to set thee right: and crown thy wishes.

Poet. I am glad, to be assur'd of your good meaning, because it emboldens me to make free with your good nature—will you please to stand out of the way: and leave room for a Lady, of less inconsistent accomplishments?

Gen. What Lady, ingenious Mr. Fightfashion? —
What Lady?

Poet. What Lady? why a playhouse Lady—that, I hope, is here, ready to enter, and speak the prologue to my tragedy.

Gen. A prologue, I suppose, of some *friend's* writing?

Poet. You would *suppose*, with more truth, and at least as much manners, if you *suppos'd* it a prologue of my *own* writing.

Gen. Nay, then, I despair of getting it chang'd for a better. Had it been a friend's wit, another friend's *reason* might have hop'd to be heard on the subject.

Poet. There's a new proof, thou can't be no other Genius than that of the stage.—Thy impertinence to us Poets, and the prepost'rous blind talent thou hast at *objecting*, carry marks of the place thou belong'st to.—But pray, what against my prologue, Goody Two-tails?

Gen. Enough—and too much, Mr. Fightfashion.—It is a prologue to a *tragedy*.

Poet.

Poet. To a tragedy ! — What, in the name of high dance, and low management, wou'd you have it a prologue to ? — the stage's thanksgiving, for the renown of her modern *improvements* ? — Do you think there is no *wit*, because there is no *comedy* ?

Gen. Nay, now, you are still more monstrously out of the way ! Don't talk of wit. — *wit* is quite out of the way !

Poet. O ! times ! times ! times ! — wit out of the way of a *Poet* ! — If thou art the Genius of any stage at all, thou hast certainly travell'd under-ground, like a *mole*, and are crept hither from the *Italian opera*.

Gen. No matter what road I came by : — wit is out of your road, I assure you. — Wou'd you strike the expectation of the powerful world with your tragedy, you must enliven it with no wit, and all *humour*.

Poet. How ? — *humour* in *tragedy* ! — here's a *Genius* ! here's an age ! — *Why bad I taste, ye Gods* !

Gen. Look'ee, Mr. Fightfashion, I am here in mere pity, to prevent a disappointment, which I know you want temper to bear, with indifference. — If you cou'd introduce a dancing cat or two, in some very grave tragedy, and especially, if you cou'd teach 'em to *purr* in true time to their friskings, you might have a fair chance, (under protection of such alarming and rapturous incidents) to pass some of your old-fashion'd stuff upon the town, provided you don't crowd in too much of it — more than persons of distinction can bear to be teas'd with. — And then, as to your prologue, what do you think of the novelty of having it spoke by a Lady, that has been the reigning toast for these twenty years, and yet never spoke a word in her life yet ?

Poet. And if that is not a novelty, nothing is novelty !

Gen. It wou'd be trifling, to talk much of her beauty, — but her *influence* can make an ass of *Apollo*.

Poet. But is not this one of your *jokes*, of the new cut ? Have you really such a Lady as this in your eye, for my service ?

Gen.

Gen. I have : and you will own, when you see her, that I could never have oblig'd you more kindly. Among a thousand irrefutable fine qualities, she has this chosen and constitutional love of *silence*, in the very genius, in the very essence of her character.

Foot. [*In a rapture.*] Heels! cana! claps! shouts! third-nights and tragic fire!

'The power! the power! she shakes my swelling breast;
And conscious inspiration bu-u-u-ills, in rapture!
Go, ye soft whisp'ring pales! ye breezy thieves!
Steal, from *Arable's* flowers, the *fipt* perfumes;
'Then, to my charmer fly; kiss her kind foot:
Form a soft cha-ri-ot, round her two-o-wy limbs;
And in the breath of v'lets, wa-a-ast her, to me!

Gen. Admirably well *trud*, *pronounc'd*, and *devided*!— you *shall* see her. — But you need not be at the expence of strains so pompous as these, to receive her. She has a generous and frank-hearted simplicity, that sets her above ceremony. — She knows my design in your favour, and will bear my last summons to leave you. Breathe your wish and your meaning upon my wand here.

[*Waves her wand solemnly.*]

Oh, thou, who scorn'st *voira*, buttest *eloquence*
From each light motion's flash! thought-bolling power!
'To Britons' grave progenitors unknown:
But by their wiles, french taught, *sons*, ador'd!
Oh! rais'd, on Fame's broad wings, above all reach
Of comic spleen's vain snarl, or tragic rage!
Defend, instructive, from thy throne of air,
Smile kind compassion o'er a convert's cause:
And teach despairing wit new arts to prosper.

A flying chariot descends, to the sound of brisk music, wherein sits Harlequin, in a Dutch head dress, and huge petticoat, without any gown. A fan in his hand. He steps out, and comes forward; giving himself the airs of a masculine, modish, lady — and stretching his neck, as if struggling for voice, to address himself to the audience.

Gen.

Gen. [*After a pause.*] Mr. Fightfashion, how *like* you the Lady?

Poet. The *Lady*!—pray, by which of this French Lady's divisions, is her sex to be *reconnoired* with most certainty?

Gen. O fie, Mr. Fightfashion! — fie!

Poet. May the *devil* (or, what is worse, the *Genius of the stage*) run away with me, if, in the confusion of motions, dresses, and tastes, in our modern *Babel*, I don't find myself at a loss ten times a day, to distinguish between a *man*, and a *woman*!

Gen. Remember *decorum*, Mr. Fightfashion!—Tragic poets shou'd keep sense of *decorum*!

Poet. Why don't the Lady speak?—she shou'd not, methinks, *if a Lady*, be so hardly put to it to find the use of her *tongue*.

Gen. Ever, while you live, the more *stirring* the Lady, the more *still* is her tongue, Mr. Fightfashion. And, besides, it is the particular characteristic of *Mademoiselle* to be *dumb*.

Poet. *Dumb*!—why, did'nt you tell me she came hither to speak in my favour?

Gen. Well, and what if I did tell you so?

Poet. Oons! my cause will be swimmingly carried, by the help of a *dumb* advocate!

Gen. Why, that is the one irresistible fine quality, that, I told you, made the essence of her character.

Poet. I'll be hang'd if your plot was not to have *married* her to me! you insist, with such weight, on her *silence*.—Go, go, move off, Mrs. *Ebony*; make way for your betters. It is pity your Genius and you shou'd be parted. Go, sweet maidens in moiety! be pleas'd to withdraw and repose yourselves. There are cellars below, and dark rooms at your service.—Or stay, now I think of it—since ambition loves riding.——

[*Knocks at the stage door.*]

Here! you, Mr. Whatd'yecallum! Mr. Property-Keeper!—pray, send in an old woman, if you have any such, with a broom-stick or two, to mount these dra-

dramatical witches — Then, open your windows above, that Tragedy may'nt fall into your traps, while she screens her own lights with her handkerchief. — And, now, you may let her come in, for the *Prologue*. — Hold, hold, fool ! sot ! dolt ! owl ! that I am ! — I have been so modishly benumbing my faculties, by conversing with these hermaphrodite deities, that I was within a hair's breadth of *forgetting* APOLLO.

[Genius and Harlequin laugh and whisper apart.

Scene draws, and discovers the statue of Apollo, on a pedestal. In the one hand a golden harp ; in the other a silver bow. — The eyes of the image, and the beams round his head, transparent.

Poet. There's a Deity for you ! Shew me among all the numerous race of you, *Doubles*, that peester the kingdom, one, that can bear looking at by the light of his own glory ! — There's Parnassius, at once, in her bold and unbrib'd representative ! — What are you two *mauls to bruise meaning*, laying your noddles together so close for ? Your owl's eyes, I suppose, are apt to *water*, when they look against sun-beams ? — Well ! 'tis a very clean figure, i'faith ! — a true-touch'd, and exquisite figure ! — Mr. What's-his-name's profession and my own, are the two noblest of the three *sister arts*. Not but they have, all, their respective good uses ; tho' detached and distinct from each other. — Your *Poet*, for example, puts the world out of humour, by shewing them that their minds are more ugly than they ought to be. Your *Painter* sets all this to rights again, by representing their persons a great deal handsomer than they are. — And then for your splenetic four souls, that have neither person nor mind to be pleas'd with, in comes the *Fidler*, and he sets 'em a dancing — and so they transpire away their *tarantula's* poison, and become wholesome enough to be *tasted* and spit out again.

Gen. Well : but I thought you said you were about to begin ?

Poet.

Poet. So we will —and pray mark well the Prologue,—
Enter, enter.—It is to be spoken by Tragedy, crying :

Gen. Is that *she*, Mr. Fightfashion? I see somebody
betwixt the scenes, that looks *sadly*.

Poet. Ay, marry! here comes a Lady, that looks *like a*
Lady! —I'll warrant her *she* can speak, without choak-
ing herself.

Enter Tragedy, in black velvet, with a page holding her
train. A wreath of bays in one hand, and handkerchief
to her eyes in the other. She goes up to Apollo and kneels,
in act of addressing the image. Harlequin trips wantonly
after her; and amuses himself with peeping and making
faces at Tragedy—and menacing Apollo, with ridiculous
postures, and passes of his wooden sword, at a distance.

Gen. Does this Lady represent *Tragedy*, Mr. Fightfashion?

Poet. Ay, that she does---and does it quite *thorough*, too:
and not like a *Paralytic*, that is lame o' one side of her.

Gen. And why, pray, does she bring that useless dry
reward of old wit along with her?

Poet. Why, you will see by and by, that those bays are
to be placed on *my* head, as soon as Apollo has pointed
me out, as the Genius most distinguished for *Tragedy*.

Gen. But what if Apollo should serve you a trick---and
give his voice for one of the play-house directors?

Poet. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha---if he *should*, and the
elect had but wit enough to stand out, *so disguised*, at his
theatre, he would get an estate in a year or two, by the
million, that would pay him raised prices, to gaze at the
prodigy.

Gen. Ay. but ——

Poet. But me none of your butts.---E'gad! Mr. Jack
and Jill, tack'd together! I wish, *you* were as dumb, as
your friend *Ebony*. — Hold your peace, and interrupt us
no more: but hear Tragedy speak, like an angel.

Gen. *Speak!*---O, dreadful!---I hope you did not say
speak, Mr. Fightfashion!---If you can be dull enough to
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permit her to *speak*, I would not give this flirt of my fan for her influence.

Poet. --- Tragedy not *speak*! ha, ha, ha,--- a *Cienius*! a jack-claw. Tragedy not *speak*! - what! she must *make mouths*, I suppose, with Madam *Ibony*!---and stretch out a long neck, like an over cramm'd turkey!

Gen. Take my word,---if she speaks, she will never be spoken of.

Poet. Why how the devil should the passions be moved, without *speaking*?

Gen. Oh! the *passions*? - what passions would you *wish* her to move, pray?

Poet. Oh! magic! magic! magic! - wooden swords! wooden heads! wooden management! - What a question is *there*, for the *Cienius of the stage*, now! - What will these horrible things end in? - *If that passions must Tragedy move!* - Have I lived, to hear that miserable question!

Gen. The question had much sooner been answered than commented upon.

Poet. Why, *for rows*, she must move; and *compassion*.

Gen. Then she must *sing*, Mr. Fightafashion; she must *sing*.

Poet. What! - *sing*, to move *for rows*?

Gen. Ay, ay, ay - she must *h-i-i* ing. - She must sing, dolefully. - It is the demand of the mode, Mr. Fightafashion.

Poet. If I could hang myself, *bonestly*,---that is, without running in debt for the rope - the sin would be absolved, by the force of the temptation. - Were I under a condemnation to live a few years longer, I should run mad, at the absurdities of this age!

Why was not I *Cyclopes*! an *ass*? an *owl*? --- nay even an *Italian Eunuch*? any bird, fish, monster, beast, but a *Poet*? - What honest *poor* man in his wits, would write *sense*, to such a whimsical generation!

Gen. None, none, Mr. Fightafashion. --- A man in his wits would write *found*---to u *ound* - to u u u u u *ound*! - Look'ye, notwithstanding your Parnassian inflexibility, I will force you, before I have done, to stand bent, the right way,

way, to good fortune—Bring your Lady to *me*, when Apollo has done with her: she shall be taught the *recitativo dolorosa* in a twinkling. She shall learn to hammer home a blunt sentiment, by divisional shakes and fierce nods of her head, in the true *time*, and *tone*, of significance.

Poet. To confess a sad truth, I had some thoughts of allowing her to *sing*, a little.—So I gave her a short, sober, *ode*, that I wrote in due reverence of *Tragedy*—Besides a merry *Scotch jig* for her sister, that I have reserved to trip up in the rear of her.

Gen. Clap 'em together, Mr. Fightfashion—clap 'em together.

Poet. How!—unite *opposites*? join manifest *contradictions*?

Gen. Think of a *man* and his *wife*, Mr. Fightfashion.—Tack 'em, tack 'em.—They'll draw like your high-prancing horses; and attract but the more *notice*, by carrying their heads to the opposite quarters.

Poet. I can never come into it.—Such things may be done by a fool or a flatterer: but to a man of the least *sense*—

Gen. [interrupting him.] Death! freeze not me with *sense*, who flame for song!

Am I the stage's Genius?—and shalt thou,
Dull Poet—prate of *sense*, when I *disclaim* it?

Poet. Nay, if it is come to that length—if war is openly declared and proclaimed, against wit,—I have done, Mrs. Seam-i'-the-middle! I have done.—*Inter arma silent leges*.—Gadso! I beg your pardon, I forgot myself; that was *Latin*: and I ought to have said it in *French* or *Italian*.

Gen. Well! make me the song, tragi-comically.

Poet. Who? I!—if ever I make songs, in a fright, I'll put up for Poet-elect, to the *Opera*.

Gen. Suppose I should make one, myself.—Are you for the *brisk* part? or the *lamentable*?

Poet. Oh, the lamentable part, or none, must be mine.—for it will grieve me to the very heart-strings to sing it.

Gen. Well! the *lamentable*, if you *can* but *velvet* it over with softness, will be found no bad road to success, man.—Come, whet your dull, English, despondency.

[Genius sings.]

1.

[Set lightly.] Wou'd a Lady make sure of her lover,
Let Comedy light up her *smile* :

[Set mournfully.] Let Tragedy *mournfully* move her,
Ah ! weeping crocodile !

2.

[Light.] By two such extremes, she'll *alarm* him,
She *laughs* the poor fool into hope.

[Mournful.] But, ah ! she's too wise to *un-charm* him :
So *frowns*-- and he *twirls*—in a rope !

Poet. Well done, Mrs. *Back-and-edge* ! well done !---
this is meant, I suppose, as a monitory example, of your
late rule for tacking *Humour* to *Tragedy*.

Gen. Observe now : and sing, after *me*.

Wou'd a Lady make sure of her lover,
Let Comedy light up her *smile*.

[Poet keeping dumb time, with his hand and his head,
to the rest, repeats only the last syllable.

Poet. Smi-i-i-i---i-i-i-ile.

Gen. Well said !---the genuine Italian, division, in ru-
diment : only a little too courageously *anglicised*.---At it
again ; take it, now, in the tragical key

Let Tragedy mournfully move her :
Ah ! weeping crocodile !

Poet. Di--i--i--i--i--i--i-ile.

Gen. By two such extremes, she'll alarm him,
She laughs the poor fool into hope.

Poet. Ho--ho, ho, ho,--ho, ho, ho,--ope.

Gen. The next time you attempt that *Welch* fugue,
don't, so boldly, indulge the unbridled *Britannic*. Not
but your close of the shake was extremely exotic, and
happy ! Now, mind the strong fall, in the Tragical.

But ah ! she's too wise to un-charm him :
So frowns--- and he *twirls*, in a rope.

Poet. Ro--o, o, o,--o, o, o,--ope.

[Ending the notes in a laugh.
Ha,

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Ha, ha, ha, ha,—dangle, dangle, dangle.—Well, that pendulous *twirl* was a masterpiece! the very natural and just image of *banging*! E'gad, when you talk'd of your high-prancing man and his wife, I fore-saw this catastrophe.---It was the most probable consequence in the world, of your *marrying* a couple of *contraries*.

Gen. See there, then! let her imitate my manner: and she will have a chance among the rest to grow *taking*.

Poet. The devil take *me*, if I do.—Imitate *thy* manner! I would as soon solicit a *Critic*, for his subscription to a panegyric upon *Pantomime*.—Come, come, I'll have no more of your light interruptions. As far as a *note*, now and then, I may take your opinion: for, season even a *song* with the true *Attic salt*, and it may be *preserved* from corrupting the *Drama*.

Madam, majestic Madam!—raise your venerable foot, and stalk forward. We will make it our boast, to charm the reasonable, with reason.

[Comes close to her, and speaks what follows in her ear.]

However, at present, we will pursue that bold purpose no farther, I think, than the *song*. Keep your sense in reserve, till a better opportunity. *[As Tragedy comes forward, Harlequin dances whimsically behind her.]*

Gen. Mark the end of this Lady. Mr Fightfashion.

Poet. Never trouble yourself about *her* end, Mrs. Double-bottom: you have got two of your own to take care of.—Proceed, solemn power! proceed.—Sound the Tragical trumpet, within, there.-- *[Trumpet sounds behind the scenes.]*

Bravo, bravo!—Now the overture being over, you may *begin*, with Dramatic propriety.

Tragedy. *[Pointing to her mouth.]* Aw, aw, aw--aw, aw!

Poet. *[In a surprise.]* Aw, aw, aw, aw?---Who the Devil will take that for Tragedy?

Tragedy. *[Weeping.]* Aw, aw, aw,---aw, aw---

Gen. *[Laughing.]* Alas, alas! poor Tragedy!—why, your passion-stirring Lady is struck dumb, Mr Fightfashion!

Poet. What an unfortunate poor devil am I! may I be condemned to write nonsense, and *sing* it, myself, for subsistence, if I have not dreaded some such accident, these twenty years! I saw it daily coming nearer and nearer. She has, season after season, been losing her voice. Rarely able, of late, to speak sense, above three days together.—Dear *Venus*, and *Mars*, in *conjunction*, help me out, if thou hast the least grain of good nature.—Though I know you can miss better marks, yet I dare swear you can shoot a song, flying.---

Gen. Will you conform then? will you steer by the wholesome advices I give you?

Poet. Else, may the Gods, who frown on wit——

Gen. Hold, hold.—Only reach me the *song*: I remit you the rapture.

[*Reads it to herself.*] It is *grave* enough, I perceive, to be once heard, and forgotten.

[*Eeckons Harlequin.*] Lunnikin!--call up a spirit, that has *courage* enough to do gravity justice.---Flesh and blood are too frail to dare hazard it.

Harlequin making signs of invocation, there arises a spirit, like Pallas, with spear, shield, and helmet: and sings the following air, to a trumpet. The Poet, on one side, keeps time in grave, rapturous, gesture. And Harlequin, on the other, with mimic, and ridiculous action.

1.

Tragic Muse, thou Queen of passion!
Weep, and wind the melting heart:
Hush the rage of joy, and fashion,
Thought and reason gain, by *smart*.

2.

Let the soul, that wakes to hear thee,
Sorrow's soft'ning power embrace:
Love and glory triumph, near thee;
Tears of pity shine with grace.

3. When

3.

When the breaking heart, in anguish,
 Feels the pleasing pain, too deep;
 Cupids crown you, while you languish :
 And, for lasting joy, you weep. [*Spirit descends.*]

Poet. More and more *bravo!* Look you there, *Goody Two-fold!* we must imitate *your* way, to be *taking?* A plague on all *Vanity*, I say!—Your way was a fine way, truly!

Gen. It is an unaccountable truth, that though your *Poet* is a professor of wit, he's a *fool*, as it were by inspiration!—Suppose Madam *aw, aw, aw*, should recover the use of her tongue, for a night or two, how long would that licence continue? how well would she support *ancient taste*, do you think?

Poet. How the devil should I know; as things stand in this wile generation?

Gen. Measure it for him, Lunkin: measure it for him.

Harlequin skips wantonly up to Tragedy, and planting himself behind, blows her down with the wind of his fan. She sinks through a long trap: and her page is, by a stroke of Harlequin's sword, transformed into a monkey; and runs off angry, and chattering. The Poet in astonishment looking every way about him, runs at last to the open trap, and feels after Tragedy with his foot; as hardly believing she could vanish so suddenly.

Gen. Ha, ha, ha, ha, how discerning a grave Author's taste is! She's gone, with a jirk, Mr. Fightfashion! She is vanished like the flame of a *Poet*, that had promised himself the paper life of a *Virgil!*

Poet. Death! Fire! Dance! Opera! Cat-call! Hifs! and Furies!—But you will plead your confounded *petticoats*: and so it signifies nothing to be angry. Write *Tragedy!*—Aye;—let them do it, who can wait for a representation till the middle of next century. Well, to confess the plain truth, I did not altogether depend on

her. I have her sister, drawn up in reserve. Cutting *Comedy* shall renew the charge, triumphantly. She'll recover the lost field, I'll warrant her.—Though, by the bye, this robust, dumb, black gentlewoman of your acquaintance, has a very particular way of conferring her obligations.

Enter Comedy with a prim smile; dressed like a little old dame, of Queen Elizabeth's days, in a ruff, and the whole habit of those times, as far as to the middle---but with modish French hoop,---pinn'd up tail, &c.---The modern part of her dress of one colour: the ancient of another.

Gen. What! is this a little piece of a Lady all you can afford us, for *Comedy*, Mr. Fightfashion?

Poet. If her size does not please you, thank the measure of the times.—I but took her as I found her. She was once, they say, as tall as a may-pole: but what won't bad usage diminish?—She caught cold, at a thin, yawning audience, was too poor to find fees for the doctors; so fell into a consumption, and shrunk into these pigmy dimensions. But pray, no more jokes at her stature. 'Tis the scantling in mode for a *Beau*: and sure! it may serve for a *Lady*!

Gen. Never doubt it. She would have *size* enough to suit the height of her *influence*, though she were as short as your forefight, Mr. Fightfashion.

Poet. Foresight? Egad, this will do it, or nothing will do't. Do but note her dramatical countenance! She has an *eye*, Mrs. Motley, that could *speak*, though her tongue were silent as *Ebony's*. Not that she wants tongue, neither.—I assure you she has all, that belongs to her, in the most sovereign perfection. Please to trip a little forwarder, sprightly Madam—Halt, halt, halt! and know when you are posted exactly.---Listen *Genius*! listen *Ebony*!

*While Comedy opens her mouth, as preparing to speak, Harlequin seizes it up with the flat of his wooden sword,---
upon*

upon which she laughs, and makes faces; and falls into a series of somersets and tumblings.

Gen. What means this second disappointment, Mr. Fightafashion? Ha, ha, ha, ha, you have a politician's bad luck, at *expedients*.

Poet. [*Alton/seed.*] To be sure some leaden planet, that has got a damn'd tool of a manager for its intelligence, has been shedding its influence upon *wit*, to the utter disgrace of good purposes! — What a comterrible revolution in taste are we Poets to look for, when Tragedy is struck suddenly dumb; and Comedy tumbles, grins, and makes faces?

Gen. And to whom should you apply for relief in such cases, but to the *Genius of the stage*. Mr. Fightafashion?

Poet. If I could find a with'd Genius in places more proper, I should know how to despise that necessity.

Gen. What! you think wit is lost, on the *stage*, then?

Poet. In good faith, I have lost a conceit, that was built on that fancy. — Had not Comedy been bewitched, in the nick, and fallen into these freakish convulsions, she was to have made *hue and cry* after wit: and proposed to give a reward, for discovering it.

Gen. The town crier, methinks, might serve as well (for that part) as *Comedy*.

Poet. Oh! the rogue is too hoarse, and too masculine. Such an unsoftened finger as *he* might overlay the attention of our Ladies of taste; and corrupt their tender ears with a *coarse jest*, that has hitherto got no higher than into their *stride*, and their *elbows*.

Gen. Give me the long. I have *spirits* at my call, who, being made of *all air*, may serve as a eunuch, for singing.

Poet. Better, better; for those gross, walking, air-pipes are too big, you must know, for my *jest*; and would dissolve half the salt of my satire.

Gen. I will call up a spirit, *in twelves*, that is seldom overbusied below-ground: being a kind of supernumerary carrier, by whom *Plato* sends back goods, he has no right to detain in his custody. The loads are but light ones:
and

and the porter himself little bigger than a Turkish post-pigeon.

Poet. Loads! what loads can so tiny a porter be capable of bringing, so far up hall, without danger of overcharging his shoulder?

Gen. Why, the good fortune of an honest man's family seldom hazards the breaking his back. But the burthen he bears with most ease, is the burden of a courtier's sincerity. I'm sure, 'twill shew Mr. Highfashum the size of him.

Harlequin stamps, and makes a flourish or two with his sword, upon which, there rises a spirit in the form of a little bell-man, with a round headed staff, bell, and lantern.

Spirit. [After ringing his bell.] O yes! be it known, to the world far and nigh,

That Wit has elop'd: and I'm sent, hue and cry,
To offer a price, in reward, from one high.

If any the loss of this porter can supply,

He should let it know, say I. [Rings his bell.

O yes! hear the marks of this runaway tit;

The mare of the Mules is broke from her bit;

I lean, ragged, and old, and her name it was Wit.

If any can catch this runaway mare,

His pains shall reward his care. [Rings his bell.

Her coat was worn out, and her body past repair.

Her outside was past the best of leather:

But hence she had store: for they peep'd thro' her skin.

Whichever happy man has our runaway caught,

Let him go to my Lord, and bid him have the goat.

[Rings his bell.

Do nothing in vain: therefore look not the stray,

In markets for selling, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha;

Not stop at the Harlequin balls in your way.

For why should you lose your time and pains,

And take the wrong horse by the reins? [Rings his bell.

But if in the city to search you think fit,

The bank is the place, where you're bound to hit;

For they that keep money can never want wit.

Then,

Then, there, you the loss may best supply.

So, God bless the King, and good-b'wye.

[Rings his bell, and descends ringing it.]

Poet. Caro! bello! dolce! aye egad! and, *picquante!*

There's for you, Mrs. Twyford! there's applause, in the language of the times, now!

Gen. But, did you really expect that Mrs. *Comedy* in abridgment here would have had influence to recommend you to the regard of the public?

Poet. It were a pretty revolution in taste, faith! if, in a polite land like ours, neither *Tragedy*, nor *Comedy*, should find friends enough to keep 'em in countenance; among caperers, tune-twirlers, and tumblers.

Gen. Shall I shew you the event of this Lady's predestined good fortune?

Poet. Do your worst: for I begin to perceive my own ignorance.—

Gen. Set her right, Lunny—transpose and correct her.

Harlequin snatches off his head-cloaths, and throws 'em in *Comedy's* face: upon which she staggers, falls down, and, sinks through a trap, with her heels turned upward.

Poet. [Laughing immoderately.] Ha, ha, ha, ha, — ha, ha, ha —

Gen. O, brave Mr. Fightfashion! you carry the whole world before you!

Poet. [Laughing again.] Ha, ha, ha, ha, — ha, ha, ha.—At this impudent arch joke, of *Lebony's*, I cannot find in my heart to be angry.—There's a meaning in the dirty rogue's wit, that atones for the sting of his malice.—Besides, the jest is much smarter upon other folks than upon me.—I am sure, it is none of my fault, that the *wrong end* of *Comedy* is turned uppermost.

Gen. But, since it is so, change taste and take good counsel.

Poet. [Growing graver.] Is it really then, and unavoidably, to be thus? Have the Muses lost their power, in the theatres?—And is a Poet to be *nobody*, by their influence.

Gen. No, not so much as a jack-straw.—Not half so much as a jack-pudding.

Poet.

Poet. O, dark degenerate age!—O, barbarous town!
O, balls! assemblies! opera! times! and tastes!
What have I lived to see!

[*Throws his perriwig on the ground in a rage.*]

Now were I *maudlin*, I should cry, in blank verse.—Nay,
I begin to feel a few tears drop already.—I shall invent
advice in a moment.—Instead of singing to move sorrow,
my sorrow, I find, will move singing.

[*Sings, half speaking, and half sobbing.*]

Oh, day of woe for wit! wit's woeful day!

Sense gets nor praise, nor money.

Down, head---'tis heels, heels, heels, now write the play.

Dance, dance, good master Lunny. [*Capers three
times at the words heels: and dances, as he sings the last line.*]

Genius. [*Returning his perriwig.*] Be comforted, Mr.
Fightfashion, be comforted. Times were never so bad
but they were capable of mending. Were you penitent,
instead of melancholy, were you inclinable to forsake the
idolatry of your forefathers,---to renounce those barren
old maids you call Muses;---and worship the true *Apollo*
of the times, your case is not so desperate, but that means
might be found to relieve you.

Poet. You have me then, you have me—whoop!
whoop! what care I (who can *jump*) for the Muses?—
Look at that pretty girl, dressed in blue, above, there, in
yon kissing corner of the gallery—*she* has more influence
over mankind, then *all nine* of them.—I'gad, I am resolu-
ted to grow frugal, and save the needless expence of much
thinking.—Don't talk to me any more of my melancholy:
but rejoice in my spirit of penitence.—Rhime shall shew
you my reason, *extempore*.

*Half speaks, and half sings, the following lines, with a ce-
pering vivacity of motion and gesture.*

1.

When awaking I see,
A new road to esteem,
What an ass shou'd I be,
To err on, in my dream!

2. No.

2.

No.—I'll rise, by degrees,

To be emptyly gay :

And aspiring, to please,

Throw my *meaning* away.

Gen. Aye! that *will* do, Mr. Fightfashion, that *will* do. You shall supplicate *our* Apollo, in an instant. — But, first, as your brother Bays expresses it, *let's have a dance*. — Help us out, *Ebony*. — Because we are friends, I adopt your own phrase, Mr. Fightfashion.

Poet. Hark ye! — cou'd'nt I, by *your* interest, under pretence of the new estate to fall to me by this change in my taste, get an authority for change of my *name* too? Methinks, *Lightfashion* would sound civiler than *Fightfashion*, for a man, who is to appear in good company.

Gen. It shall be done. Say no more; it shall be done. — I have some friends, in a situation to serve you; who having very bad names, of their own, will be obliged to you for this hint, and get 'em changed into better. — But, come, let us attend to the dance.

Harlequin slips off his hoop petticoat; and, placing it over a trap, makes mimical circles with his sword; then comes up to the Poet, and holds out his hand, with a demand, in dumb show.

Poet. What would *Pelican* have? noble Genius!

Gen. He scents something, I am afraid, in a poetical pocket, that he stands in need of, for raising the devil.

Poet. Says he so? says he so? — Egad! and I can fit him, to a hair. — There, take it. — 'Tis my *purse*: and as *empty*, as thy mouth, *Ebony*. — It is in the condition of an old maid, of some threescore and ten; gone to ruin by *lying bye*; and not worn out by *using*, I give thee my word on't. — A silly country cousin of mine, took it into her head to send it me up for a *fairing*! the poor girl meant it seriously: for she knew nothing at all of the world. So, I could not, you know, take it *ill* of her. — But, it

was

was a token quite out of *my way*!—She might as well have made me a present of her *sampler*.

[*Harlequin rejects the purse, with a shake of his head.*

What? It won't do, then?—to tell you the plain truth, I thought so. The devil knows how to chuse better. He understands empty purses too well to be gulled by them. Well—I can't help it, honest *Ibony*. We Poets, thou see'st, are but scanty suppliers of materials to *charm* withal.

Gen. Have you no new *Ode*? no *Panegyrick*? or copy of *verses*, to give him?

Poet. Aye!--with all my heart.--If the devil loves *poetry*, I can give him his dose of it. Is it *so*, then?--is it *so*? I see to what part of the world *good Taste* has been travelling!--They say, indeed, that he picks virtues away from us, as fast as he can.--Phœbus knows how long we may continue rich enough to supply him with any!

Here, here!--if poetry will please him, I have a *small quantity*, at his service. [*Draws a huge parcel out of his pocket, as much as he can possibly grasp.*

Stay, let me read thee a few of the *titles*: for, as greedily a devourer as cloven-foot, thy brother *Ibony*, is reported to be, he may be too dainty, I am afraid, for some things, that go down well enough in other places.

[*Reads.*] *A Dedication, to the right honourable the Lord* ----- What! I suppose, by that four shake of your head, you must have something more sound and substantial? Nay, to do but mere justice to truth, if it were not for the *eyes* we can *lard* with, dedication is a very *dry meal*: and too hard for the devil's *digestion*.

[*Reads another.*] *An Ode, on the triumph of Taste, in Great Britain.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha---The rogue shakes his ears at the sound of it, as if he wou'd throw 'em in my face---That was only a *BITE*, *Ibony*:—I read what was *not there*, on purpose to provoke thee.

[*Reads a third.*] *An essay, on the slow, but possible restoration of wit, and future influence of virtue, in these kingdoms.*

[*Harlequin snatches it out of his hand.*
O, ho!

O, ho! — It is well, I have *something*, at last, that will go down with you.

Harlequin tripping once or twice round the petticoat, throws the paper into the hollow of it : whence immediately flashes a flame. — After which, there come up, through the hoop, first, the figure of TRUTH, quick and boldly ; then of TIME, slow and heavily.

Poet. How now ! what strange figures are these ?

Gen. TRUTH, and TIME, Mr. Fightfashion. Mind the dance, mind the dance — It will comfort you.

[The dance of Truth and Time, is as follows.

Truth is dressed in a flesh-colour'd canvas, representing the figure of a woman quite naked, except skirts of white silk. Her hair loose, hanging down to the bottom of her back. A beautiful mask hides its edges, under her hair. On her breast is a silver sun, broad and beamy. In her hand, a round looking-glass, with a long handle.

The dress of Time is in canvas of a fallower colour, and appearing shrivell'd and wrinkly. His skirts are of black bays. His hair is a long lock before, but he is quite bald behind. He has a scythe in his right hand ; and in his left hand an hour-glass.

Truth leaps up, through and over the petticoat : Time creeps out under it.

Truth advances in light and swift measures, toward Harlequin : expressing rage and contempt, and pointing at her glass, as desirous to shew him his true figure in it.

Time is long in crawling out ; often stopping to look toward them ; and shaking his head, at a distance.

Here the measure becomes graver, and more slow, and Truth, being met boldly by Harlequin, presents her glass at him : who, instead of seeming asham'd of the figure he makes in it, surveys himself with pleasure and rapture ; examines his person all round, sets his face, rubs his teeth, combs, brushes, twirls, dances, and gives himself all the *fop airs* of a beau at his dressing glass.

Time,

Thus, at length, disengaging himself, limps along, two or three heavy and slow steps; and then halts, and pants; then goes on a few more such steps, directing his way round the sides of the stage, expressing earnest desire to surprize Harlequin; and, often shaking his scythe, and his bow-glass at him, and pattering impatiently, with loud and strong beats of his feet, to the tune of the music.

All these motions are accompanied and directed by correspondent halts, slow measures, and breaks in the music.

The notes, now, become quicker again; and Harlequin spitting upon the glass, turns his back upon Truith: who, provoked by the contempt, strikes him with her glass, as he is slipping away from her. Upon that, he turns, and attacks her untidily, with his wooden sword; and proving nimblest in the steps of the dance, surround; overcomes, and takes her prisoner; making her kneel before him, with her hands ty'd behind her while he dances round, and insults her in that mortifying posture.

The tune suddenly changing into the solemn and melancholy, Truith redoubles her signs of impatience, and getting near enough to reach Truith, with the point of his scythe, cuts the string she was tied by. Whereupon she starts up, recovers the scythe into her own hands; and moving in measure, at Harlequin's, runs on one side of the stage, now on the other, he tumbles back over head; and, at last, rolls off in great fright and disorder.

The music, then, rises to triumph: and the figures of Truith and Truith dance out, hand in hand, in pursuit of the runaway.

Part. Methinks, there is something that looks ominous in this allegory. The two children of Ebony's, like Sin and Death, in the Parable left, seem to threaten the destruction of their parent.

even Let hereafter be left to itself. Many changes will happen in the world, in whole good, or whole evil, you will chance to share, Mr. Lightfellow. Ours Apollo will be the reigning Apollo, for your life at least: and that

that is enough to intitle him to your worship.—Stand still, and attend with due reverence the invocation I am about to make for you.

Poet. You don't intend magic too, I hope.

Gen. Fear nothing : or but fear, for your *Phæbus*.

Waves her wand, and a spirit, robed in black, arises and sings:

Grecian idol !—Vain Apollo !

Go—be gone—you reign no longer.

We'll a sprightlier *Phæbus* follow,

Happier, more belov'd, and younger :

Go—be gone—you reign no longer.

In singing the word be gone, in the last line, at a stamp of the foot, a peal of thunder is heard, at which the eyes and rays of Apollo are suddenly darkened. His bow and harp fall out of his hands ; and the image sinks down out of sight.—Harlequin appears sitting in his place, with a conjuring wand in one hand, and a fool's cap in the other.

Poet. How horrible is this !

Gen. Bedumb.—Bend, bend. Approach with humble awe : Kneel here— and prosper.

Poet, led up by the Genius, kneels before Harlequin, who offers him his toe to be kissed : then, nodding propitiously, delivers the wand into his hand ; and crowns him with the fool's cap : with which, in high rapture, the Poet returns toward the Genius.

Poet. [Pointing to his cap.] 'Tis mine !—The great, the mystic gift, is mine !

Gen. Aye—but don't, in your rapture, forget what might be proper to say to an audience, now you are brought within prospect of getting one.

Poet. Come you forward, along with your new convert ; and keep a bashful beginner in countenance.

[Genius and Poet come forward, and speak
(not sing) what follows.

1.

Gen. O, ye Ladies, and Gentlemen, all !
 Mark the *Poet* ; and lend him an ear :
Our Apollo has sent him a *call* ;
 That will ease the gay world of their fear.

2.

Now, if e'er he offends, any more,
 By writings, too grave, to be read ;
 Then, this new-fashion'd *bays*, which he wore,
 Will deserve to be nail'd to his head.

Post. Let 'em laugh ;---'tis my purpose to *win*,
 Tho' they dress Mr. *Bays*, like an *ass*,
 They may find, if they chance to peep in,
 There's a *Snake* in the *Poet's* *grass*.

ALZIRA:

O R,

Spanish INSULT Repented.

A

T R A G E D Y.

Acted at the

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

I N

D R U R Y - L A N E.

M D C C X L I V.



T O
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
F R E D E R I C
PRINCE of *WALES*.

S I R,

TH^O a Prince is *born* a Patron, yet the benevolent disposition of his heart gives a nobler title to the *homage of the Arts*, than all the greatness of his power, to protect them.——Their RESPECT is (either way) so much your Royal Highness's unquestion'd *due*, that he, who *asks your leave* to offer it, calls in *question* your prerogative; or means to *sell* his acknowledgments.

They have not marked, with penetration, the distinction of your spirit, who dare look upon you as *inclosed* against the access of *sincerity*. The judgment and humanity of Princes are *obscured*, by too much difficulty in approaching them. Nor *can* the benefactors of mankind be so far inconsistent with themselves, as to interpose the obstacles of distance, or cold ceremony, between their goodness, and our gratitude.

It were indeed, some violation of the *last*, not to devote ALZIRA to the hand, that honoured her, in public, with an applause so warm, and weighty, at her first appearance on the *English* theatre.——When tragedies are strong in *sentiment*, they will be *touchstones* to the hearers *hearts*. The narrow, and inhumane, will be unattentive, or unmoved: while Princely spirits like your Royal Highness's, (impelled by their own conscious tendency) shew an example, in their generous sensibility, how *great thoughts* are *received*, by those, who can *think greatly*.

Your Royal Highness, so *persisting* to keep reason and nature in countenance at the Theatres, would universally *establish*, what you so openly *avow*. For, if where men love, they *imitate*, Your example will be *copied*, by so many millions, that the influence of your attraction must soon plant your taste, and overspread THREE kingdoms with your laurels.

It may at present be a *fruitless*, but it can never be an *irrational* wish, that a Theatre intirely *new*, (if not rather the old ones, *new-modelled*) professing only what is *serious* and *manly*, and made sacred to the interests of *wisdom* and *virtue*, might arise, under some powerful and popular protection.—To what lengths of improvement would not such a *spur* provoke *genius*!—Or, should it *fail* to do that, it wou'd make manifest, at least, that rather *wit* is wanting, than *encouragement*: and, that these opprobrious *excrescences* of our Stage, which, under the disguise of *entertainments*, have defamed, and insulted a *people*, had a meaner *derivation*, than from the hope of delighting our *Princes*.

It has been a misfortune to poetry, in this nation, that it was too superciliously *under-rated*; and, (to acknowledge the truth, on both sides) for the most part, *practised too lightly*.—But, by those who consider it according to the demand of its character, it will be found intitled, beyond many other arts, to the political affection of Princes: For, as the great Sir Francis Bacon has remarked, while History but *waits on* Fortune, with too servile a restriction, Poetry *corrects* and *commands* her:—Because, rectifying the obliquity of *natural* events, by a more equitable formation of *rational* ones, the Poet, instead of constraining the mind to *successes*, adapts, and calls out *events*, to the measures of *reason* and *virtue*; maintaining Providence triumphant, against the oppositions of *nature*, and *accident*.

Dramatic poetry, in this bold purpose, acts with most *immediate*, and *manifest* consequence; because, assembling together all, that *animates*, *invites*, or *enforces*, it works, with

with incredible influence, upon the passions of a people, after they have been refined, and *induced* to its relish. — It does this, in so confess'd a *degree*, that our great philosopher, above-named, beautifully calls it the bow of the mind: as if he had said, The *Stage* is an instrument in the hands of the *Poet*, as capable of giving *modulation* and *tone* to the HEART; as the *bow* to the VIOLIN, in the hand of a *musician*.

There is *another* advantage in poetry, which still further intitles it to the protection of Princes, who are lovers (like your Royal Highness) of ages which are only to *bear* of them. — Other arts have some *single*, and *limited* effect: but the creations of *poetry* have a power to *multiply* their species, in new and emulative *successions* of virtue, and heroism: the SEEDS, as it were, of those passions, which produce noble qualities, being *sown* in all poems of genius.

If such desirable effects are, now, less common than anciently, it is only where a *tuneful emptiness* is mistaken for *poetry*; and, a *calm, cold, sense*, conveyed in *unpassionate metre*: whereas poetry has no element, but PASSION; and therefore, rhyme, turn, measure, are but fruitless *affectations*, where a SPIRIT is not found, that gives the *beat*, and the *enthusiasm*; — the poet, to say all in a word, who can be read, without excitement of emotions in the heart, having been, *busily, losing his pains*; like a smith, who would fashion *cold* iron. — He may have the regular *return*, in the descent of the strokes; — the insignificant *jingle*, in the ring of the sound; — and the hammering *delight* in the labour: — but, he has neither the *penetration*, the *glow*; — nor the *sparkling*.

When, in some unbending moment, your Royal Highness shall reflect, perhaps, on the most likely measures, for diminishing our *pretences* to poetry, yet augmenting its *essential growth*, how kind would Heaven be to the legitimate friends of the *Muses*, should it, at that time, whisper in your ear, that *no art ever flourished* (in Monarchies) *till the favour of the Court made it fashionable*?

On my own part, I have little to say, worth the honour of your notice on this subject; being no more than an *umble jolicitor*, for an event I have nothing to hope from. Not that I presume to represent myself as too stoical *to feel* the advantage of *distinction*. I am only too *busy*, to be disposed for pursuing it: having *renounced* the world, without *quitting* it; that, *standing aside* in an uncrowded corner, I might escape being hurried along in the dust of the *show*; and quietly see, and consider, *the whole, as it passes*: instead of acting *a part in it*; and that, perhaps, but a *poor* one.

In a situation, so calm, and untroubled, there arises a salutary habitude, of supposing *DISTINCTION* to be lodged in the *mind*;—and *AMBITION*, in the *use*, and *command*, of the faculties. — Such a choice may be *silent*; but it is not *unactive*. — Nay, I am afraid, he who makes it, is but a concealed kind of *EPICURE*; notwithstanding his pretences to *forbearance*, and *philosophy*. For, while he partakes, in full relish, all the *intelt enjoyments* of life, he throws nothing of it away, but its *false face*, and its *prejudices*. — He takes care to live *at peace*, in the very center of *malice*, and *faction*: for, viewing greatness, *without hope*, he views it, also, *without envy*.

Upon the whole, tho' there may be a suspicion of something too *selfish*, in this *personal* system of *liberty*, it will free a man, in a moment, from all those *byassing partialities*, which hang their dead weight upon *judgment*; and leave him, as *disinterested* a spectator of the *virtues*, or *vices*, of *cotemporary greatness*, as of that, which history has transmitted to him, from times he had nothing to do with. — I am, therefore, *sure it is NO FLATTERY*, when I congratulate your Royal Highness, on the humane glories of your *future* reign, and thank you for a thousand blessings, *I expect not to partake of*.

I am, with a profound respect, Sir,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S,

Most obedient, and most humble servant,

A. HILL.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. JOHNSON.

*WHEN cold translation clings to copied thought,
And freedom stoops to steal, what slavery wrote,
Such pilf'ring poets, for their name unfit,
Are traitors: and renounce their country's wit.*

*From a French spring, tho', first Aizira drew,
Her stream runs English, now, and flows for you.
Rich Britain borrows, but with generous end:
Whate'er she takes from France, she takes to mend.*

*Not that the French want fire—but waste its rage:
Rant in the field—to sleep upon the stage.
French wit is like French politics—fine drawn;
But thin, and flimsy—a mere cobweb lawn.
England weaves slow, but strong—with doubtful bead—
Hangs o'er the shuttle—but strikes home the thread.*

*Rouse her lost Muse—re-wake her slumb'ring scene,
Teach shew, to animate—and sound, to mean.
Now, while, slow-drawn, your dreaded swords prevail,
And Commerce, 'spite of envy, spreads her sail;
Stoop not to forfeit Wit's all bright'ning claim:
Arms, Trade, and Pen should guard the Conqueror's fame.*

*Taste, for your selves.—Be All French Power disdain'd!
Not ev'n a slave, will bear his fancy chain'd.
Off with their fripp'ry modes: Their Kings, in vain,
Attempt you.—Shall their cooks, and tailors, reign?
Cross 'em—in dress, taste, treaties, arms—and dance.
Scorn, ev'n a step, that leaves the lead, to France.
Smile, at the pride their light stage-caperer feels!
Firm-standing Britons need no flying heels.*

*Blest isle! while every groaning nation, round,
Bends to the servile yoke, ignobly bound!
Thou! from their confines, and their mis'ries, rent,
Safe, sea-set gem! thy own great continent!*

Shew'st

*Show'st a tame, truckling world, one gen'rous land,
Where power ne'er prosper'd, — in a tyrant's hand!*

*To-night, new stars, that gild an alien pole,
Flame from the South, with free-born fire of soul.
Gems, from Peru, rarer than gold we bring:
A people, sav'd from slav'ry — by their King!
Rome's bloody sword-knot, by church ribbands tied:
And zeal, and depredation, close allied!
Insult reveng'd, by freedom's broken chain:
Repuls'd ambition — and corrected Spain.
Lend your brave hands — befriend our patriot cause.
What Briton wars — on liberty, and laws?*

*Ob, Liberty! thou sun-shine of the heart!
Thou smile of nature! and thou soul of art!
Without thy aid, no human hope cou'd grow:
And love, and wealth, and wisdom, were but — woe!
Here thou must dwell — thy face no slave dares see:
And who, not British born, is now left free?*

*Hither from Rome, thy taste, thy genius, flies,
For fancy cannot live — where courage dies.
Hail, my last hope, she cries — inspir'd by me,
Wish, think, talk, write, and act for liberty.*

*Yet — would you build my fabric, to endure,
Be your hearts warm — but, let your hands be pure.
Never, to shine, yourselves, your country sell:
Displac'd, think nobly: when in power, act well.
Combine, like modern — fight, like ancient Rome,
War but abroad — O, taste sweet Peace, at home.
Let no self-server general trust betray.
No pique, no party, bar the public way.
Front an arm'd world, with union on your side;
No foe shall shake you — if no friends divide.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. GIFFARD.

*THE fifth Act past, you'll think it strange, to find
My scene of deep distress is, yet, behind!
Task'd for the Epilogue, I fear you'll blame
My want — of what you love, behind that name.
But, for my soul, I can't, from such high scening,
Descend, plum down at once, — to double-meaning.
Judges! protect me — and pronounce it fit,
That solemn sense should end with serious wit.*

*When the full heart o'erflows, with pleasing pain,
Why should we wish, to make th' impression vain?
Why, when two thinking hours have fix'd the play,
Should two light moments, laugh its use away?
'Twere to proclaim your virtues but a jest,
Should they who ridicule 'em, please you best.*

*No — at your Actors hands, henceforth, require —
Offerings more apt; and a sublimer fire!
Thoughts, that may rivet, not efface, the scene:
Aids to the mind: not flatt'ries for the spleen.
When love, hate, pity, — doubt, hope, grief, and rage,
With clashing influence, fire the glowing Stage;
When the touch'd heart, relenting into woe,
From others' fate, does its own dangers know:
When soft'ning tenderness unlocks the mind,
And the stretch'd bosom takes in all mankind:
Sure, 'tis no time, for the bold hand of wit
To snatch back virtues, from the plunder'd pit.*

*Still, be it ours, to give you scenes, thus strong,
And yours, to cherish, and retain 'em, long!
Then, shall the Stage its general use endear;
And every virtue, gather firmness here.
Pow'r be, to pardon — wealib to pity, mov'd;
And truth be taught the art, to grow belov'd:
Women, to charm, with fast, and sure, effect;
And men, to love 'em, with a soft respect.
'Till wit, found useful, goes for more than name,
And all who feel its influence, fan its flame.*

Persons

Persons represented.

DON CARLOS, Viceroy of *Peru*, } Mr. W. GIFFARD;
for the *Spaniards*,

DON ALVAREZ, Father of Don } Mr. GIFFARD;
CARLOS, and former Viceroy,

ZAMOR, Indian Sovereign of } Mr. JOHNSON;
one part of the country,

EZMONT, Indian Sovereign of } Mr. HAVARD;
another part,

ALZIRA, Daughter of EZMONT, Mrs. GIFFARD;

EMIRA, } ALZIRA's Women.
CEPHANIA,

Spanish and American Captains and Soldiers.

S C E N E, in the City of L I M A;



ALZIRA:

A

TRAGEDY.



ACT I. SCENE I.

Don *Alvarez*, Don *Carlos*.

Alv. **A**T length, the *Council*, partial to my pray'r,
Has, to a son I love, transferr'd my pow'r.
Carlos, rule, happy : be a *Viceroy*, long !
Long, for thy Prince, and for thy God, maintain
This younger, richer, lovelier, half the globe ;
Too fruitful, heretofore, in *wrongs*, and *blood* :
Crimes, the lamented growths of pow'rful *gold* !
Safe, to thy abler hand, devolve resign'd,
Those sov'reign honours, which oppress'd my years,
And dimm'd the feeble lamp of walted age.

Car. Long may it shine, and warm us with its rays !

Alv. It has too long, but not unuseful, *flam'd*.
I, first, o'er wond'ring Mexico, in arms,
March'd the new horrors of a *world unknown* !
I steer'd the floating tow'rs of fearless Spain,
Through the plow'd bosom of an *untried* sea.

Too *happy*, had my labours been so blest'd,
To change my brave associates rugged souls,
And soften stubborn *HEROES* into *MEN*.
Their *cruelties*, my son, eclips'd their glory ;

And

And I have *wrept* a conqu'ror's splendid *shame*,
Whom Heav'n *not better* made, and, yet, made, *great*!

Weary'd at length, I reach my life's last verge;
Where I shall, peaceful, veil my eyes in rest;
If, ere they close, they but behold my Carlos
Ruling *Potosi's* realm, by *Christian* laws,
And making *gold more rich*, by gifts from Heav'n.

Car. Taught and supported, by *your* great example,
I learnt, beneath your eye, to *conquer*, realms,
Which, by your councils, I may learn to *govern*;
Giving those laws, I first, receive, from *you*.

Alv. Not so. — Divided pow'r is pow'r *dijarm'd*.
Out-worn by labour, and decay'd by time,
Pomp is no more my wish. Enough, for *me*,
That, heard in *council*, age may temper rashness.

Car. Were it not nobler, still to hold fast pow'r?

Alv. Trust me, mankind but ill rewards the pains
Of over-prompt ambition. — 'Tis, *now*, time
To give my long-neglected *God* those hours,
Which close the languid period of my days.

One only gift I ask: refuse not *that*:
As friend, I *ask* it; and, as father, *claim*.
Pardon those poor Americans, condemn'd,
For wand'ring hither, and, this morning, seiz'd.
To *my* disposal give 'em kindly up,
That liberty, unhop'd, may charm the more.
A day like *this* should merit smiles from all;
And mercy, soft'ning justice, mark it *blest'd*.

Car. Sir, all, that *Fathers* ask, they *must* command.
Yet, condescend to recollect, how far
Compassion, undeserv'd, might hazard all.

Alv. Curious, but innocent, they straggled hither.

Car. In infant towns, like ours, methinks 'twere *safe*,
Not to familiarize these savage clans.
If we permit their spies to look too near us,
We teach 'em, at our cost, to light those fires,
They once flew trembling from, when distant seen.
Frowning *revenge*, and sounds of awful *dread*,

Not smiling *pity*, tames these sullen souls.
 The four American, unbroke, and wild,
 Spurns, with indignant rage, and bites his chain;
 Humble, if punish'd; if regarded, fierce.
 Pow'r *sickens* by forbearance: rigid men,
 Who feel not pity's pangs, are best obey'd.
 Spaniards, 'tis true, impell'd by honour's laws,
 Submit, unmutm'ring; and, unforc'd, go right:
 But barb'rous nations must be held by *fear*;
 Rein'd, and spurr'd hard, and bow'd to due controul.
 The Gods themselves, in this ferocious clime,
 Till they look *grim* with *blood*, excite no dread.

Alv. Away, my son, with these detested schemes!
 Perish such politic *reproach* of rule!

Are we not captains in our MAKER's cause,
 O'er a *new Christian* world to stretch his name,
 His *peaceful* name! And shall we dare *convert*
 By *murders*, which our *baby cheats* call *zeal*?
 Shall we dispeople realms, and *kill*, to *save*?
 No, my misguided Carlos, the broad eye
 Of *one* CREATOR takes in all mankind.
 His laws expand the heart; and rev'rend madmen,
 Who, by destruction, would extend belief,
 Stamp in these *Indians* honest breasts a *scorn*
 Of all we *teach*, from what they see, we *do*.

Car. Yet, the learn'd props of our unerring *Church*
 Taught my late youth, committed to their care,
 That ignorance, *averse*, must be *compell'd*.

Alv. Our priests are all for vengeance, force, and fire.
 And only in his *thunder*, act their God.
 Hence, we seem *thieves*; and what we seem, we *are*.
 Spain has *rob'd* every growth of this new world,
 But its plain, honest, *nature*! — Vain, unjust,
 Proud, cruel, covetous, *we, we*, alone,
 Are the Barbarians, here! — An Indian heart
 Equals in courage, the most prompt of ours;
 But in simplicity of artie's *truth*,
 And every in-felt virtue's warmth, *exceeds* us.

Car.

Car. Were polish'd manners theirs, their truth were lovely:

Alv. Had *they*, like us, been *bloody*; had they not
By *pity's* pow'r been mov'd, and *mercy's* love;
No son of mine had heard a *father*, now,
Reprove his erring rashness.—— You *forget*;
That when a *pris'ner*, in their hands, then lately
Gall'd and provok'd by every cruel wrong,
When I alone surviv'd, some Indian archers
Knew me, and suddenly pronounc'd my *name*:

At once their bows, unbrac'd, o'erspread the ground;
And a young *Savage Chief*, whom, yet, I *know not*,
Graceful, approach'd; and, kneeling, press'd my knees:

“ Alvarez! is it *you*, (he cry'd)—— Live, long!

“ Ours be your *virtue*, but not ours your *blood*!

“ Live---and instruct oppressors, to be *lov'd*.”

---Bless'd be those *tears*, my son!---I think, you *weep*!
Joy to your soft'ning soul! *Humanity*
Has pow'r, in *nature's* right, beyond a *father*.

Car. He who unmov'd can hear such worth, has none:

Alv. But from what *motive* sprung this late *decline*,
From clemency of heart to new-born rigour?
Had you been *always* cruel, with what brow
Could you have hop'd to charm the lov'd Alzira?
Heiress to realms, dispeopled by your sword!
At once your *Captive*, she---and *Conqu'ror*, too:
Trust me, —— with women *worth* a wife man's wish,
The *softest* lover, ever, best succeeds.

Car. Sir, I *obey*: Your *pleasure* breaks their chains;
But is it not our duty to convert 'em?
So, runs the King's command. —— So, wills the Church;
So, thrives Religion, and compels the blind:
So, draws our holy Altar souls, by force,
Till opposition dies, and sleeps in peace:
So, *links* a govern'd world in *Faith's* strong chain;
And but one *Monarch* serves; and but one God.

Alv. Hear me, my son.--That, crown'd, in this new world,
Religion may erect her holy throne,
Is what, with ardent zeal, my soul desires!

Let

Let *Heav'n* and Spain find, here, no future foe!
 Yet, ne'er shall *persecution's* offspring thrive:
 For, the *forc'd* heart, submits but to *resist*.
 Reason gains all men, by *compelling* none.
Mercy was always *Heaven's* distinguish'd mark:
 And he, who bears it not, has no friend *there*.

Car. Your reasons like your arms are sure to conquer:
 I am instructed, and ennobled by 'em!
 Indulgent virtue dwells in all you say,
 And softens, while you speak, the list'ning soul!

Since *Heav'n* has blest'd you with this powerful gift,
 To breathe persuasion, and un-charm resolves,
Pronounce me favour'd, and you *make* me so.
 Warm my *Alzira's* coldness; mould her heart;
 And *teach* her to be mine.——I love that maid,
 Spite of my pride! blush at it,---but, *love* on,
 Yet will I ne'er, to sooth unyielding scorn,
 Unman the *soldier* in the *lover's* cause.
 I cannot *fan*, too long, this hopeless flame;
 But I can die, to quench it.----Aid my passion:
 You can do all things with *Alzira's* father.
 —Bid him *command* his daughter to be kind.
 Bid him — But, whither would my love mislead me!
 Forgive the blind presumption of a wish,
 That to my weakness stoops my father's rank;
 And sends him, *beggar*, to an Indian's door!

Alv. 'Tis done, already. I have urg'd it to him.
Ezmont has mov'd his daughter, in your cause:
 Wait the prepar'd event. *Heav'n* has been kind;
 Since these illustrious captives, both, are *Christians*:
Ezmont, my convert, and his daughter, *bis*.
Alzira governs a whole *people's* mind:
 Each watchful Indian reads her study'd eye,
 And to *her heart's* first wish, conforms his own.
 Your marriage will unite two distant *worlds*:
 For, when the stern repiner at our pow'r,
 Sees, in your arms, the daughter of his King,
 His willing neck shall *court* the yoke he scorn'd.

Look, where good Ezmont comes!—Retire, my son:
And leave me to complete the task begun. [Exit Car.

Enter Ezmont.

Welcome my friend: your council, or command,
I las left I hope, Alzira well resolv'd.

Ezm. Great father of the *friendless*! — Pardon, *yes*,
If one, whose sword seem'd fatal to her race,
Keeps her heart cold, with some remains of horror.
We move with *ling'ring* steps, to those we *fear*.

But prejudice will fly, before *your* voice;
Whose winning *manners* consecrate *your laws*. —
To you, who gave us Heav'n, our *earth* is *due*.
Yours our *new being*! our enlighten'd souls!
Spain may hold *realms*, by purchase of her *sword*:
And *worlds* may yield to pow'r—but *we*, to *VIR TUE*.

Alv. 'Twas Heaven's the glorious change — be Hea-
ven's the praise!

Ezm. Your bloody nation's unsucceeding pride
Had made their *God* disgustful as their *crimes*!
We saw him, *hateful*, in their *murd'rous* zeal;
But lov'd him, in *your mercy*.—From *your* heart,
His influence stream'd *accepted*: and my crown,
My daughter, and my soul, became your slaves.
Father, at once, of Carlos, and of *me*,
I give him my Alzira, for *your* sake:
And, with her, give Potosi and Peru.
Summon the rev'rend *choir*; prepare the *rites*:
And trust *my* promise, for my *daughter's* will.

Alv. Bless'd be the long-wish'd union—This joy past,
I shall go down in *peace*, and *hail* my grave.

Thou! Great *Inspirer*! whose Almighty hand
Drew the dark *veil* aside, that screen'd a *world*,
Smile on these nuptials, which, confirm'd by *thee*,
Shall, in *one empire*, grasp the circled *globe*,
And task the sun's whole round, to measure Spain!
Ezmont, farewell — I go to greet my *son*,
With welcome news, how much he owes my *friend*. [Exit.
Ezmont,

Ezmont, *alone*.

Oh! nameless Pow'r, unequal'd, and alone!
 Whose dreadful vengeance overwhelm'd, at once,
 My country, and her Gods, too weak to *save*!
 Protect my failing years from new distress.
 Robb'd of my all; but one dear *daugh'ter* left me!
 Oh! guard her heart; and guide her, to be *blest*!

Enter Alzira.

Smile, and *be happy*, while good-fortune *courts* thee:
 And in *thy blessing*, cheer thy *country's* woe.
 Protect the vanquish'd: rule the victor's will:
 Seize the *bent thunder* in his lifted hand;
 And, from *despair's* low seat remount a *throne*.

Alz. I have no wish to charm---no joy, to *reign*.

Ezm. Lend the lov'd *public* thy reluctant heart;
 And in the joy of *millions*, find *thy own*.

Nay, do not weep, Alzira: tears will, *now*,
 Seem insults; and reproach thy father's care.

Alz. Sir, if Alzira's peace was ever dear,
 Shut not your ear to my despairing grief.

Ezm. Urge it no more: it is an *ill-tim'd* sorrow.
 Away! I had thy kind consent before.

Alz. No---You *compel* the frightful sacrifice:
 And, ah! remorseless Heav'n!---at what a *time*!
 When the rais'd sword of this all-murd'ring lover
 Hangs o'er my people's heads, with threatening sway,
 To strike the trembling remnant from my sight,
 And mark my nuptial day, their day of *death*!

Omens on *omens* have pronounc'd it *curs'd*.

Ezm. Quit these vain fears, these superstitious dreams,
 Of uncond'ning ignorance! What day?
 What *omens*?---We ourselves, who *abuse* our acts,
Make our own days, or happy, or accurs'd.

Alz. 'I was on *this day*, the pride of all our state,
 Zamor, the great, the warlike Zamor, fell;
 Zamor, my lover, and your purpos'd son.

Elzm. Zamor was brave : and I have mourn'd his fall.
 But the cold grave dissolves ev'n lovers' vows.
 Bear to the altar, then, a heart resolv'd :
 And bid thy summon'd virtue prop thy weakness.
 Is not thy soul enroll'd a *Christian*? - Hear me.
 'The awful Power, that lent the *Christians* name,
 Speaks, in my voice, commands thee to be won.
 Hear Him : and learn obedience to His will.

Alz. Alas, my father ! spare this dreadful zeal.
 Has not the Parent spoke ? Why speaks the God ?
 I know, and I confess, a father's power :
 At his command, to sacrifice the life
 He gave me, is a duty Nature taught.
 But my obedience passes Nature's bounds ;
 What'er I see is, with my father's eyes ;
 What'er I love is, with my father's taste ;
 I chang'd my very Gods, and took my father's.
 Yet has this father, piously severe,
 Wrong'd my believing weakness, and undone me.

You told me, to compose my troubled heart,
Peace held her dwelling, at the altar's foot.
 You told me, that religion cou'd despair ;
 And solac'd every pang that pierc'd the soul.
 All, all, was kind deceit ! all, dear delusion !
 Mix'd with th' impression of an awful God,
 A human image struggled in my heart,
 And checks its willing virtue in its rising.
 Zamor, though dead to nature, lives to love.
 Zamor still triumphs in Alzina's breast ;
 Lord of her soul, and holds back all her wishes.

You frown -- Alas ! you blame a guilt you caus'd.
 Quench then this flame for one you had me love ;
 And force me to be his, whom most I hate.
 If my dear country calls, I must resign.

Yet, when you drag me to the altar's foot,
 Tremble, to hear my tongue deceive my God ;
 To hear me, to your dreadful choice devote
 A heart, that beats me hang'd, another's due.

Elzm.

Ezm. Alas, my child, what *unweigh'd* words are these !
 Pity my *age*, unfit for *length'ning* woes :
 Weakness asks *rest* : Pity these falling *tears*.

By all our *fates*, that all depend on *THEE*,
 Let me *conjure* thee, to be *blest'd, thyself*,
 Nor close in wretchedness my life's last scene.
 Why wou'd I *live*, but to redeem *thy* hopes ?
 For thy own sake, not mine, *assist* my care.
 Blast not the rip'ning prospect of thy peace,
 Hard, and, with labour'd patience, slowly grown.
Now, on thy instant *choice*, depends thy *fate* !
 Why said I *thine* ? 'Tis a whole *people's* fate !
 Wilt thou *betray* 'em ? have they *other* help ?
 Have they one hope, but *THEE* ?—Think, think, Alzira ;
 And nobly lose *thyself*, to save a *state*. [Exit.

Alz. Cruel accomplishment ! sublime *defect* !
 So strain we virtues, to *become* a throne,
 Till *public duty* drowns our *private truth*.

Enter Don Carlos.

Car. Princess, you give a *lover* cause to doubt,
 That this long labour of your slow consent
 Springs from a heart too *cold* to feel his flame.
 While, for *your* sake, suspended law forbears
 To punish rebels, whom *you* wish to *save*,
 Ungrateful, you demand a *nation's freedom* ;
 Yet, bind, in recompence, *my chains*, more close !
 But, misconceive me not.—I wou'd not owe
 A tosten'd sentiment to having *serv'd* you :
 That were to *bribe* a heart my pride would *win*.
 I should mix blushes with a bridegroom's joy,
 If, as my perquisite of *power*, I gain'd you.
 Let me *attract*, not *sentence*—I would owe you,
 A!l, to *yourself* : nor could I *taste* a pleasure,
 That, in your *giving* it, might cost you pain.

Alz. Join, in my fruitless *prayers* to angry Heav'n !—
 This *dreadful day* comes charg'd with *pains*, for *both*.

—No wonder you *detect* my troubled soul :
 It bursts unvail'd from my reproachful eyes,
 And glows on every feature's honest air.
 Such is the *plainness* of an *Indian* heart,
 That it disdains to secrete behind the tongue ;
 But *throws out* all its wrongs, in all its rage.
 She who can hide her purpose, can *betray* :
 And that's a *Christian* virtue, I've not learnt.

Car. I love your frankness, but reproach its *cause*.
Zamor, remember'd *Zamor*, speak, in *this*.

With hatred, stretch'd beyond the *extent of life*,
 He crosses, from the tomb, his conqueror's will ;
 And, felt thro' death, revenges *not* love.

Cease to complain, and you may learn to *bear*.
 My name, your duty, *both*, require a *change* :
 And, I must wish, it were from *tears*, to *joy*.

Alz. A rival's grace should bury jealousy.
 But, *whether* your right, to censure sorrow for him ?
 I lov'd him : I proclaim it. — *Has* I not,
 I had been blind to sense, and lost to reason.
Zamor was all the *prop* of our faith's world :
 And 'till he lov'd me much, confess'd *no weakness* !
Has I not mourn'd a fate, he not *deserv'd*,
 I had *deserv'd* the fate, he felt *unjust* !

For you, — be proud no more, but dare be *honest*.
 Far from presuming to reproach my tears,
 Honour my *constancy* ; and praise my *virtue*.
 Cease to regret the *dues* I pay the dead :
 And merit, if you can, a heart thus faithful. [Exit.

Don Carlos alone.

Spite of my fruitless passion, I approve her !
 The prize, she darts with this *sincere* disdain,
 Astonishes my hopes : and charms my anger.
 — *What*, then, shall I *resolve* ? — It is more hard,
 To tame one female heart, than all Peru !
 Nature, adapting her to suit her climate,

Left

Left her all *savage*, yet all *sbining* too !

But, 'tis *my* duty to be *master*, here ;
Where (she alone excepted) *all obey*.

I, who too faintly would her *heart* incline,
Can force her stubborn *band*, and fix her mine.

Mine ? — Were it *mine* ? to chain th' *unwilling* guest ?

And clasp reluctant *scorn*, to freeze my breast ?

Lions love, so ! — 'Tis man's more gen'rous part ;

To win the willing *mind*, and grasp the HEART.

Then, mix the meeting *souls*. — Then, love's fierce fire
Glows pure : and reason *consecrates* desire.

A C T II.

Zamor, and four Indian captains, in chains.

Zamor. FRIENDS ! we have *dar'd* beyond the strength
of mortals !

Our courage smil'd at doubts, and grew in danger !

Now, let us try the brave man's last redemption —

Now, since we *lost* our vengeance, let *death* find us !

Why, should we, longer, be *condemn'd* to *life*,

Defenceless, to our country, and Alzira ?

Capt. Yet, why should Spanish Carlos 'scape our swords ?

Why thrive, beneath a weight of *un-check'd* crimes ?

Zam. Add, why has Heav'n *forfaken* us, and VIRTUE ?

Ye strengthless pow'rs ! whose altars smok'd in *vain* !

Gods, of a *faithful*, yet a *cheated*, people !

Why have you thus, *betray'd* us, to the foe ?

Why had six hundred Spanish *vagrants* power

To crush my throne, your temples, rites, and you ?

Where are *your altars* ? where *my glories*, Now ?

Where is Alzira ? more, *herself*, a God,

Than your *collected Queens*, of fancied heav'n !

Helpless, once more, thou seest me — *Lost* Peru !

O'er shifting sands, through desarts, cross'd in vain,

From forest wilds, impervious to the sun ;
 From the world's wastes, beneath the burning zone,
 I brought thee *unbep'd* aid ! the *wond'ring stars*
 Beheld me, gath'ring from remotest *wilds*,
 New strengths, new prospects—and new *means---to die* !
 Your arms, your furtherance, your vast support,
 New-furnish'd my desires, and wing'd my rage !
Vengeance and *love*, once more, had mann'd my heart.
 But, ah ! how *vain* that love ! how *lost* that vengeance !
 The slaves of *avarice* are honour's *masters* !

Capt. Rash, in the neighb'ring wood, we left our forces,
 Passing, too bold, their city's guarded gate,
 Blind, weak, and unsupported . . . mad *discov'ers* !

Zam. Seiz'd but this morning, now from diff'rent dun-
 geons

Th' infernal murderers have hither brought us,
 Unknowing to *what death*, tho' sure to die.
 Yet, it o'erjoys me, we have *met*, once more.
 But *where* ? what place is this ? has none yet heard
Who governs, here ? what fate *Alzira* found ?
 Whether her father is, like us, their *slave* ?
 Dear, wretched friends, who share a death, my *due*,
 Can none instruct me what I wish to know ?

Capt. From sep'rate prisons, hither led, like *you*,
 Thro' diff'rent streets we came, the *cause* not known,
 All uninform'd of what you seek to learn.
 Great, but unhappy Prince ! deserving, long,
 A *nobler* fate ! each silent soul laments
 Its want of pow'r to save so lov'd a leader.
 Now—to die *with* you, is our noblest claim,
 Since, to die *for* you, was a choice *deny'd* us.

Zam. Next the wish'd glory of success in war,
 'The greatest is, to *die*, *renown'd*, for virtue :
 But, to die *noteless*, in the silent *dark*,
 Is to die, scorn'd, and shame our suff'ring country !
 We fall, undignify'd, by *villains'* hands :
 A sacrifice to Europe's outcast bloodhounds !
 Men, rais'd by *others'* wrongs, and poorly rich,

With

With *others'* plunder'd *treasure!* curs'd be these *butchers!*
 Blood-stain'd *insulters* of a *yielded* world!
Riflers, who give up Kings, to *tire* their tortures,
 But, for discovery of the *gold* we *scorn*,
 As dross, less valu'd, and less wish'd, than *they!* ———
 To be, in death, the cause of my *friends' dying!*
 To die, and leave Alzira, to my murderers!
 THIS is a death of *horror*, not of *fame!*
 This is the *body's* death ——— but *shakes* the *soul!*

Enter Alvarez, with a guard of Spaniards.

Alv. Live: and be *free.*

[*Spanish soldiers unfetter the Indians.*]

Zam. Ye Gods of lost Peru!

What did I hear! ——— said he, *Be free and live?*

What vast, mysterious *accident* of virtue?

Some pow'r divine, in sport, deceives my wonder!

Thou *seem'st* a Spaniard! ——— and ——— but thou *FORGIV'ST*,

I cou'd have sworn thee, *Christian!* ——— who? what *art* thou?

Art thou some *God?* or this new city's *King?*

Alv. Christian I am; and Spaniard: but *no King.*

Zam. What is thy *pow'r?*

Alv. ——— To save the *weak, distress'd.*

Zam. What thy *distinction;* say, thou gen'rous wonder?

Alv. The love of *pity,* when the wretched *want it.*

Zam. Pity! and *Christian!* ——— what inspir'd thy great-

Alv. My memory, my *duty,* and my *God.* [nests?]

Zam. Thy God? ——— I have it now ——— these hungry

These human *seemers,* with *but forms* of men; [wasters,

These thirsters after only *gold* and *blood;*

From some *coarse, lawless,* part of Europe, came;

And serve some *bloodier God,* that *wars* with *thine!*

Alv. Their faith the same with mine, but not their *nature:*

Christians by birth, by error made *un-Christian.*

In pow'r grown giddy, they *disgrace* command.

Thou know'st *their faults* too well: now, know *my DUTY.*

Twice has the sun's broad traverse girt the globe,

Twice

Twice wheel'd the summer round your world, and ours;
 Since a brave Indian, native of your land,
 To whom *surprize* in *ambush* made me captive,
 Gave me the *forfeit life* his sword had won.
 The *unexpected* mercy forc'd my *blushes*:
 For, I perceiv'd, *compassion* of YOUR woes,
 Was but a *duty*, when I thought, 'twas *virtue*.
 Thenceforth, your countrymen became my brothers;
 -And, I have, now, but *one* complaint against them;
 — That I must never *know*, his name, who sav'd me.

Zam. He has Alvarez' voice! he has his features!
 His age the *same*, too; and the *same* his story!
 'Tis *he*! — there is *no other* honest Christian.

Look on us all: and recollect his face,
 Who, wisely spar'd thy life, to spread thy virtues.

Alv. Come nearer, noble youth. — by Heav'n 'tis *he*!
 Now, my dim eyes, you teach me my *decay*,
 That could not let me *see* my *wish* *indulg'd*,
 But *clouded* ev'n my gratitude! — My *son*!
 My benefactor! saviour of my age!
 What can I do! instruct me to *deserve* thee.
 Dwell in my sight; and I will *be* thy *father*.
 Thou wilt have *lost* the merit of thy *gift*,
 If, from the pow'r it gave, thou claim'st no *payment*.

Zam. Trust me, my father, had thy *Spanish* sons
 Shewn but a glimmering of thy awful *virtue*,
 Grateful Peru, now, *desolately*, theirs,
 Had been a peopled world, of *willing* slaves,
 Rather than live, among that *felon* race.
 Take, take me, silent death; and screen my soul
 From the reliefless rage of *un-felt* curses.

All I wou'd *ask*, all I will *take*, from Spain,
 Is but, to be inform'd, if Ezmont *LIVES*?
 Or, has *his* blood new-stain'd their hands with murder?
 Ezmont? — perhaps you knew him not? — *That* Ezmont,
 Who was Alzira's *father*? — I must stop,
 And weep — before I dare go on, to ask —
 Whether — that father, — and that daughter, — *live*?
Alv.

Alv. Hide not thy tears: weep boldly---and be proud.
To give the *flowing virtue* manly way.
'Tis nature's *mark*, to know an *honest* heart by.
Shame on those breasts of *stone*, that cannot melt,
In soft *adoption* of another's sorrow.

But, be *thou comforted*: for both thy friends
Live; and are happy, *here*. ———

Zam. ——— And, shall I *see* 'em?

Alv. Ezmont, within this hour, shall teach his friend,
To *live*, and *hope* ——— and be as blest'd, as *he*.

Zam. ALZIRA's Ezmont? ———

Alv. — From *his* mouth, not mine,
Thou shalt this moment, learn, whate'er thou seek'st.
He shall instruct thee in a smiling *change*,
That has united Spain with fav'd Peru.
I have a *son*, to *blest*, with this new joy:
He will partake *my* gratitude, and *love* thee.
—— I quit thee, ——— but will instantly *return*
To charm thee with this union's happy story,
That nothing, now, on earth, has pow'r to sever:
Yet, which, once clos'd, shall *quiet* warring worlds.

[*Exit, with guards.*]

Zam. At length, th' awak'ning Gods remember Zamor,
And to atone my wrongs, by working *wonders*,
Have made one Spaniard HONEST, to reward me!

Ind. Capt. Alvarez is, himself, the *Christians' God*;
Who, long provok'd, and blushing at their crimes,
In his own right descends, to *veil* their shame.

Zam. He says he has a son: that son shall be
My brother; if, at least, he does but prove
Worthy (could *man* be *so*) of such a father! [hearts!]

Ind. Capt. O, day! O, dawn of hope, on our *sad*

Zam. Ezmont, now, after three long years of *woe*,
Ezmont, Alzira's *father*, is restor'd me!
Alzira too, the dear, the gen'rous maid!
She, whom my sighing soul has been *at work* for!
She, who has made me *brave*, and left me *wretched*!
Alzira *too*, is here; and *lives* to thank me.

Enter

Enter Ezmont.

Oh! ye *profuse* rewarders of my pain!
 He comes! my Ezmont comes!— Spring of my hopes,
 Thou *father* of my lab'ring mind's *inspirer*!
 Hard let me press thee, to a heart that loves thee.
 Escap'd from death, *behold* returning Zamor.
 He will not, cannot die, while there is *hope*,
 That he may live to *serve a suff'ring friend*.
 — — Speak to me — be thy first soft word ALZIRA!
 Say, she is *here*: and *blest*'d as Heav'n can make her.
Ezm. Unhappy Prince!—she lives—nor lives remote.
 Words cannot reach description of her *grief*,
 Since first the news of thy *sad death* was brought her.
 Long dwelt she, sorrowing, o'er an empty *tomb*,
 Which, for thy *fancied form*, she rais'd to *weep on*.
 — But thou still *liv'st*!—amazing chance!—thou *liv'st*!
 Heav'n grant some doubtful means to *bless* thee, long,
 And make thy life as happy — as 'tis *strange*!
 — What brought thee *HITHER*, Zamor?

Zam. Cruel question!

Colder, than all the *deaths* I have escap'd from!
 Why dost thou *ask*?—Where *else* cou'd I have hop'd
 To find, and to redeem, thyself, and daughter?

Ezm. Say *that* no more— 'tis misery, to *hear* it.

Zam. Bethink thee of the black, the direful *day*,
 When that vile Spaniard—CARLOS, (curse the *name*!)
 Invulnerable, or to *sword* or *pity*,
 O'erturn'd those walls, which *Time*, when *young*, saw built,
 By earth-attracted children of the *Sun*.
 Perish his name! and oh! be curs'd my fate,
 Who, yet, no *nearer* brought him, than to *thought*,
 In horror of his murders! 'Twas the wretch,
 Who bears that name of Carlos, blasted all.

Ezm. Why dwells thy anger on that single name?

Zam. 'Twas in *that name*, pillage and slaughter spread!
 'Twas in that name they dragg'd Alzira from me;
Bury'd

Bury'd in dust the temples of our Gods :
 And stain'd with the surrounding off'ers blood,
 Their violated altars ! The shock'd *Pow'r*,
 That smil'd expectant on the marriage vow,
 Rush'd back, and press'd in vain his *brother Gods*,
 To vindicate their empire.——Spain's *dark Pow'r*
 Prevail'd : and I was captive led to Carlos.

Ezm. Alas ! I know, too well, thy direful story.

Zam. I will not *terrify* thy pitying breast,
 I will not *tell thee*, then, to what slow tortures
 That villain Spaniard's avarice condemn'd me ;
 Condemn'd me, Ezmont, for the sake of *gold* !
 Gold, the *divinity* of beggar Spain ;
 But *our neglected refuse* !——'Tis enough,
 That, almost lifeless, 'midst their torments left,
 And *seeming* dead, they, (*tir'd*, not satisfied)
 Forbore, because I felt not.——I *reviv'd*,
 To feel, once more, but never to *forget*,
 The *grindings* of their insult. Three long years
 Have lent me friends, and hopes, and arms, for *vengeance*.
 Close ambush'd, in the neighb'ring woods they lie,
 Sworn, the *revengers* of their bleeding country.

Ezm. Alas ! my heart compassionates thy wrongs ;
 But, do not *seek* a ruin, that would *shun* thee.
 What can thy flint-arm'd Indians courage do ?
 What can weak *arrows*, spoils of *fishes bones* ?
 How can brave, *naked, untrain'd*, warriors conquer ?
 Unequally oppos'd to *iron-men* :
 Of woundless bosoms, coated o'er with safety !
 Arm'd too with missive thunders in their hand,
 That stream *death* on us, swifter than the winds !
 No——since the *world*, they say, has yielded to 'em,
 Yield Zamor, and Peru ; and let 'em reign.

Zam. Let the *world* yield——Zamor will always find
 Some gen'rous corner, in it, fit for *freedom*.
 Grant I were born to *serve* ; obedience claims
 Returns : claims *benefit* ; *protection* ; *favour* :
 Outrage and wrongs can claim *correction* only.

Their

Their lightnings and their thunders ; their safe *shells*,
 Cases for fear, which guard their *iron war* ;
 Their fiery *steeds*, that tear the trampled earth,
 And hurl fierce riders headlong on the foe ;
 These outward *forms* of death, that fright the world,
 I can look stedfast on : and dare *despise*.
 The *novelty* once lost, the force will fail.
 Curse on our feeble *gold* ! It calls in foes,
 Yet, helps not to *repel* the wrongs it *draws* !
 Oh ! had but *STEEL* been ours !——

Ezm. No——Partial Heav'n

Has, with *that manly wealth*, enrich'd our foe !

Zam. Yet, not to leave our vengeance *quite disarm'd*,
 Depriving us of *steel*, it gave us *virtue*. [*chang'd*]

Ezm. Virtue was *blest'd*, of old :—But,—*Times* are

Zam. No matter——let us keep our *hearts*, the *same*.
 Tho' the stars chang'd their course, virtue were virtue.
 Alzira cannot change : Alzira's just.
 Alzira's faithful, to her vows, and *me*.

Ezm. Ah ! do not name th' unhappy maid, too tenderly :

Zam. Save me, ye Gods ! from a friend's *downcast eye* !
 Whence are those sighs, and tears ?

Ezm. Too wretched Zamor !

Zam. Not wretched—if Alzira's father's mine.
 These tyrants cannot, sure, *unking* thy soul !
 And teach a Monarch's heart to shrink at danger !

Ezm. They cannot. 'Tis a change I will not *feel*.
 Nor are our conquerors, *all*, unjust :—for, *know*,
 'Twas Heav'n induc'd these *Christians* to our clime,
 Less to subdue, than save. — Friends to the *soul*,
 They brought instruction with them, here unfound ;
 Doctrines immortal, that can tread on death !
 The science, of salvation, by *belief* !

The art, of living *blest'd*, and dying, *safe* !

Zam. Or I *am* deaf : or, wou'd to Heav'n, I *were* !
 But, if I heard thee, right . . . thou seem'st to *praise*—
 These *pilf'ring* zealots, who usurp thy throne,
 And would *convert* thy daughter, to a *slave* !

Ezm.

Ezm. Alzira is *no slave*. ———

Zam. Bless royal Ezmont !

Pardon some transport, which *despair* inflam'd ;
And, to great woes, indulge a little warmth.
If not a slave, she holds her solemn *vow* :
As thou thy *oath*, before our altar sworn.
Freedom and perjury, can never *meet*.

Ezm. What are *our* altars ? what our *Idol Gods* ?
Phantoms, of human *coinage*, fear'd no more !
I would not wish to hear thee cite their name.

Zam. How ! was our fathers' worship *vain deceit* ?

Ezm. It was : and I have happily *disclaim'd* it.
May the great single *Pow'r*, that rules *whole Heaven*,
Lend thy dark heart one ray, of truth divine !
Mayst thou, lamented Zamor, learn to know,
And, knowing, to confess, in Europe's right,
Her God should be ador'd, *her* sons obey'd ! [*rapine* ?

Zam. Obey'd ! Hell blast 'em ! — What ! these sons of
Death ! they have robb'd thee, not of *faith* alone,
They pilfer'd ev'n thy *reason* ! — Yet 'twas *wise*,
When thou would'st keep no *vows*, to own no *Gods*.

But, tell me ? — is Alzira too forsworn ?
True to her father's weakness, has *she* fallen ?
Serves *she* the *Gods* of *Christians* ?

Ezm. Hapless youth !

Tho' bless'd in my own change, I *weep* for thine.

Zam. He, who betrays his friend, has *cause* for weeping.
Yet, tears, they say, shew *pity* : — if they *do*,
Pity this torment, which thy shame has cost me.
Pity my heart, alarm'd, for Heav'n, and Ezmont.
For Heav'n betray'd, like me ! I'm torn at once,
From love, and zeal, and vengeance. Take me, *Christians*,
Drag me to die at my Alzira's feet :
And I will sigh away my soul, to mourn her.
Yet, have a care — be cautious, ere I fall,
Of urging rashness, to repel *despair*,
Resume a Sov'reign's heart ! and feel for empire.

Enter

Enter Alonzo, to Ezmont.

Alonzo. My Lord, the ceremonies wait your presence.

Ezm. Farewel—I follow thee.

Zam. No, by my wrongs!

I will not quit this hold, till I have learnt,

What ceremony, what black purpose, waits thee?

Ezm. Away—be counsell'd—fly this fatal city.

Zam. Not, tho' the Christian Pow'r that blasts my love,
Shou'd rain down lightnings on me—still wou'd I on—
Tho' my own Gods cry'd, *stay*, still wou'd I follow.

Ezm. Forgive the force of an unwise'd refusal—

Guards, to your care I must commit this madman.

Restrain him—He wou'd violate our altar.

These Pagans, obstinate in idol zeal,

Malign our holy myst'ries; and profane

The Church's solemn service.— Guard the door.

'Tis not in right of my own pow'r I speak;

'Tis Carlos, in my voice, commands your care.

[Exit with guards, after they have freed him from Zamot.

Zam. Did I not hear him, friends!—or am I mad?

Did I not hear him use the name of Carlos?

O, treachery! O, baseness! O, my wrongs!

O! last, uncredited, reproach of nature!

Ind. Capt. Ezmont commands, for Carlos!

Zam. 'I was not Ezmont:—

'Twas that black devil, that seares the Christian zeal,

Lied, in his shape, to scandalize Peru!

O, Virtue! thou art banish'd from mankind.

Ev'n from Alvarez's heart, thou now art fled.

—These villain barbers rob us not of gold,

They pay its fatal price, in morals ruin'd.

Detested Carlos, then, is here!—oh! friends!

What counsel? what resource? to stop despair.

Ind. Capt. Let not my Prince condemn the faithful bold—

That wou'd advise his sorrows.—Old Alvarez [nods,

Will strait return, and bring, perhaps, that son,

With

With whom to share his joy the good man hasten'd.
 Urge him to see us safe, without their gates :
 Then, suddenly rejoin your ambush'd friends,
 And march, back, *equal*, to your purpos'd vengeance.
 Let us not *spare* a life, but good Alvarez,
 And this lov'd *son* ! I, near the *wall*, remark'd
 Their *arts*, and modes of *structure* : their sharp *angles*,
 Deep *ditch*, broad *bulwarks*, edg'd with sleeping *thunders*.
 I saw, and weigh'd it, all : and found *hope* strongest.

Zam. What scheme, prophetic, has inflam'd thy heart ?

Ind. Capt. Our groaning fathers, brothers, sons, and
 In fetter'd labour toil, to *house* their spoilers. [friends,
 These, when we march to their unhop'd relief,
 Will rise, within the town, behind their masters :
 While you, mean while, without, advance against them ;
 And, on our dying bodies, proudly heap'd,
 Bridge a bold entrance, o'er their bloody *rampart*.
 There, may you turn, against their tyrant heads,
 Those fiery storms of death, those mouths of murder,
 Those *forms*, that frightening honest, artless bravery,
 Build, on our *ignorance*, a throne for wrongs.

Zam. *Illustrious* wretchedness ! by Heav'n, it charms me,
 To see these soaring souls out-tower their fortune.

Shall we—we shall—we will — recover empire ?

Carlos shall feel Peru, despis'd PERU,

Knock at his trembling *heart*, and claim *atonement*.

Ind. Capt. I will attempt escape—and warn our friends.
Exit.

Zam. Come, dire *revenge* ! thou melancholy god !
 That comforts the distress'd with shadowy *hopes* !
 Strengthen our willing hands : let Carlos die !
 Let but that Spanish murd'rer, Carlos, *die*,
 And I am half *repaid* my kingdom's losses !

But, we are wretches, *indolently* brave :
 We talk of *vengeance*, while we sleep, in *chains* !
 Alvarez has forgot me : Ezmont flights me :
 And she I love is theirs, whom most I hate.
 All the poor comfort of my heart is *doubting*.

VOL II.

L

Hark !

Hark ! what surprising noise ! [*Shout.*] It rises, louder,
And sudden fires, high-flaming, *double day* ! [*mischief*]
Hark ! — from their iron throats, [*Guns.*] yon roaring
Pour their triumphant insult. [*Trumpets, &c.*] What new
Or what new *crime*, demands this swell of joy ? {*feast,*

Now, in their heedless mirth, descend some God ;
And teach us to be *free* ; or, failing, *die*.
Oh ! my lost friends ! 'tis *liberty*, not *breath*,
Give the brave, *life* ! — shun slav'ry, more than death.
He, who spurs shame, and dares disdain to *be* :
Mocks chains, and wrongs, — and is, for ever, *free*.
While the base *grov'ler*, never safe, tho' *low*,
Creeps but to sufferings : and lives on, for *woe* !



A C T III.

Alzira, *alone*.

SHADE of my murder'd lover ! *Run* to view me :
Rise to the *stars*, and make their brightness *sweeter* ;
But, shed no gleam of lustre on Alzira.
She has betrayed her faith, and married Carlos !
The *sea*, that roll'd its watry world, *betwixt* us,
Fail'd to *divide* our *bands* — and he has *reach'd* me !
The altar trembled, at th' unhallow'd touch :
And Heaven *drew back*, reluctant, at our meeting.
Pale, but soft-hovering *ghost*, that haunt'st my fancy !
Thou, dear, tho' bloody *form*, that skims, before me !
Thou never dying, yet thou *buried* Zamor !
If sighs, and tears, have power to pierce the *grave* ;
If Death, that knows no pity, could but hear me ;
If still thy gentle spirit loves Alzira :
Pardon, that even in *death*, she dar'd *forsake* thee !
Pardon her rigid sense of *nature's* duties :
A parent's will ! — a pleading country's safety !
At *these* strong calls, she sacrific'd her *love*,

To joyless glory, and to tasteless peace :
 And, to an empty world, in which *Thou art not !*
O ! Zamor ! Zamor ! follow me no longer.
 Drop some dark *veil*, snatch some kind *cloud*, before thee,
 Cover that conscious *face*, and let death *bide* thee !
 Leave me, to suffer, wrongs that Heaven allots me :
 And teach my busy fancy to forget thee.

Enter Emira.

Where are those *captives* ? are they *free*, Emira ?
 Where those sad *children* of my mournful *country* ?
 Will they not suffer me to *see*, to *bear* them ?
 To sit and weep, and mingle with their mournings ?
Emira. Ah ! rather, dread the rage of angry Carlos,
 Who threatens 'em with some new stroke of horror.
 Some cruel purpose hangs, this moment, o'er 'em !
 For, through this window look, and see, display'd,
 The broad *red* standard, that betokens *blood* !
 Loud bursts of death roar from their iron prisons, [*Guns.*
 And *answer*, dreadful, to each other's *call* !
 The council hastes, alarm'd, and meets, in uproar. [*Shouts.*
 All I have heard, besides, is, that the Prince,
 Your father, has been summon'd to attend.

Alz. Immortal guardians of th' endanger'd *just* !
 Have I, for *this*, in vain, betray'd my *peace* ?
Dares the dire *husband*, recent from the *altar*,
 New to my forc'd consent, — and scarce, yet, *Lord*
 Of my repenting *band* ; so *soon*, let loose,
 His re-commission'd *murders* ! Must my nuptials
 Serve, as the *prelude*, to my people's deaths !
O, marriage ! marriage ! what a *curse* is *thine*,
 Where hands alone *consent*, and hearts *abhor* !

Enter Cephania.

Ceph. One of the captive Indians, just set free,
 In honour of the joy that crowns this day,

Prays your permission, Madam, to be heard,
And at your princely feet, disclose some *secret*.

Alz. Let him, with firmness, and with freedom, *enter*.
For him, and for his friends, he knows, I *live*.
Dear to my eyes, I mark 'em, with delight,
And love, alas, in *them*, their poor lost country.
—But, why *alone*? — Why *one*?

Ceph. It is that captain,
To whose victorious hand, I heard, but now,
Alvarez, your new Lord's illustrious father,
Ow'd his remitted life, from Indians sav'd.

Emira. With earnest pressure, he has sought your presence:
He met me, ent'ring, and with trembling haste,
Implor'd me to befriend th' important prayer.
He told me, further, that the Prince your father,
For some strange cause, this Indian seems to *know*,
Had charg'd the guards he 'scap'd from, to prevent
His access to your ear. — Methinks, there sits
A kind of sullen greatness, on his brow,
As if it veil'd, in grief, some awful purpose.

Ceph. I watch'd him--and he walks, and turns, and weeps:
Then starts, and looks at Heaven; and to the Gods,
Pours up an ardent sigh, that breathes *your* name!
I pitied him -- but, gather'd from this *freedom*,
That he's a stranger to your *rank*, and *greatness*. [Action,

Alz. What rank? What greatness?—Perish all distinction,
That, from the wrong'd *unhappy*, bars the *great*!
Who knows, but this was, once, some gen'rous *friend*,
Some brave *companion*, of my Zamor's arms!
Who knows, but he was near him, when he fell;
And brings some message from his parting soul!
How dare I then *receive* him? — Can my heart
Be *proof*, against the last, kind, words of Zamor?
Will not the half-lull'd pain, rekindling fresh,
Burn, with increase of smart, and wring my soul?
—No matter,—let him enter. — [Exit Cephanis.

—— Ha! what means
This sudden *chillness*, sadd'ning, round my heart,

In short, faint, *flutt' rings*, never felt before!
 Ah! fatal residence!—From the first hour,
 These hated walls became Alzira's prison,
 Each different moment brought some different pain.

Enter Zamor.

Zam. Art thou, at length, *restor'd* me?—Cruel! *tell me?*
 Art thou, indeed, Alzira?

Alz. —Gentle *spirit!* —

Forgive me.—Do not come to *chide* th' unhappy!
 I have been wrong'd; but — [Faints into his arms.

Zam. *Thine*, she *wou'd* have said;
 And her imperfect purpose fully blest'd me.
Receive, thou dearest, loveliest, lost, Alzira!
 Zamor will live no longer, shou'dst *thou die*.

Alz. The kind, forgiving, *shade* is, still before me!
 It wak'd me, by a sound, that *seem'd* his name.

Zam. I am *no shadow*, if Alzira's *MINE*;
 I am thy *living lover*, at thy feet [Kneeling.
Reclaiming thee, thou noblest *half* himself!

Alz. Can it be *possible*, thou shou'dst be Zamor?

Zam. Thy Zamor—*THINE*.

Alz. Dare I believe, thou *liv'st*?

Zam. 'Tis in *thy power*
 To make that truth *undoubted*.—Do but *say*
Thou wou'dst not have me *die*,—I will *live*, on:
 To thank thee, *thus*, with everlasting love.
 [Rises, and catches her in his arms.

Alz. O! days of softness!—O! remember'd *years*,
 Of ever-vanish'd happiness!—O! Zamor!
 Why has the grave been bountiful, *too late*?
 Why sent thee back, *in vain*? to make joy *bitter*;
 By mix'd *ideas* of distracting *horror*!
 Ah, Zamor!—what a *time* is *this*, to charm in!
 Thy every word, and look, shoots daggers through me.

Zam. Thou *mourn'st* then, my return?

Alz. I do— I must ----

Yet -- wou'd it had been sooner !

Zam. Generous tenderness ! [now ?

Alz. Where hast thou been, thus long,—unsound, till

Zam. A wand'ring vagabond, that trod the world,
In fruitless search of means, to save Alzira.

Not all the tort'ring racks, of villain Carlos,
Cou'd from my panting heart expel thy image :
The bloody spoilers tir'd their rage in vain :

I brav'd their wounds, and insults.—Life had, yet,
No leisure to forsake me. Thou requir'dst me.
The groans of suffering nations reach'd my soul,
And bad it struggle, to revenge mankind.

Alas ! thou tremblest ! thy soft nature shrinks,
At bare recital of these Spanish virtues.

Oh ! 'twas the guardian God that smiles on love,
Knew thy kind wish ;— and, for thy sake, sustain'd me.
Thou wilt adore, I know, his gentle goodness.

Thy pious heart disdains to quit thy Gods,
Because they suffer with thee ; and have fail'd
To stem th' invading host of Spain's new Heaven !
Thou hast too little falsehood, for a Christian.

—Hast thou e'er heard of that base wretch, call'd Carlos ?
A birth, that blacken'd nature ! a taught monster !
Sent, in our shape, from some far distant world,
To humble ours, with sense of human baseness !
They tell me, nowhere. — Grant Heav'n thou know'st him !
Thou, then, shalt guide my vengeance, — to this, first,
This vilest, of its victims.

Alz. Find him, here ----

Black, in my breast, he lives : strike, strike, and reach him.

Zam. Hold, heart--and break not, yet. This may be --pity.

Alz. Strike-- for-- I merit neither life,--nor thee.

Zam. Fzmont ! I feel thee ; and believe thee, all !

Alz. Did he then tell thee ? Had my father power
To dwell so plainly on my hopeless woes,
As to describe 'em to thee ? Did he name
The dreadful husband— his lost daughter owes him ?

Zam.

Zam. No—but *thou may'st*: for, THAT will harden Zamor,
That he can never be *astonish'd*, more !

Alz. Yes — I *will* tell it thee — Prepare to tremble :
Not for *thyself* to tremble ; — but for *us*.

I will lay open the vast horror, to thee :
Then, thou shalt weep, and live :—and bid *me—die*.

Zam. Alzira ! — oh ! —

Alz. This Carlos —

Zam. Carlos ! why ? whence ?

Curse on his name, — why thus, for ever, Carlos ?

Alz. I was, this morning, sworn, *for ever* — *his* !

Zam. Sworn *whose* ?

Alz. — You nam'd him — I have been betray'd.
I was not weak ; — I *fell*, to save my country.

Zam. What hast thou done ? What tale of horror
shakes thee ?

Alz. — Even on *this* fatal day, within my hearing,
Almost within thy sight, *Christian* Alzira
Plighted, in presence of the *Christian God*,
Her hapless hand, to Carlos —

Zam. Oh ! — the perfidy !

Alz. It hopes no pardon ! — All my Gods renounc'd !
My lover wrong'd ! my country's freedom sold !
All, all, *demand* revenge — But do *thou kill me* :
Thou wilt strike tenderly — my summon'd blood
Shall spring to *meet* thy hand — and, flow to find thee.

Zam. CARLOS ! Alzira, 'tis *impossible* !

Alz. Were I dispos'd to *mitigate* my crime,
I cou'd alledge a *father's* awful power ;
I cou'd remind thee of our *ruin'd state* :
Cou'd plead my *tears*, my *struggles*, and *distraction* :
Ere three, long, wretched, *years* confirm'd thee *dead*.
I cou'd, with justice, charge my *faith renounc'd*
On hatred of those Gods, who *sav'd not* Zamor.
But, I disclaim excuse, — and *shun* remission.
Love finds me *guilty* ; and that guilt condemns me.
Be *thou* but safe, no matter what *I suffer*.

When life has *lost* the joy that made it *blest*,
 She who dies *lonely*, always dies most happy.

Why dost thou *vie* me, with so *kind* an eye ?
 Thou should'st look *sternly*, I deserve no *pity*.

Zam. Yes : if thou lov'st, I cannot hold thee *guilty*.
 - *It is*ing me *blest*, methinks thou *mak'st* me so.

Alz. When, by my father urg'd, and by Alvarez,
 And inty too *impell'd*, perhaps, to late,
 By some *forfaken* God, who meant *revenge* ;
 When by the Christian's fears, and my touch'd heart,
 At once, beset, they dragg'd me to the *temple*,
 Even in the moment when advancing Carlos
 Sought my escaping hand, tho' I, then, thought thee
Dead ; and for ever lost to my fond hopes :
 Yet, *then*, 'neath the altar's sacred gloom,
 I bow'd my soul to Zamor : memory
 Renew'd me, with *thy image*, --- Indians, Spaniards,
 All, all, have heard, how ardently I lov'd thee.
 'Twas my heart's *pride*, to *boast* it to the world !
 To earth, to heaven, --- to Carlos, I proclaim'd it !
 And now, ev'n now, in this distressful moment,
 For the *last time*, --- I tell myself, I love thee.

Zam. For the *last time* ! avert the *menace*, Heaven !
 'Then thou art once, restor'd --- and lost for ever !
 'Tis not *love's* language, *that* ! --- 'tis death's, Alzira !

Alz. O, Heaven ! - Alvarez comes, and with him, Carlos.

Enter Don Alvarez, followed by Don Carlos.

Alv. 'ec ! thy Alzira with my life's restorer !
 Approach, young hero ! 'tis my son, who seeks thee ;
 Spain's *delegate*, who here holds power supreme :
 My Carlos, bids thee *share* his *bridal* joy.
 --- Meet and embrace : *divide* your father's love :
 My son, of *nature*, one --- and one, of *choice*.
 Court his hand, Carlos ?

Zam. 'TIS *such* a son !
 As the DETESTED CARLOS !

Alz.

Alz. Heaven avert

This rising tempest! it o'erwhelms my soul!

Alv. What means this WONDER?

Zam. 'Tis NOT POSSIBLE! ———

No — I would disbelieve *attesting Gods*,

Shou'd they, from Heaven, assert this *shock to nature*;

That such a father — CAN — have such a son!

Car. [*To Zamor.*] From what strange spring does thy
blind *fury* rise?

Know'st thou not *who I am*?

Zam. A thief — a villain,

My country's horror — and whole nature's shame!

Chief of those scourges angry Heaven has doom'd thee,

Know *me*, for Zamor.

Car. THOU, Zamor?

Alv. Zamor!

Zam. Yes — the tortur'd Zamor.

Blush to be told it: and *remember*, with it,

The bloody rage of thy remorseless cruelty;

That basely dar'd insult a captive King!

Now, he returns — *triumphant*, in distress,

To *look* thee into shame; to see those eyes

Fall their stretch'd fierceness, and decline before him.

Thou waster of the world! thou licens'd robber!

Thou whose *last spoil* was my Alzira's *glory*!

Win her, against *this sword*; [*Draws.*] the sole, *good gain*,

Zamor can boast, he *owes* thy haughty country.

Now, the same hand, that gave the father *life*,

Claims, in return, the son's devoted *blood*:

And, so reveng'd, *atones* a dying *realm*.

Alv. Confounded, and amaz'd, I hear him speak;

Till every word grows *stranger*! — Carlos cannot

Be guilty — or, if guilty, *cannot answer*.

Car. To *answer*, were a poorness I despise,

When *rebels* dare accuse, *power* that replies

Does but forget to *punish*. — With this *sword*,

I *might*, but that I know the reverence, due

To your protecting presence, *well have answered*.

—— Madam,

— Madam, [*To Alzira.*] your *heart shou'd* have instructed
 Why you offend me, while I see you *here*. [you,
 It not *my peace*, at least *your fame*, demands
 That you now drive this *outlaw* from your thoughts.
 You *weep* then! to *insult* me with your tears?
 And, yet, I *love*, and can be *jealous* of you!

Alz. Cruel!* — and you, † my father, and protector!
 And thou ‥ my soul's past hope, in happier times!
 Mark — and condole my fate. — *Mix* your due pity:
 And tremble, at the horror of my woes.

Behold this lover, which my *father* chose me,
 Before I knew there was a world, but *ours*.
 With *his* reported *death* our empire fell:
 And I have liv'd, to see my father's *throne*
 O'erturn'd; and all things *chang'd*, in earth, and heav'n!
 By every *human* help, too soon forsaken,
 My friendless father, from the *Christians* God
 Sought aid — and screen'd a *state* behind His name.
 Thence, forc'd before this *unknown Power*, to kneel,
 A dreadful *oath* has bound my backward soul,
 To *love* the murd'rer of my *real* lover!

In my *new faith*, I own myself *unskill'd*,
 But, all, that *virtue* taught me, still I *know*.
 Zamor, I love thee, justly: ——— I *confess* it.
 What honour calls for, can *deserve* NO SHAME.
 Yet, where my hand is *bound*, my *heart obeys*:
 And I can now bethine, alas, no more,
 Let me be rather *wretched*, than *unjust*.

Carlos, for you, ——— I am your *wife*; and *victim*:
 Yet, in abhorrence of your cruel soul,
 I hold my mind *divorc'd*; and dare *abjure* you.

One way, to *either*, I submit, with joy:
 If your *swords* claim me, I am *due* to *both*.
 WHICH first rewards me with the *death* I *wish*?
 Carlos, thou hast a hand by custom stain'd:
 Thy *practis'd* *poinard* need not start at blood.

Strike

* To Carlos.

† To Alvarez.

‥ To Zamor.

Strike then, for due revenge of slighted love;
And, *punishing* the guilty, — ONCE, be just.

Car. I find, then, Madam, you wou'd *brave* my weakness!
Proud of offending, one who *must* forgive.
But, you *invoke* my vengeance, and it *comes*.
Your fate is ready — for, your *minion dies*.
Who waits? — a *guard* there.

Enter Soldiers.

Alz. Cruel, *Christian*, insult!

Alv. My son! what mean you? what rash transport this?
Think, *whom* you sentence. — Be his person hateful,
But, reverence his *virtue*, and his *name*.
He who is, *helpless*, in his *bater's* hands,
Claims safety, from his *weakness*. — Why, why, Carlos,
Must I, a *second* time, remind your mercy?
I gave you life : — but Zamor gave it *ME*.
Be *warn'd* — nor forfeit fame to least revenge.

Enter Don Alonzo, with Spanish soldiers.

Alon. Pardon an entrance, Sir, thus unprepar'd.
The woods, round bordering on the neighb'ring plain,
Pour out a sudden swarm of Indian *foes*.
Arm'd they advance, as if to scale our walls :
And Zamor's name, resounded, rings to heaven.
Gleamings, from golden bucklers, meet the sun :
While in firm *line*, and close-compacted march,
The stretch'd battalions move, in martial justness.
They hold such discipline, such order'd motion,
As ne'er was known before, to *savage* foes.
As if, from us, they catch'd new lights of war,
And turn'd the burning lessons on their teachers.

Car. Away then : let us think 'em worth our meeting.
---Heroes of Spain ! ye fav'rite sons of war!
All corners of the world are yours, to *shine* in.
Help me to teach these slaves to *know* their Lords.

Bring

Bring him along, by force.

Zam. Tyrant, they dare not.

Or, are they *Gods*, who cannot be repell'd?
And proof against the wounds, they seek to give?

Car. Surround him.

Alz. Spare him, save him!

Alv. Son, be cool:

And, still, remember, what your father owes him.

Car. Sir, I remember, 'tis a soldier's duty
To bear down opposition: so you taught me.

[*Alonso, and Spanish soldiers, surround and seize Zamor.*
Your pardon, Sir—I go, where honour calls me.

[*Exit, with Zamor, and all the Spanish soldiers.*
Alz. [to *Alv.*] I oft, at your feet, I tall; your virtue's claim.
'Tis the first *homage* fortune ever taught me.

Grant me the wish'd release, of death's kind hand,
From miseries, I cannot live, to see.

But, dying, let me leave this witness with you,
That, true to my first vows, I change not lightly.
Two different claimers cannot, both, possess
One faithful heart, that will but once be given.
Zamor is mine: and I am only *Zamor's*.
Zamor is virtuous, as a fancied angel.

'Twas *Zamor* gave his life, to good *Alvarez*.

Alv. I feel the pity of a father, for thee.
I mourn afflicted *Zamor*: I will guard him:
I will protect you, both, unhappy lovers!

Yet, still be mindful of the marriage tie,
That, but this morning, bound thy days to *Carlos*.
Thou art no longer *thine*, my mournful daughter.
Carlos has been too cruel; but repents it:
And this once-cruel *Carlos* is thy husband.
He is my son too: and he loves us, both.
Pity soon softens hearts, where love has enter'd.

Alz. Ah! why did I heav'n not make you *Zamor's* father!
Cruelty thus awful, sweetness so polite,
Is the sun's heat, made lovelier by its light.

Oh!

Oh! could the *rigid*, and *self-clos'd*, but know,
 How the heart *joys*, that feels another's woe,
 No cold-link'd chain's short reach would clog the mind ;
 But one long wreath of *peace* connect mankind.

A C T IV.

Don Alvarez, Don Carlos.

Shouts, trumpets, a long and lofty flourish.

Alv. **D**ESERVE, my son, this triumph of your arms.
 Your numbers, and your courage, have prevail'd ;
 Now, of this last, *best*, effort of the foe,
 Half are no more ; and half are yours in chains.
 Disgrace not due success, by *undue* cruelty :
 But call in *mercy*, to absolve your *fame*.

I will go *visit* the afflicted captives,
 And pour compassion on their aking wounds,
 Mean while, remember, you are *man*, and *Christian*.

Car. What wou'd your virtue teach my heart to feel ?

Alv. Bravely, at once, resolve, to PARDON Zamor.

—— Fain wou'd I soften this indocil fierceness :
 And teach your courage, how to conquer wills.

Car. At your own choice — freely devote my *life*,
 But, leave at liberty my just *revenge*.

Pardon him ? — Why, the savage brute is *lov'd* !

Alv. Th' unhappily belov'd most merit pity.

Car. *Pity* ! — Cou'd I be *sure* of such reward,
 I wou'd *die pleas'd*, —— and she shou'd pity *me*.

Alv. How much to be *lamented* is a heart,
 At once, by rage of headlong *will* oppress'd,
 And by strong jealousies, and doubtings, torn !

Car. When jealousy becomes a crime, — guard, Heav'n,
 That husband's *benour*, whom his wife *not loves* !

Your

Your pity takes in all the world — but *me*.

Alv. Mix not the bitterness of distant fear
With your arriv'd misfortunes. — Since Alzira
Has virtue, it will prove a wiser care
To soften her, for *change*, by patient tenderness,
Than, by reproach, *confirm* a willing hate.
Her heart is, like her climate, *rudely sweet* —
Softness will soonest bend a stubborn will.

Car. *Softness* ! — by all the wrongs of woman's hate,
Too much of *softness* but invites *disdain*.
Flatter'd too long, beauty, at length, grows *wanton*,
And, insolently scornful, *slights* its *praiser*.
Oh ! rather, Sir, be jealous for my glory ;
And urge my doubting anger, to *resolve*.
Too *low* already, condescension *bow'd*,
Nor blush'd, to match the *conqu'ror* with the *slave* !
But, when this slave, unconscious what *she owes*,
Proudly repays humility, with *scorn*,
And *braves*, and *bates* the un aspiring love,
Such love is *weakness* : — and submission, *there*,
Gives sanction to contempt, and *rivets* pain.

Alv. Thus, *youth* is, ever, apt to judge in *haste*,
And lose the *medium*, in the wild *extreme*.
Do not *repent*, but *regulate*, your passion :
'Tho' love is *reason*, its excess is *rage*.
Give me, at least, your promise to *reflect*,
In cool, impartial solitude : and, still,
No *late* decision, till we *meet* again.

Car. It is my father asks — and, had I will,
Nature denies me *pow'r*, to answer, *no*.
I will, in *wisdom's* right, suspend my *anger*.
— Yet — spare my loaded heart : — nor add *more weight* ;
Lest my strength *sails* beneath th' *unequal* pressure.

Alv. Grant yourself *time*, and all you want come with it.
[Exit.]

Don

Don Carlos, alone.

And—— must I coldly then, to pensive *pity*,
Give up the livelier joys of with'd *revenge*?
Must I *repel* the guardian cares of *jealousy*,
And *slacken* ev'ry rein, to *rival* love?
Must I reduce my *hopes*, beneath a *savage*?
And poorly *envy* such a thing as Zamor!
A *coarse* *luxuriance* of spontaneous virtue!
A *shoot*, of rambling, fierce, *effusive* freedom:
Nature's *wild* growth—strong, but *un-prun'd*, to bearing:
A rough, raw, *woodman*, of this rugged clime;
Illiterate in the arts of *polish'd* life;
And, who, in Europe, where the *fair* judge best,
Wou'd hardly, in our *courts*, attract *dignities*.
—— She comes!—Alzira comes! *averse*,—yet *charming*.

Enter Alzira.

Alz. You *turn*, and *flout* me!—So, I have been *told*,
Spaniards, by custom,—— meet submissive *wives*.
—— But, *hear* me, Sir:—— hear, ev'n a suppliant *WIFE*;
Hear this unguilty object of your *anger*,
One, who can *re-vence*, tho' she cannot *love* you:
One, who is wrong'd *herself*, not injures *you*:
One, who is fall'n so low, to *want* your *pity*.

I *cannot* wear *DISGUISE*: be it th' *effect*
Of *greatness*, or of *weakness*, in my mind,
My *tongue* cou'd ne'er be mov'd, but by my *heart*:
And *that*—— was vow'd, *another's*.—— If he *dies*,
The honest *plainness* of my *face* destroys him.
—You look *surpriz'd*:—I will, still *more*, surprize you.
I come, to *try* you *deeply*—— for, I mean
To move the *husband*, in the *lover's* favour!

Car. Dare not insult, too far, a heart, that knows you.

Alz. I had half flatter'd my *surpriz'd* hope,
That you, who govern *others*, shou'd, *yourself*,

Be

Be temp'rate in the use of your own passions.

Nay, I persuaded my unchristian ignorance,

That an ambitious warrior's inselt pride

Shou'd plead, in pardon of that pride in others.

— 'Tis I am sure of, — that, forgiving mercy

Wou'd stamp more influence on our Indian hearts,

'Than can our gold on those, of men, like you.

Who knows, did such a change enlure your breast,

How far the pleasing force might soften mine?

Your right secures you my respect, and faith;

— Strive, for my love: — Strive, for whatever, else,

May charm: — it ought there is, can charm, like love.

— Forgive me: I shall be betray'd by fear,

To promise, till I over-charge my pow'r. — —

Yet — try, what changes, gratitude can make.

A Spanish wife, perhaps, wou'd promise more:

Profuse in charms, and prodigal of tears,

Wou'd promise all things — and forget 'em all.

But I have weaker charms, and simpler arts.

Guiltless of soul, and left, as nature form'd me,

I err, in honest innocence of aim,

And, seeking to compose, inflame you more.

All I can add, is this: — unlovely force

Shall never bow me to reward constraint:

But — to what lengths I may be led, by benefits,

'Tis in your pow'r to try; not mine to tell.

Can. 'Tis well. Since justice has such pow'r to guide you,

If you wou'd follow duty, know it first.

Count modesty, among your country's virtues;

And copy — not condemn — the wives of Spain.

'Tis your first lesson, madam, to forget.

— Become more delicate, if not more kind,

And, never let me hear, the name I hate.

— You shou'd learn, next, to blush away your haste,

And wait in silence, till my will resolves

What punishment, or pity, suits his crimes.

— Know, last, that (thus provok'd) a husband's clemency

Out stretches nature, if it pardons — you.

Learn,

Learn, thence, ungrateful! that I *want not pity* :
And be the *last*, to dare believe me *cruel*. [*Exit Carlos*.]

Em. Madam, be comforted ; — I watch'd his eyes :
I see, he *loves* ; and love will make him kinder.

Alz. Love has no pow'r to *act*, when chain'd by *jea-*
Zamor must *die* : for I have ask'd his *life*. [*lousy*.]

Ah ! why forefaw I not that *likely* danger ?
Say ! — has *thy care* been happier ? — Can'st thou *save*
— Hast thou made *trial* of his *keeper's faith* ? [*him* ?]

Em. *Gold*, that, in Spanish scales, outweighs their *God*,
Has bought his *band* : — and, all, his *faith's* your own.

Alz. Then (Heaven be blest'd) this metal, *form'd* for
Sometimes, *atones* the wrongs, 'tis dug to *cause* ! [*crimes*,
— But, we lose time : — why dost thou seem to *pause* ?]

Em. I cannot think they *purpose* *Zamor's death*.
Alvarez has not lost his *pow'r* so far,
Nor can the *Council* —

Alz. They are Spaniards, all.
Mark the proud, *partial*, guilt of these *vain* men !
Ours, but a country, *beld*, to yield *them*, SLAVES ;
Who reign, our *Kings*, by right of *diff'rent clime* !
Zamor, mean while, by birth, *true* Sov'reign here,
Weighs but a *rebel*, in *their* righteous scale !
Oh ! — *civiliz'd* assent, of social *murder* !

— But, why, *Emira*, should this soldier *stay* ?

Em. You may *expect* him instantly. — The *night*
Methinks grown darker, *veils* your bold design.
Wearied by slaughter, and unwash'd from blood,
The world's proud *spoilers*, now, lie hush'd, in *sleep*.

Alz. Away, and find this Spaniard. — Guilt's bought
Opening the prison, innocence goes free. [*hand*]

Em. See ! — by *Cephania* led, he *comes*, with *Zamor*.
— Be *cautious*, Madam, at so *dark* an hour,
Lest, *met* — suspected *honour* should be lost :
And modesty, *mistaken*, suffer *shame*.

Alz. What does thy ill-taught fear mistake, for *shame* ?
Virtue, at *midnight*, walks, as *safe*, *within*,
As in the conscious glare of *flaming day*.

She who in *forms* finds virtue, has *no* virtue.

All the *shame* lies, in *biding* honest love.

—— *Honour*, alien phantom, here call'd pride,

Lends but a length'ning *shade*, to *setting* virtue.

Honour's not love of *innocence*, but *praise*!

The fear of *censure*, not distaste of *sin*!

—— But, *I* was taught in a *sincerer* clime,

That virtue, tho' it *shines* not, still, is virtue:

And heart-felt honour grows not, but *within*.

This *my* heart *knows*: and, knowing, bids me *dare*,

Shou'd *Heav'n* forsake the *just*, be bold, and *save* him.

Enter Zamor, with Cephania, and a Spanish soldier.

Zam. For what new torment hast thou call'd me hither?

Alz. Ah! fly—— thy hopes are *lost*; thy fate hangs o'er
Escape, this moment, or thou stay'st to *die*. [thee.

Haste,—— lose no time——*be gone*: this guardian Spaniard
Will teach thee to deceive the murd'ers hope.

—— Reply not,—— judge thy state, from *my* despair:
Save, by thy *flight*, the man I love, from *death*;

The man, whom I have *sworn* t' obey from *blood*;

And a lost world, that knows thy worth, from *tears*.

Thy country calls thee: night conceals thy steps.

Pity *thy* fate: —— and leave me, to *my* own.

Zam. Thou *robber's* property! thou Christian's *WIFE*!

Thou! who dar'st love me —— yet, can'st bid me *live*!

If I *must* live, come *thou*, and make life *tempting*.

But, 'twas a *cruel* wish! —— I cannot *shield* thee!

Stript of my pow'r and friends, and *nothing* left me,

But *wrongs* and *misery*! —— I have no *dower*,

To bribe *reluctant* love. . . All thou can'st share,

With me, will be——my *desart*,—and my *heart*.

When I *had* more, I laid it at *thy* feet.

Alz. Ah! what are *crowns*, that must no more be *thine*!

I lov'd, not *pow'r*, but *thee*: thy self once *lost*,

What has an *empty* world, to tempt my stay?

I'at in the depth of thy sad desarts, trac'd,

My

My *heart* will *seek* thee: *fancy*, there, misleads
 My weary, wand'ring steps: there, *horror* finds
 And preys upon, my solitude: there, leaves me,
 To languish life out, in *unheard* complaints:
 To waste, and wither, in the *tearful* winds:
 And die, with *shame*, at breach of plighted *faith*,
 For being *only thine*——and, yet, *another's*.
 —Go——carry with thee both my *peace* and *life*:
 And leave (ah wou'd thou cou'dst) thy sorrows, *here*.
 I have my *lover*, and my *fame*, to *guard*:
 And I will *face* 'em both.——*Be gone—for ever*.

Zam. I hate this *fame*, false avarice of *fancy*!
 The sickly *shade* of an *unsolid* greatness!
 The lying *lure* of pride, that Europe *cheats* by!
 Perish the groundless *seemings* of their virtue!

But, shall *for'd* oaths, at hated *Christian* altars,
 Shall Gods, who *rob* the Gods of our *forefathers*,
 Shall *these*—obtrude a *lord*, and blast a *lover*!

Alz. Since it was *fevern*——or to *your* Gods, or *theirs*,
 What *help* is *left* me?

Zam. *None*——adieu——for ever. [Going.]

Alz. *Stay*.——What a farewell, *this*? *Return*, I *charge* thee.

Zam. [Returning.] *Carlos*, perhaps, will *hear* thee.

Alz. Ah! *pity* rather

Than thus *upbraid* my wretchedness.

Zam. Think, then,
 On our past *toes*.

Alz. I think of nothing, *now*,
 But of *thy* danger.

Zam. Oh! —— thou hast undone
 The *ten'drest* —— *fondest* —— *lover*!

Alz. Still, I *love*,
 Crime as it is, I *love* thee. —— Leave me, *Zamor*,
 Leave me, *alone* to *die*.——HA! CRUEL! tell me!
 What horrible *dispair*, revolving wildly,
 Bursts from thy *eyes*, with purpose more than mortal?

Zam. It *SHALL* be so. [Going.]

Alz. What *wou'dst* thou? —— Whither *go'st* thou?

Zam. To make a proper *use* of *unhop'd* freedom.

Alz. By Heav'n! if 'tis to death, I'll follow thee.

Zam. *Horrors* unmix'd with LOVE, demand me, *now*.
Leave me — Time flies. Night blackens. Duty calls.
Soldier, attend my steps. *[Exit hastily.]*

Alz. Alas, Emira!

I faint — I die — in what ungovern'd start
Of some rash thought, he left me! *Haste* Emira,
Watch his fear'd meaning — trace his fatal footsteps, —
And — if thou see'st him *safe*, return, and *blefs* me.

[Exit Emira.]

— A black, presaging, sorrow swells my heart!
What could a day, like this, produce, but *woe*?
Oh! — thou! dark, awful, vast, mysterious *Pow'r*,
Whom *Christians worship*, yet, *not comprehend*!
If, ignorant of thy new laws, I *stray*,
— Shed from thy distant *heav'n*, where-e'er it *shines*,
One ray of *guardian light*, to clear my way:
And teach me, first to *know*, then *act* THY WILL.

But, if my only *crime* is — love of Zamor,
If that offends thine eye, and claims thy anger:
Pour thy due vengeance on my hopeless head;
For, I am, *then*, a wretch, *too lost*, for *MERCY*.

Yet---be the wand'rer's *guide*, amidst his *desarts*!
Greatly dispense thy *good* with *equal* hand;
Nor, partial to the partial, give Spain, *all*.
Thou canst not be confin'd to *care* of PARTS;
Heedless of *one* world, and the *other's* FATHER:
Vanquish'd, and victors, are *alike*, to THEE:
And all our vain distinctions *MIX*, *before* thee.
--- Ah! what foreboding *shriek*!--- *again*! and *louder*!
Oh Heav'n! amidst the wildness of that sound,
I heard the name of Zamor! — Zamor's dead!
Hark!---a *third* time!---and, now, the mingled cries
Come *quick'ning* on my ear!

Enter

Enter Emira, frighted.

— Emira, *SAVE* me.

What has he *done*? — In pity of my fears,
Speak, — and bestow some *comfort*.

Em. Comfort is *lost* :

And all the rage of death has, sure, possess'd him.

— First, he *chang'd habit*, with the trembling soldier.

Then snatch'd his *weapon* from him. — The robb'd wretch

Flew, frighted, tow'rd the *gate*; — while furious Zamor,

Wild, as the fighting rage of *wintry winds*,

Rush'd to the public *hall*, where sits the *Council*.

Following, I saw him *pass* the sleeping guards :

But *lost* him, when he *enter'd*. — In a moment,

I heard a sound of voices cry, *He's dead* ;

Then, *clam'rous calls*, from ev'ry side at once,

To arms, to arms! — Ah! Madam, stay, not *here* ;

Fly, to the *innermost rooms*, and shun the *danger*.

Alz. No, dear Emira : rather, let us try,

Whether our weakness may not find some means,

Late, and unlikely as it is, — *to save him*.

I, too, *dare die*.

Em. They *come*. — — — Protect us, Heav'n!

Enter Don Alonzo.

Alon. Madam, you stir no farther. — I have orders,
 To seize your person : — — — 'Tis a charge, *unwisb'd*.

Alz. Whence dost thou come? What *fury* sent thee
 What is become of Zamor? [*hither?*]

Alon. At a *time*,

So full of *danger* my respect gives way,

To duty. — — — You must please to *follow me*.

Alz. Oh, Fortune! Fortune! this is *too severe*!

Zamor is *DEAD*: and I am *only CAPTIVE*!

— — — Why dost THOU weep? What have a Spaniard's tears

To do with *woes*, which none but Spaniards cause?

Wrong'd to distaste of life, come *death*! and show

Some safe, tho' *dark* retreat, for weary woe.

Heav'n is too just, when, *here*, distress pursu'd,
 To see, in life to come, past pangs renew'd.
 There, smiles the soul, escap'd from all its pain :
 There, sorrow meets reward ; and *triumphs* reign.

A C T V.

ALZIRA, *guarded.*

WHEN shall I die ? Answer, ye *dumb* destroyers .
 Ye bold provokers of insulted Heav'n !
 Who, when you mean to *murder*, say, you *judge* !
Why does your brutal *silence* leave my soul
 Flutt'ring, 'twixt hope and fear, in tort'ring *doubt* ?
Why am I not inform'd of Zamor's fate ?
 They will not *speak* ! no matter, since I *hope*
 To bear no good, why shou'd I hear, at all ?
 The conduct of these watchful *mutes* is *strange* !
 They seize me, guard me, and confine me, *here* ;
 Yet *answer nothing*, but with looks of *bate* !
 Chancing, but now, to sigh my Zamor's name,
 These frighted monsters, struck with Spanish *envy*,
 Started, turn'd *pale* ; and *trembled*, at the sound !

Enter Nazimont.

Alas ! ——— my father, too ?
Ezm. To what dark depth
 Of sad *despair* hast thou reduc'd us all ?
See now, the *fruits* of thy unlist'ning love !
Alz. What have I done ? and what has Zamor suffer'd ?
Ezm. Ev'n in the instant, while, with growing *hope*,
 We pleaded, earnest, for thy lover's life,
 While we yet *hung*, on the *half granted* pray'r ;
 An ent'ring *soldier* drew our notes tow'rd him.

'Twas

'Twas Zamor!---dreadful in a *borrow'd* dress!
At once, he hurl'd his furious EYES, amongst us,
 And his more furious PERSON. Scarce I *saw*,
 So rapid was his motion, that his *band*
 Held a *drawn sword*!---To enter---reach our *seats*,
 And, lion-like, spring to the breast of Carlos.
 Th' *assault*, the *wound*, the *death*, was, all, *one moment*!
 Out-gush'd your *husband's* blood, to stain the *father*:
 As it 'twou'd lend him *blushes*, for the *daughter*!
 ---Zamor, mean while, the dreadful action *done*,
 Soft'ning to sudden *calmness*, at the feet
 Of sad Alvarez *fell*: and, to *his* hand,
 Refign'd the *sword*, which his son's blood made *horrid*.
 The *father* started into *back'ning* terror!
 The *murderer* dash'd his bosom on the *ground*.
 I *but reveng'd* (he cry'd) my wrongs, and shame!
 I knew MY duty---know your own, against me;
 Nature *your* motive, hard oppression *mine*.
 He said no more:---but, *prostrate*, *hop'd* his doom.

Alz. Let me not hear the rest:---'tis, all, too dreadful.

Ezm. Th' afflicted *father* sunk upon my bosom.
 Night's silent shade grew vocal with our *cries*.
 From ev'ry side at once, *swarm* following *swarm*,
 A flow of fruitless *help* surrounded Carlos;
 To stop th' *out-swelling* blood, and *bold back* life.
 ---But what most shakes me, tho' 'tis *told* thee, *last*,
 Is---that they think *thee* guilty of his *death*;
 And, insolently *loud*, demand *thy own*.

Alz. But,---*can you*---

Ezm. No. IMPOSSIBLE. I *cannot*.
 I know thy heart too well, to *wrong* thy virtue.
 I know thee, too, too capable of *weakness*;
 But *not* of *purpos'd blood*.---I *saw* this danger.
 But, thy charm'd eyes, ev'n on the brink of fate,
 Were blinded by thy *love*;---and thou art *fall'n*!
 ---Thy husband murder'd, by thy lover's hand,
 The *Council* that accuses, will *condemn* thee;
 And *ignominious death* becomes thy doom.

I came to warn thee, and *prepare* thy spirit.
Now, hast'ning back, try ev'ry hope, for *pardon*;
Or, failing to *redeem* thee, *share* thy death.

Alz. My *pardon*! — Pardon, at these murderers' hands!
The King, my *father*, stoop his pray'r to *THEM*!
Death, if it hides me from *that thought*, is *rapture*.
--- Ah! Sir, *live on*: hope still some *happier day*;
Then, pay back all these *pangs*, --- and bless Peru.
Wait that determin'd hour --- and love *Alzira*;
This all the *pray'r* she *makes*, this all, she *wishes*.

Ezra. But is no pity due to dying Carlos?

Alz. I find his fate *too cruel*: and must mourn
Thro' fear, that he *deserv'd* it. --- As for Zamor,
Whose rashness has reveng'd his *country's* wrongs,
Urg'd by too keen remembrance of *his own*,
I neither *condemn*, nor *excuse*, his daring.
I wou'd have *staid* him: but, he *rush'd to die*;
And 'tis not in my *choice*, to *live*, without him.

Ezra. Shed thy wish'd mercy *here*, All-pow'rful Heav'n!

[Exit.]

Alz. [Alone] My weeping *father* call'd on Heav'n, to *save me*,
I will not ask the grace of Heav'n so *boldly*:
Let me not be at all --- and I'm not *wretched*.
'Th' *Almighty Christian Pow'r*, that knows me *innocent*,
Exacts (they say) long *life* in deep distress;
And thunders at the brave, who *shorten* woe.
The *Gods* who once were mine, were less *severe*;
Why shou'd the *wretch*, unhoping, struggle on,
Thro' *virtueless* lengths of *miserable* woe,
Yet, dread the hand of *death*, that points to *refuge*!
Sure! *Christians*, in this tale, *belye* their God.
His *favorites*, whom he arms with his own *thunders*,
Can *they* have *right*, from him, to waste a world,
To sweep whole millions into *death's* cold arms;
And, shall not *I* for rest and *safety*, claim
A pow'r he gives to *them*, for pride and *rage*?
--- Ah! -- Zamor comes! they lead him out, to die!

Linter

Enter Zamor, in chains: guarded by Spaniards.

Zam. Kind, in their purpos'd malice, they have brought me,
Where my expiring soul shall mix with *thine*.
Yes, my Alzira, we are doom'd, *together*.
Their black tribunal has condemn'd us, *both*:
For innocence offends, where guilt is judge.
But Carlos is *not dead*:—THAT wounds me deepest.
Carlos survives, to boast short *triumph* o'er us:
And dies so slowly, that *our fate* precedes him!
—Yet, he *must die*: my hand *not err'd so far*,
But he *must die*: and, when he *does*, my soul
Shall snatch th' expected moment, hov'ring, watchful,
And *hurl* him, in *revenge*, from star to star.

Pious Alvarez, mournful, comes, behind,
Charg'd with our bloody *sentence*, sign'd, in council,
That *murder* may be *sanctify'd*, by *form*.
My only *grief* is,—that *thou* dy'st, for *me*.

Alz. *That, that*, shou'd leave thy grief *without* complaint.
Since I am lov'd, and love,—to die with Zamor,
Is happiness and triumph.—Bless my fate;
No blow but this cou'd break my endless chain.
Think, then, this period of suppos'd *distress*,
This moment, that *unites* our hands in *death*,
Is the *first* shielder of my love from *woe*.
Now, smiling fate *restores* me to *myself*:
And I can give a heart, once more, *my own*.
But there's a cause for *tears*,—ALVAREZ claims 'em:
We, while *he* speaks *our* doom, shall *feel*, but *his*.

Zam. See! how the slow-pac'd mourner *weeps* his errand.

Enter Alvarez.

Alz. Which, of us three, does fortune, *most*, distress?
What an *assemblage* ours, of mingled woes!

Zam. Since Heav'n *will have* it so, that, from *thy* tongue,
I should receive *death's* *summons*, let it *come*:

'Twill

'Twill have *one* pow'r to *please*; ---for I shall HEAR thee.
Do not, then, *pity*; but condemn me boldly;
And, if thy heart, tho' Spanish, bends beneath it,
Think, thou but doom'st an unsubmitting *savage*;
Who *kill'd* thy son — because *unlike* his father.

But, what has poor Alzira done? perhaps,
She dies, because, in her, a *people* lives!
In her, *alone*, glows that *collected* soul,
That, in past ages, brighten'd *all* Peru!
But excellence is guilt, where enviers judge?

Alz. Wond'rous old *Virtue*! obstinately *kind*!
Thou, *singly just*, amidst a race of *thieves*!
'Twere to be base as *they* are, cou'd I stoop
To *deprecate* a vengeance *duly* *thine*.

For thy son's blood, be mine thy *willing* sacrifice.
All I require, is — *but* defence from *slander*;
From poor *suspicion* of a guilt I *scorn*.
Carlos, tho' *bated*, was a hated *husband*:
He was Alvarez' son, too; and, as *such*,
Call'd for that *rev'rence*, which *himself* deserv'd not.
As for thy *nation*, let 'em *praise* or *blame* me,
Thy witness *only* can be worth my claim.
Mourn not my *death*, 'tis *joy*, to die, with Zamor:
And all the *pain* I suffer, — is, for *THEE*.

Alv. Words *will* have way: or *rief*, suppress'd in vain,
Wou'd *burst* its passage, with th' *out rushing* soul.
What sorrows ever match'd this mingled scene
Of *tendernefs* and *horror*! — my son's *murderer*
Is Zamor! — He, who guarded *me*, from *murder*,
Is, also, Zamor! hold *that* image, *fast*.
Afflicted *nature*! — *LIFE*, *unwish'd*, by *me*,
Is *due*, to Zamor: young, belov'd, untry'd
In hope's false failings, joys may make *him* happy.
My *taste* of *time* is *GONE*: and life, to *me*,
Is but an ev'ning's walk, in *rain* and *darknefs*.
Father I *am* (at least, I *was*, a father:)
But every father, first, was form'd, a *MAN*.
And, spite of nature's call, that cries for *vengeance*,

The

The voice of *gratitude* must *still* be heard.
 Oh ! *thou*, so late my *daughter* ! thou ! whom, yet,
 'Spite of these *tears*, I call by that lov'd name !
 Mistake not my *pursuit*.—I cannot with
 Those horrible *reliefs*, that rise, from *blood*.
 It shocks me, thro' a soul, that *feels*, for *three* ;
 Hard stroke of justice ! thus, to lose, at once,
 My *daughter*, my *deliverer*, and my *son*.

The *Council*, with misguided view to *sooth* me,
 Ill chose *my* tongue, to tell their dreadful will.
 True, I receiv'd the charge : for, I had *weigh'd* it,
 And found it *not impossible*, to *save* you :
 Zamor might make it *easy*.

Zam. Can I ? tell me :

Can Zamor save Alzira ? ——— Quickly *tell* me :
How ? ——— By *what* length of torments ? and, 'tis *done*.

Alv. Cast off thy *idol gods* : and *be* a *Christian*.

Zam. That were deserving death, through fear of dying.

Alv. That single change reverses all our fates.

Kind to the *courted* souls of pagan *converts*,
 We have a *law*, remits their body's *doom*.
 This latent law, by Heaven's peculiar *mercy*,
 Points out a *road*, and gives a *right* to PARDON.
Religion can disarm a *Christian's* *anger*.
 Thy blood becomes a *brother's*, so converted,
 And with a *living* son, repays a *dead*.
 Prevented vengeance, *seiz'd* in her descent,
 So rests, suspended, and declines to *fall*.
 From *thy* new faith, Alzira draws new life ;
 And *both* are happy *here*, and blest'd *hereafter*.

Why art thou *silent* ? Is the task so *hard*,
 That adds *eternal* life, to life, below ?
Speak ——— from *thy choice*, determine *my relief*.
 Fain wou'd I owe thee yet a *second* being.
 Thou *robb'd* me of my life : restore one, to me,
 A childless father wishes *THEE* to *live*.

Alzira is a *Christian* : be *thou* so.

'Tis all the *recompence*, my wrongs will *urge*.

Zam. [*To Alz.*] *Shall we, thou fairest, noblest, boast of
Shall we, so far, indulge our fear to die?* [beauty!
Shall the soul's baseness bid the body live?
Shall Zamor's Gods bow to the Gods of Carlos?
Why wou'd Alvarez bend me, down, to shame?
Why wou'd he, thus, become the spirit's tyrant?
Into how strange a snare am I impell'd!
Either Alzira dies, or lives, to scorn me!
Tell me,—when Fortune gave thee to my power,
Had I, at such a purchase, held thy life,
Tell me, with honest truth,—wou'dst thou have bought it?

Alv. I shou'd have pray'd the Power, I now implore,
To widen, for his truth, a heart like thine :
Dark as it is, yet, worthy to be Christian. [ibc.

Zam. [*To Alz.*] *Death has no pain, but what I feel for
Life has no pow'r to charm, but what thou giv'st it.
Thou, then, that art my soul, vouchsafe to guide it.
But, think! - remember, ere thou bid'st me chuse!
'Tis on a matter, of more weight than life;
'Tis on a subject, that concerns my Gods:
And, all those Gods, in one—my dear ALZIRA!
I trust it to thy honour, — speak — and fix me.
If thou conceiv'st it shame, thou wilt disdain it.*

Alz. Then, bear me, Zamor.—My unhappy father
Dispos'd my willing heart, 'twixt Heaven and thee:
The God he chose, was mine : - thou may'st, perhaps,
Accuse it, as the weakness of my youth:
But, 'twas not so. My soul, enlarg'd, and clear,
Took in the solemn light of Christian truth.
I saw, — at least, I thought I saw, conviction.
And, when my lips abjur'd my country's Gods,
My secret heart confirm'd the change, within.

But, had I wanted that directive zeal,
Had I renounc'd my Gods, yet still believ'd 'em;
That—had not been an error, but a baseness.
That had been mocking Heaven's whole host, at once;
The Powers I quitted, and the Power I chose.

A change

A change like *that*, had err'd beyond the tongue;
 And taught the silent, servile *soul*, to *lie*.
 I could have wish'd, that faith had lent thee *light*,
 But since it did not, — let thy *virtue* guide thee.

Zam. I *knew* thy gen'rous choice before I *heard* it.
 Who, that can *die with thee*, wou'd shun such death,
 And *live*, to his own infamy? — *Not Zamor.*

Alv. Stubborn destroyers of *yourselves* and *me*!
 Whom honour renders *blind*, and virtue *cruel*!

[*A dead march.*

Hark! — the time presses. — These are sounds of *sorrow*.

*Enter Don Alonzo, followed by a mix'd crowd of Spaniards,
 and Americans, mournfully. Ezmont.*

Alon. We bring, obedient to his *last* command,
 Our dying captain, your unhappy son,
 Who *lives* no longer, than to *reach* your bosom.
 A furious crowd of his lamenting friends
 Press, to attend him, and *revenge* his blood.

*Enter Don Carlos: brought in by Spanish soldiers, and
 surrounded by a number of followers, some of whom ad-
 vance, to seize Alzira.*

Zam. [*Interposing.*] Wretches! keep distance. — Let
 Alzira live:

Mine was the single *guilt*, — be mine the *vengeance*.

Alz. Be *feasted*, ye officious *bounds* of *blood*:

Guiltless or guilty, 'tis my *choice*, to *die*.

Alv. My son! my dying son! — this *silent paleness*,
 This look, *speaks for* thee, and forbids all *hope*.

Zam. [*To D. Car.*] Even to the *last* then, thou main-
 tain'st thy *bate*?

Come — see me *suffer*: mark my *eye*: and *scorn* me,
 If my expiring soul confesses *fear*.

Look---and be taught, at least, to *die*.--by Zamor. •

Car.

Car. [*To Zam.*] I have no *time* to copy out thy virtues:
But, there are some of *mine*, I come to *teach* thee.

I *shou'd*, in *life*, have given thy pride *example* :

'Take it (too late) in *death* : and mark it, *well*.

[*To Alz.*] Sir, my departing spirit *slaid* its journey,

First, till my eyes might leave their beams in *yours* ;

And their dim lights *expire* amidst your *blissing*.

Next, what *you* taught me, 'tis my task to *show*,

And die, the *son* of your paternal *virtue*.

—— Eager in *life's* warm race, I never *stopp'd*,

'To look *behind* me, and *review* my way.

But, at the *gale*, before I judg'd it *near*,

I start, —— and recollect forgotten *slidings*.

On the *grave's* serious *verge*, I turn, —— and *see*

Humanity effac'd, to cherish *pride* :

Heaven has *reveng'd* the earth —— and *Heav'n* is *just* !

Cou'd my own blood but *expiate* all I *shed*,

Alk, my raw sword has drawn, from *suff'ring* *innocence*,

I shou'd lie down in dust, —— and rest in *peace*.

Cheated by prosp'rous fortune, *death* deals *plainly* ;

But —— I have *learnt* to *live*, when *life* *forsakes* me.

Safe and *forgiven*, be the hand I fall by.

Power is, yet, *mine* : and it *absolves* my *murder*.

Live, my proud enemy ; and live, in *freedom*.

Live, —— and *observe*, tho' *Christian* oft *att ill*,

'They must *forgive* all actions, in another.

—— *Lizmont*, my friend ! and *you*, ye friendless *Indians* !

Subjects, not *slaves* ! be rul'd, henceforth, by *law*.

Be grateful to my *pity*, tho' 'twas *late* ;

And teach your country's *Kings*, to *scar* no longer.

—— *Rival*, learn, hence, the *diff'rence*, 'twixt our *Gods* :

'*Thine* have inspir'd thee to *pursue* *revenge* :

But, *mine*, when *that* *revenge* had reach'd my *life*,

Commands me to *esteem*, and give thee *pardon*.

Alz. Virtues like *these*, my son, secure thy *peace* !

But double the *distress* of us, who lose thee.

Alz. Of all the *painful* *wonders* thou hast caus'd me,

'Tis his

This *change*, this *language*, will afflict me, most!

Zam. Die, soon, OF LIVE FOR EVER. — If thou, *thus*,
Go'st on, to charm my *anger* into *envy*,
I shall repent, I was not born, a *Christian*,
And *bate* the *justice*, that compell'd my blow!

Car. I will go *farther*, yet; — I will not *leave* thee,
Till I have soften'd *vengeance* into *friendship*.

— Mournful Alzira has been *too unhappy*:

Lov'd, to *distress*, and married to *misfortune*!

I wou'd do something, to *atone* her wrongs:

And, with a *softer sense*, imprint her *pity*.

Take her — and owe her, to the hand she *bates*.

Live, — and remember me, without a *curse*.

Resume lost empire, o'er your conquer'd states:

Be friends to Spain; — nor enemies to Carlos.

[*To Alv.*] — Vouchsafe my claim, Sir, to *this son*, this *daughter*:

And *be*, both *father*, and *protector* here.

May Heaven, and you, be *kind*! and they be — *Christians*!

Zam. I stand *immoveable* — confus'd! — astonish'd!

If these are *Christian* virtues, I am *Christian*.

The *faith*, that can *inspire* this gen'rous *change*,

Must be *divine* — and glows *with all its God*!

— Friendship, and constancy, and right, and pity,

All *these* were lessons, I had learnt *before*.

But, this *unnat'ral* grandeur of the soul

Is *more* than mortal: and out-reaches *virtue*.

It draws — it charms — it *binds* me, to be *Christian*.

It bids me *blush*, at my remember'd *rashness*:

Curse my revenge — and pay thee *all my love*.

[*Throws himself at his feet.*]

Alz. A widow'd wife, blushing to be *thus late*,

In her *acknowledgment* of tender *pity*;

Low, at your injur'd feet, with prostrate heart,

[*Kneels with Zamor.*]

Weeps your untimely death: and thanks your goodness.

— Torn, by contending passions, I *want power*,

To *speak* a thousand truths, I *see* you *merit*:

But,

But, honour, and confefs, — your greatness, *wrong'd*.

Car. Weep not, Alzira — I forgive, *again*.

—— For the *last* time, my *father* ! lend your bosom.

Live, to be *blest* ! — and make Alzira *free*.

Remember, Zamor, — that a *Christian* — Oh ! [*Die.*

Alv. [*To Ezm.*] I see the *band of Heaven* in our misfor-
But, *justice* strikes : and *sufferers* must submit. [*tune.*

Woes are *good counsellors* : and, kindly, *show*,

What *prosperous* pride disdains to let us *know*.

While in triumphant swell, on *joy's* light stream,

Down dance our wanton hopes, thro' life's *gay dream*,

No *care* alarms, no cool *reflection* shakes :

But all one pleasure, all one madness, makes.

Not so, when *sorrow's* bitter taste is known !

Then, graft we sighs, for others, on our *own*.

Then, the mind widening, takes in sense, of *all* :

And *Pardon's* voice we hear ; and *Pity's* call.

S A U L.



S A U L:

A

TRAGEDY.



ACT I. SCENE I.

Saul. **B**E dumb, vain boy!—nor force a soldier's blush:
A *King's* I name not:—for, thy recreant blood
Stagnates, too cold, to *feel* a Monarch's fires. —
Born, with a supple, an un-mounting, soul,
Daring, yet *dull*! and, without *motives*, brave!—
Un-jealously, *supporting*, even the hand,
That *bars* thee from a throne! —by birth, indeed,
Thy claim: but, *punily*, *refigu'd*, to *soudness*,
For one, whose *guilt*, thy blindness wou'd *protect*,
To hunt thy father's life, and shame thy own!

Jonath. Far from my heart, with humblest duty fill'd;
Be every thought that gives a *father* pain.
Oh!—by those virtues, which (uncrown'd) had *reign'd*,
And owe no *honours* to a *rescued throne*!
Distrust not him, whose inmost soul I've *search'd*,
And find it stamp'd for virtue! — Jonathan
Scarce, more, avow'd your *son*, than ———

Saul. For thy *life*,
Breathe not the traitor's *name*.

Jonath. I must *not*, now.—
Yet,—but your frown *prevented*—I might, *else*,
Perhaps, *unwarily*, have judg'd him *wrong'd*:
Perhaps, have *added*,—'had the King not *frown'd*)
That, tho' far *fall'n*, himself, his *faith* stands *firm*:

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N

His

That, proudly blattful, from the traitor's brow,
 Eye'd his supplanted lord, and glow'd with joy !
Jonath. Shall then officious *prophets'* erring zeal
 Condemn the *guileless* ?—*He* not knew, not wish'd, it :
 His humbler thoughts *repell'd* th' unpleasing hope.

Saul. Perish those priests ! whose *guilt-anoiating* hands
 Light up *ambition* : and, beneath the *name*
 Of un-concurring *Heav'n*, lodge *grace* in LIES,
 To *sanctify* rebellion !—*So*, was *my* youth
 Seduc'd from quiet happiness !—*so*, drawn,
 To quit the joys of *independent peace* ;
 And sacrifice *retreat*, to pompous *misery* !
 But, when, detective of their *coward frauds*,
 When, self-affur'd, I *fear'd not* to *forgive* ;
 When, firm, to *spare* the conquer'd, and distress'd,
 I dar'd assert the God, against the PRIEST ;
 Dar'd *disbelieve*, that mercy cou'd *offend*,
 Or cruelty *delight* him ——— trembling *bypocrites*
 Transferr'd *dominion*, to an humbler *upstart* ;
 And wrong'd the *power* of *Heav'n* to keep their *own*.

Enter High-Priest melancholy.

H. Priest. Thus, to ENQUIRING SAUL, th' ALMIGHTY
 speaks.

Saul. Smile, reverend dotard !—---smile---That GLOOM
 betrays thee.

Ere thou begin'st thy list, of lying *woes*,
 Know I *fore-judge* 'em.---'Tis not a *Priest's virtue*,
 To aid a power, that *not on Priests* depends.
 Were the GOD *really yours*, whose name you play with,
 He wou'd be yours, *but*, while he serv'd your ends ;
 If he *forgave* your *foes*, he *lost* your *prayers*.

H. Priest. Hear, *not my voice* : but, hear, the voice
 of *Heaven*.

Thus says the Great, th' offended, LORD of ALL ;
 “ Why seek'st thou *help* from ME, when my *Commands*
 “ Presumptuous, thou hast broken.—*From thy house*

“ The forfeit kingdom, *rent*, from faithless Saul,

“ Is to *another*, given :——

Saul. Lessener of Heaven !

When I, at Shiloh, sought thy fruitless prayer,
I ask'd not my *own* fate—my wish but glow'd
With warlike warmth, to meet th' invader's powers.
I hop'd, the *fears*, you felt, had *turn'd* your *oracle*,
To WARRANT, *now*, repenting subjects duty,
Whom, when you found *no call* for their assistance,
You taught *rebellion* ; and disarm'd the State.

II. Priest. U—rim, and Thu—mim, every various rite
Of our mylsterious *law*, we tried, in vain:
No answering God *envoic'd* the sacred *vail*,
No *sign* propitious, snatch'd th' accepted fire,
'Twas all *blanc silence*—all, portentous *gloom*—
The half burnt *offering* smoak'd, in *beamless flame*,
Drops of cold sweat bedew'd my list'd hands,
The rising *pavement* heav'd against my foot ;
A sighing *wind*, groan'd, bodiful, from *within*,
'The curtains *trembled*, and the lamps *expir'd*.

Jonath. Oh, *horrid*!—deprecate, thou reverend *Seer*!
Th' impending frowns of Heaven——a Monarch, *sav'd*,
Shall kneel, to thank thy prayer, and *bail* thee, blest.

Saul. When suppliant *Princes* KNEEL, to pamper'd *Priests*,
'The *mitre* hides the *crown* ——degenerate boy !
Kings, who, *themselves*, want *props*, support no *State*.—
Abner, yet, mine —— and Gilead's captains firm,
With their unshaken thousands, aid my cause——
Priest, let thy trumpets sound *sedition's* call,
Mine shall rise, shriller, and be heard to Heaven ;
For, 'tis thy cause, O Heaven ! for which I fight.—
Away---go, kneel---pray hard for my destruction,
Then, Heaven, to *cross* your *hopes*, may bless my arms.

II. Priest. No—when, from battle, Saul returns, with
Say, by *my* voice, th' *Internal* never spoke—— [life.
Then, be the death, *thy* doom, reserv'd for ME !

Saul. Oh ! greatly hinted ! all thy curses fall,
Redoubled, on my head, if thou not diest,

A punish'd

A punish'd traitor, in the army's view,
That day, when I return with conquest home.

Enter Abner.

Abner, thou com'st, at wish—See the *Highb Priest*
Committed to the care of watchful *guards*;
My *victory*, or *death*, decides his fate.

[*Abner nods to two soldiers, who seize the Highb Priest.*

H. Priest. Ah! Prince—What man can do, thy courage will.

But man, against his *Maker*, strives in *vain*.——

[*Exit guarded.*

Abner. Let the King live for ever,——let his foes
Fall, and be crush'd, beneath his virtues' power,
Till he looks round, upon a smiling world,
And every eye, that meets him, *owns* him *Lord*.
Ranging, this morning, o'er the neighbouring hills,
In a high cave, on Endor's craggy side,
Deep, in the clefted rock, retir'd from day,
Sleeping, I took this *sorceress*; taught her power,
By oft-hurt shepherds, who, in vales, beneath,
Tending their fleecy care, had felt her *spleen*.

Saul. Hag! when thou heard'st of thy dark *sister's* fate,
How didst thou dare to bid thy flattering hope
Cherish a thought of *life*, plung'd in an *art*,
Baleful, polluted, horrible, and black,
With mystic bloodshed, and with midnight spells?

Witch. Oh, spare my worthless life, a nameless wretch
Dependent on a *mistress*, who compels
Th' *infernal powers*, *themselves*, to serve her will,
And chains up *life* and *death*, to wait her call.

Saul. Where does the death-devoted mischief *dwell*?

Witch. Safe, and far hid, within that dreadful cave,
Lie cells, which shadowy *forms*, at midnight, *skim*,
Fill'd, with *thin* yellings, and faint screams of *ghosts*,
Constrain'd to measure earth's remotest bounds,
And rob the *graves* of *Kings*, to feed her *fires*.

Saul. What can her power perform?

Witch. What can it *not*?—

If, from the front of heaven she *lur'd* the *stars*,
The trembling fires, obedient to her charms,
Wou'd, swift descending, leave their *darken'd* sphere,
And stream new daylight on the wondering world.
Or, if the silent realms of starting *Death*
Hear her *known* call, strait, from the bursting *tombs*,
Unbodied *dust* resumes the summon'd *shape*,
And *leaps* to *life*, connected, for *her* aim.

Saul. Abner, my soul takes fire! *THIS*, if she *CAN*,
Blessing my *hope*, she claims my *mercy*, too. —
[*To the Witch.*] Tell me, again—can she compel the *dead*?

Jonath. Alas! what dreadful purpose shakes the King?

Saul. Be *bush'd*—nor intercept th' important sound.

Witch. Bow'd, o'er a bursting *tomb*, I've seen her stand,
And *breathe new life*, through the unjointed dust,
Till every atom *beav'd*, with ent'ring *soul*.

Saul. As thou wou'd'st *live*, CONDUCT me to her *cell*,
And open all its *windings*, to my tread.

Abner. Oh! *think!* dread Sovereign! *think!*—what rash-
ness this!

To trust th' infernal reach of her *revenge*!
Think, by whose late *command*, her partners *fell*,
Think, what a direful *diff'rence* will be found,
'Twixt *mortal* courage, and th' elusive force
Of *SPIRITS*, bodiless, yet cloath'd with *form*!

Saul. Did the bow'd *cedars*, when broad Lebanon
Bends, like the *waving corn*, nor *feel* the *WIND*.
Now, by that *aweful Pow'r*, which priests *profane*,
Which *is*, and *must* be, yet *what* none can know,
Which fills all *space*, and glows, in every *star*,
Uncircumscrib'd by narrow *human* bounds!
Too great for *vengeance*—and too great for *change*!
By the mysterious *darkness* of that name,
Whose felt idea *fills* (not *frights*) the soul,
I will not be withheld. --- Samuel shall *RISE*:
That proud condemner of his master's *mercy*!

That

That *Priest* of *Priests*!—that *talker* of his *God*!—
 SAMUEL shall *RISE*; and, from th' all-humbling *grave*,
 Forgetful of his *now forsaken CRAFT*,
 Tell me the will of *Heaven*, against his *own*.

Jonath. May *Heaven* avert th' attempt!

Abner. It is a *thought*,

From which *Imagination*, shuddering back,
 Rolls inward, and repels th' advancing blood.

Saul. Teach thy replenish'd veins to *boil*, like *mine*;
 Call burning *Indignation* to thy aid,
 And having felt the *PRIEST*, *defy* the *FRIEND*.

—Lead on—

Witch. Swear first, *this done*, to save my *life*.

Saul. Else, may that trembling earth his ghost shall *cleave*,
 Swallow me *quick*, while his pale spirit's *grasp*
 Chills me to death, amidst his *airy arms*.

[*Going out, meets Jessida:*

Jessid. [*Kneeling.*] Mercy, great King!

Saul. Away—Thy brother's *guilt*

Blots out thy *virtues*—Hold me not—'Tis *Fate*
 Now calls me, and I *bear no IDLE prayer*.

[*To Jonath.*] *Stay*—thy calm blood would *freeze*, to fol-
 low me;

On thy allegiance, I *command* thee, *stay*:
 Nor, for thy life, presume to quit the camp——
 Love, and the warm embrace of smiling beauty,
 Befit *thee* better than these dauntless visits
 To death's dim shadows, thro' the midnight glare
 Of unembodied *formings*.——*Abner, along.*

[*Exeunt Saul, Abner, Witch, and guards.*

Jessid. Whither so fiercely tends thy angry father?

Jonath. Soul of my life's best wishes—lovely *Jessida*!
 Sweet *sister* of my *friend*! thou *all*, that *nature*
 Best pleas'd, could form, and all that *art* could polish!
 He goes, forsaken by the *Priests*, and *Heaven*,
 To learn his fate from *hags* and *magic spells*.

Jessid. What fate?—what hags?—what magic can he find?
 Methought, th' unhappy Monarch *look'd* distraction.

Jonath. He seeks, on *Endor's* side, a *witch's cave*.

Where, late——

Jessid. Ah! speak again—— didst thou say *Endor*?

Jonath. *Endor*,—— my gentle love.

Jessid. Then I am *lost*——

Read *that*—— and learn my errand, and my fate.

Jonath. [*Reads.*] ‘*Hide, among Endor’s caves, this messenger*

‘*Will find me, with thy answer.—— Press the King*

‘*To join my followers to his army’s aid;*

‘*Divided from the foe, we wait his call.*

—— Oh, David!—— what a danger to thy *life*;

Or period to thy *virtue*!

Jessid. Tell me, Prince,

Have I been *lov’d*? or have thy arts *deceiv’d* me?

Jonath. Why dost thou *ask* a truth, thou know’st *soo well*?

Jessid. Oft thou hast *told* me, that thy willing heart

Sigh’d for some *lost command*, to prove my power.

Jonath. Oh! snatch me, *Death*! for ever, from these *eyes*,

When I dispute thy will.—— Resistless *innocence*

Smile, at thy harmless heart; and each soft *wish*

Is *whiten’d*, in its *rising*.

Jessid. Let thy feet,

Swifter than eagles, (thou art fam’d for *speed*,

And *first* in every race of *love* and *virtue*)

Let thy befriending feet make haste, and save him.

Jonath. Alas! thou hear’st the twice renew’d *command*,

The *Father*, and the *King*——have fix’d me *here*.

Jessid. Go——there is nothing in this world but *wrong*.

Oh, *Jessida*! *deceiv’d*, unhappy, *Jessida*!

Since *he* is false, there ne’er was truth in *man*.

Cruel! what hours hast thou not wish’d away,

To urge this *trial* of a faith thou hadst not?

Oh, that I could divest me of my *sex*,

And, borrowing a delusive form like *thine*,

Fly to the wilds of *Idumæa*’s hills,

And hide me among *rocks*, more soft than *man*.

Jonath. Peace to thy gentle breast! *Terror*’s false forms

Disturb that downy seat of love and joy:

Teach my tormented thoughts to start some *hope*,

Timely

Timely to save *thy* brother, and *my* friend ;
Yet *shun* to disobey my jealous father.

Jessid. Father, and friend, and brother! All are, now,
Shadows of *empty sound*——and vain *deceivers*.
Ah! why was our *obscure, unbusied, life*,
Thus painfully *exchang'd* for proud *distinction*?
Till the false glories of a *court* unblest'd us,
Hours after hours, years after years simil'd on,
And every hour, and every year was *bappy*!
Quiet, and truth, and peace, and plenty, found us,
Converse, and music, mirth, and thought, and freedom,
Lighten'd our leisure, and made *time* seem *shorter*.
Life was, then, lovely, without eminence;
Now, in its eminence, 'tis all unlovely.

Jonath. Why dost thou waste thy cares, in fruitless grief,
When thou shou'dst lend thy thoughts, to aid my meaning?

Jessid. Cold and ungrateful! Now thy summon'd soul
Should rush, to act the duties of a *friend*,
Thou, with a wily *statesman's* feeble craft,
Find'st out new *salvo's* for reluctant will;
And, while my *David* dies, torm't *schemes*, to *save* him.
Lend me a guard, disguise me into *man*,
If woman's *trush* consilts with that resemblance,
I will, myself, go *warn* him——one short hour
Suffices, and I *save* him.

Jonath. Not, for the *world*!
Alas! thou know'st not, that, beneath yon mountain
Elon, the fierce Philistine, spreads his camp;
There, intercepting thy too slow advance,
He blasts my hopes in life, and thy dear purpose.

The End of the First Act.

Plan,

Plan, for the First Act of D A R A X E S.

A N

O P E R A : of two Acts only.

ARPASIA, a beautiful shepherdess, is discover'd, *reading*, in the entrance of an arbour at the foot of a mountain, the scene, all round her, representing vallies, and openings, between ridges of rocks ; with prospects of sheep, at pasture ; and shepherds, reclin'd, at a distance.

During a *song*, that expresses sentiments, preferring the *serene* life, to the *busy* — she is approached, from one of the remotest openings, behind the hills, by Zamora, another noble shepherdess.

They meet, and salute, with tenderness, innocence, and mutual declaration of their happiness : and, it appears, from their dialogue, that Zamora, (tho' not insensible of the charms of her *retir'd* life) has *wishes* for an *enlargement*, into the greater world ; while Arpasia, on the contrary, enjoys the *whole* of her desire, in possession of her *present happiness*.

Hydarnes, father of Zamora, in the venerable habit of one of the Persian *Magi*, enters to them, thro' the arbour ; and, having overheard the dispute, declares in favour of Arpasia ; and warns Zamora of the dangers of the *busier* world ; representing, in *contraste*, the calmness and delights of their *retreat*, in a lovely and fruitful tract, on the river Indus, unknown to, and cut off from, the rest of Persia, by inaccessible ranges of *mountains*, where he governs, independently, a peaceful, and happy, number
of

of *foibles*, whom, from *ignorance* and *rudeness*, he had soften'd into *knowledge* and *politeness*.

In the midst of this conference, they are interrupted by the sound of a trumpet; at which they express amazement: the peace, and silence of their happy region having never been invaded by so *warlike* an alarm. — On a sudden, down from the hills, and from the windings behind them, rush in a number of shepherds; under impressions of terror, to behold, descending from the top of a rock, on one side the stage, Daraxes, an Indian General, *plum'd*, in a warlike, and heroic habit.

The shepherds interpose between the stranger and Hydarnes; but, Daraxes, surprized at appearance of the *Ladus*, first addresses himself to *them* with a modest gallantry; and, then, approaching Hydarnes, with a resigned and humble gesture, implors his *pity*, and the *protection*, due, to *unfortunate virtue*.

Hydarnes, mentioning the *trumpet*, is answered, by Daraxes, that he brought it not with him, but is flying from its menaces — that he is Lord of a province on the other side of the Indus; and, having received great wrongs, from Persia, had gather'd a number of his friends, and invaded the kingdom, for revenge of his *injuries*—that he had been victorious in *two* pitch'd battles; but, unfortunately overpowered, by superior numbers, in a *third*, was seeking shelter, among those *desert mountains*; and now closely pursued, after loss of all his followers, by Hytaspes, the Persian Monarch, at the head of his *light-arm'd*; therefore, begs the furtherance of Hydarnes, for his *escape*, if it is possible; — if not, at least for his *concealment*, against a day of *happier* fortune.

Hydarnes bids him be of comfort — since he was, *himself*, of Indian blood, and cou'd protect him, in the inmost parts of his region, by advantage of a neighbouring *pass*, which he points to, against the utmost force of Persia. — He then sends out a party of shepherds up the hills on the left, to observe, and bring him word, how near, and how numerous the pursuers; — and, leaving
a se-

a second party, to attend Daraxes, and the *Ladies*, promises to return, after having given orders for *arming* his people, and the necessary defence of the *pass*. He then goes out, up the hills, on the right, attended by a third division of shepherds.

Daraxes, with the *Ladies*, mistaking them for sisters, Zamora tells him they are *friends*, if possible, nearer than sister: and expressing *apprehension*, presses Arpasia, to retire; who, appearing now more *spirited*, and affirming that she fears no danger, Zamora smiles, to perceive how willingly she wou'd forgive her being left *alone*, with the agreeable stranger; and goes out, up the hill, after her father.

Then comes on an amorous, and gallant scene, between Daraxes and Arpasia: which closes the first Act of the Opera.



PLAN, for the Second ACT.

TO the sound of *trumpets*, and *drums*, Hytaspes, and his soldiers, appear, among the hills, descending into the valley, on the left side:—And, on the opposite side, to sound of *flutes*, and soft instruments, interchangeably heard from each quarter, descends Hydarnes, surrounded by a venerable number of *Magi*, with the *holy fire*; followed by Daraxes, between Arpasia and Zamora; and, supported by armed *shepherds*, with bows and quivers; great numbers of *spears* appearing, *above*, as it were, among, and behind, the hills.——The Persian *soldiers* range themselves, as fast as they descend, on one side the stage; and the *armed shepherds* do the like, on the other.

After a solemn pause, and slow advance, to give time for the *contraste* in the *music*, Hytaspes commands his followers to *reverence* the *holy fire*, and commit no outrage against, or in presence of the *Magi*.——He then approaches

proaches Hydarnes, and demands sternly *who* and *whence* he is; and of *what branch* of the *Magi*.
—Hydarnes answers, that he was, not originally, but, *adoptedly*, of the *Magi*,---once, a *slave*, to the uncle of that Lady, pointing to Arpasia; who was a branch of their *Royal*, and most illustrious, *stem*.---But, that, as to himself, having by his skill, in *music*, *arms*, and *arts*, polish'd, and improv'd, the manners of the rural inhabitants of that savage tract, he had grown so far into the esteem of their true and original *Lord*, that he had bequeathed to him his *power*, and adopted him his *successor*.
---That he has, since then, so far improv'd the happiness of his *impenetrable* region, that it has, now, neither the *want*, the *fear*, nor *desire*, of the wealth, or the strength of Persia.

The King then reproaches Hydarnes with the abuse of his *religious indemnity*, by protection of an *enemy in arms*; an invader of Persia: and, upon rejection of his demand that Daraxes should be *given up*, grows furious, with resentment, and is advancing to *attack* the shepherds; who, on *their* side, *advance also*; but, the Ladies coming forward, and asserting the *rights* of their *sanctuary*, the King seems struck with the beauty of Zamora, and agrees, at her desire, to refer the justice of his claim to the decision of *herself*, and Hydarnes.---And, upon *her* proposition, Daraxes, too, on *his* part, consents to submit himself, without complaint, to *her* judgment.

Hydarnes desires the King to explain the *foundation* of his anger; gently reproaching too eager a thirst of *revenge*.---The King informs him, that this Daraxes, the Indian, had, unprovok'd, invaded his dominion, destroy'd his towns, and his people, and being, now, after two successful battles, deliver'd into his hands, by favour of the *Gods*, upon loss of a *third*, it would be impious in the *Magi* to withstand the pleasure of *Heaven*. He therefore insists, that they give up Daraxes as a public enemy to Persia---a *fugitive*, forsaken by *Gods*, and *men*, and *deserving* the punishments, which were prepared for his violence.

Daraxes,

Daraxes, coming to plead, in his turn, *denies* that he had, *unprovok'd*, invaded Persia.---Asserting, on the contrary, that Darius, the father of Hytaspes, had fallen into India, with fire and sword; at which time he, Daraxes, had narrowly escap'd death, in his tenderest infancy, after having seen his *mother*, and *brothers*, barbarously *destroy'd*, in the flames of their city; and his father, and a little *sister*, forc'd away into *captivity*;---that his hopes of a glorious *revenge* was his *warmest* motive, and the *justest* for *supporting* a life, which had, so early, been imbitter'd with *misery*;---that he had, to that end, made *arms* his study, and that, however the Gods (for some causes unknown) had *now* seem'd to frown on his purpose, they would restore him sure means, hereafter---for, they forsake not virtue, *for ever*.

Hydarnes, in the close of what Daraxes had utter'd, keeping his eye fix'd on his face, interrupts him, with marks of *confusion*, enquiring, first, his *own* name, then *that* of his city---next, with increasing passion and amazement, his *mother's* name---lastly, that of his lost *father*, and his *sister*; and, receiving answers to his expectation, throws himself, with extasy, upon the neck of Daraxes; telling him, that HE is, *himself*, that lost *father*---and, giving Zamora into his arms, bids him *embrace his captive sister*.

After the *surprize*, natural to the occasion, Hytaspes, in reverence of a *virtue* so great, and so visibly protected by the *Gods*; and, also, in atonement, for the *wrongs* which had been done, by his father, proposes to make Zamora his *Queen*; which being consented to, by Hydarnes, Daraxes then begs, that he may be bless'd with Arpasia, and quit an untteady world, for that happiest of lives, which had, so long, been enjoy'd by his father.---The *Opera*, here *closes*, with a dance of the Shepherds, six and six, for entertainment of the King, and in honour of the intended *nuptials*.



D A R A X E S,

A

PASTORAL OPERA.



A C T I. S C E N E I.

An arbour, at the foot of a mountain : the scene representing vallies, and openings between ridges of rocks.—Sheep, at pasture, in prospect ; and shepherds, reclin'd at a distance—Arpasia, reading, at the entrance of the arbour.

Soft, distant, music, for some time, as of the shepherds pipes, from the mountains.

Arp. **W**HILE, around, in soft caresses,
Nature blesses ;

While she the plains, with peace, and plenty, dresses ;

Art informs a reader's mind,

To taste, with pleasure,

All this treasure ;

Feeling ev'ry joy, design'd.——

But, you, my harmless sheep, in pasture, bleating !

Tho' far more *innocent*, than we ;

Wanting *reason*, want *compleating* ;

Nor your own enjoyments *see*.——

And, yet—perhaps, where *thought*'s a stranger,

Pleasure enjoys a sweeter taste !

Man,

Man,—*who by knowledge, knows his danger :*
Peering the future, while he weighs the past ;
Lest all his present blessings ebb, too fast :
And glide unheeded, lest they should not last.

Enter, to her, Zamora, like an Amazon ; with a bow and quiver, from a remote opening, behind the rocks.

Zam. *Argalia ! dear lov'd sister of my soul !*
While thou sitt'st, read'g,
My steps, which ne'er could brook my thought's controul,
Gay, and unheeding,
Have trod the morning dews, in distant vales :
Over hills, high-pacing,
The wild deer chasing,
Light and unbounded, as the mountain gales. ———
Why art thou pensiv' ? ———
Warm, and extensive,
My bounding soul, from every pore exhales. ———
If there's a world, beyond this rocky bound,
Why are we, here, confin'd, to dwell unknown ?
Jealous, conceal'd, can bear no price, till found,
And, what are conscious CHARMS, if never known ?

Exit.

Arg. *Thou, beautiful woman, be wary.*
Zam. *And thou, my dear wise one, take heed.*
Arg. *Who wish for too much will miscarry.*
Zam. *But— I wish for no more than I need.*
Arg. *At home, we live happy, and quiet.*
Zam. *Ah, no, we are courted, and gay.*
Arg. *There's surfeit, in richness of diet.*
Zam. *Ay—but fasting will wear us away.*

Enter Hyldarnee, from the arbour.

Zam. *Peace, peace, Argalia !—see !—my father's here :—*
Freedom's too hard, that tugs when wisdom's near.

Hyd.

Hyd. Zamora, I have heard ;—and smil'd :——
 Believe Arpasia—she, tho' young, is wise——
Thou art, by *passion's* heedless *warmth*, beguil'd ;——
 Light, and unskill'd the *bliss* of life to prize,
 Thy tottering reason, like a *tripping* child,
Falls, at each *straw*, that, in thy passage, lies.
 Falsely, alas ! thy wishes paint :
 Miscalling innocence *restraint*.

Ab ! bar no mortal bliss, beyond *redress* !
 The happy *know not* happiness.——
 Safe, and unliable to *wrongs*, or *snares*,
 No *pains* of *life* can overtake thee, *here* :
Why art thou *longing*, then, for absent *cares* ?
 And wishing *torments* near ?

Arp. Light, but not vain—as when the sun-beams play,
 And, o'er each object, dart the wav'ring ray ;
 The bright delusion *glows*, yet holds *no fire*,
 So, flames Zamora's wish, without *desire*.

A I R.

Zam. [*Laughingly.*] Never never *trust*—a virgin's *tongue*,
 'Twill ne'er her *heart* betray.

Ever while you live, fair *maids* among,
 Heed what they *do* (if you please) you may,
 But——give to the *winds* whate'er they *say*.

Arp. Her honest heart, unconscious of designs,
 Knowing no *ill*, no *cover* needs :
 Gay, as her *eyes*, her artless *freedom* shines ;
 Nor *feels* she half the warmth for which she *pleads*.

Zam. I'll sing an idle *song*, I taught the swains,
 To justify my gayety.

A I R.

Zam. The maid that stands *mute*, like a spy,
 And *leers*, with a downcast eye,

Looks in, upon warm *desire* :

They'll find it who venture to *try* her.

VOL II.

O

But,

But, she whose light *joke* at *random* flies,
Throws *outward* all her *fire*.

Arp. Ah ! — yet — the happy *medium's* best :
For they who bless *others*, deserve to *be* *bless'd*.

Zam. Give me a *mistress* (if *such* to be *bad*)
Gravely glad ;

Nor *mop'd*, nor *mad* :
Neither too *silly*, nor *wisely imperious* ; —
Softly gay, and, *sweetly*, *serious*.

Botb. — Ah ! — such a happy *medium's* best !

Hyd. Peace to the *cheerful heart* ! — I like it well,
Where *wit* and *judgment*, both, *together* live :

But, when warm *wishes* with gay *fancy* dwell,
Alarm'd *discernment* must not, *there*, forgive.

I tell thee, *levity* can never dream,
What *waiting* woes empale the busy *great*.

The world's *proud idols* are not what they *seem* ;
But, slaves, to empty *form*, and *tools* of *state*.

Malice, revenge, fear, avarice, and smart,
Ride, in their pomp, and hover o'er their beds :

Sleep has no *rest* ——— their very *love* is *ART* !
Pain, in their hearts ! and *tinsel* on their heads !

One glowing lustre of embroider'd *pride*
Mis-colours *public life*, with vain *pretence* :

But, cannot, from experienc'd *reason*, hide.
How far *less* *bless'd*, than humble *innocence*.

Here, in this lovely tract, which *nature*, round,
With peace, and safety, *wall'd* — remote from *pow'r*,

In plains, by *bars* of rocky mountains, bound,
Sweetly content, enjoy the *smiling* hour.

Arp. Else, were our wisdom, great Hydarnes ! less,
Than theirs, your humblest *swains*, whose *minds*
new *dress*,

Polish'd from rudeness, does their teacher *bless*,
While, in their native wilderness,

A spring, of *arts*, and *arms*, the shepherds feel ;
And each new *day* does some new *bliss* reveal.

Zam. One wish, *still wanting*, to my *aid* I call ;
Till others *know* me *bless'd*, scarce *bless'd*, at all.

Hid

*Hid from mankind, our joys in darkness lie,
My father's virtues, like our God, the sun,
O'er an enlighten'd world were form'd to fly,
Not a short course, 'twixt desert mountains, run.*

Hyd. How vain alas! our erring wishes are!
Treading on *peace*, we reach at *care*!
Shew me the man, who knows not where to see
One, *more belov'd*, and *less oblig'd*, than he;
Who feels no *pain*, suspects no *foe*,
On his *own land* whose riches grow;
Whose thoughts, are, like his actions, *free*,
Who neither envies, frets, nor fears:
Whom *learning* softens, *honour* steers:
Whom *love* attends, and *truth* endears:
Immortal Powers! — how *mad* this man must be,
Cou'd he, in *courts*, expect to see,
A *Lord*, so NOBLY GREAT, as *he*!

[Sound of a trumpet, at distance.

[They start, — and appear surpris'd.

Zam. [*Joyfully.*] Ah! — what inspiring *call* invites my ear!

Arp. [*Terrified.*] Grant, Heaven! no unexpected *danger*
near!

Hyd. The brave, and the prepar'd, admit no fear.
Yet, till this moment, breath'd no *trumpet*, HERE,
To break soft *quiet*, in these happy shades,
By notes, *alarming*, *warlike*, and *severe*! [*Trumpet again.*
Hark! it each cavern of our hills invades.

*Enter from the openings, between the rocks, on the right, a
great number of shepherds, in different parties, with signs
of surprize, and apprehension.*

Hyd. See! — down the winding of yon hill, descends
A warrior, *plum'd*, and *arm'd*! of princely air!
He comes, in *haste*, alone — and this way bends.

*Enter from a rock, on the left, Daraxes — The shepherds
interpose between the stranger and Hydarnes.*

Zam. Stand — or, advancing, to thy ruin, dare.

[Advancing, with her bow; and an arrow presented.

Ihd Brave! and, beyond her sex, aspiring still!—

Hold, my Zamora—shepherds, give me way.

Dar. [*To Zamora.*] Goddess of arms! whose eyes have
power to kill!

My spear, defenceless, at your feet I lay:

Unhappy, as its dying bearer's fate,

If it alarm'd your will, to bar my way!

[*Dar.* laying down his sword also.

AIR.

Take, O take, my useless arms,

All defence I now forswear.

Proof, against such pointed charms,

None the God of war cou'd wear!

If, in fight, to be a loser,

Brings the vanquish'd smiles like these,

I am, henceforth, will tempt no chuser,

I will teach disgrace to please.

Ihd Whence, stranger, has your trumpet passage sound,

To fright the silent Genius of our groves?

Dar Pursu'd, alas! I fly the hostile sound;

That, not my fear, but apprehension, moves.

Lord of a province, never Persia's claim,

(Our rapid Indus rolls his waves between:)

For wish'd revenge of wrongs, in arms, I came,

Mov'd by no pride of pow'r, or hateful spleen.

Two happy battles gave my sword success;

A third involv'd my fortune in distress.

My followers lost, I fled a light-arm'd throng

Of Persians, whom their Monarch wings along.

Hylaspes! not more brave, more blest'd, than I,

Now, triumphs—and, 'tis mine, to 'scape, or die.

I hid, in these hills' impervious shades, my life,

Imploring pity, you have pow'r to save.

Zam. Hope—for my father is no friend to strife;

But loves the wretched, and protects the brave.

Arp. Hydarnes cannot wrong the faith you bring;

More than Hylaspes here—tho' not a King.

Ihd If the revenge which thou hast lost, was just,
The Gods can give it back—Be bold, and trust.

Led,

Led, by some hand *divine*, thou found'st the way ;
 Where never wand'ring foot, *before*, cou'd *stray*.
Myself, of Indian blood, be *safe*, with *me* :
 Behind these * hills, a region I command,
 Guarded, by *passes*, from invasion *free*,
 And *proof*, against *whole* Persia's warlike hand.
 Some† to those hills, down which the stranger came,
 Climb ; and inform me, when the danger's *near*.
 Stay, you §, — Arpasia, and my *daughter*, claim
 Your presence — Stay, and wait their orders, *here*.
 Expect me swiftly back — I go but hence
 To *arm*, and animate our due defence ¶.

A I R.

Dar. Aid me, reason ! aid me, art !
 In *war*, pursued, in *love* pursuing ?
 What a *folly* guides my heart !
 Can *desire* arise from *ruin* ?
 Can *I* feel a *lover's* smart ?
 Teach, lovely *sisters* ! teach my willing tongue,
 By *what* sweet NAME your virtues shou'd be sung ?
Zam. *Sisters*, by CHOICE we *are*, but not by NAME :
 FRIENDSHIP, that *nobler* *tye*,
 Joins our two kindred souls, in *one* soft flame ;
 Lights up affection, both in *heart*, and *eye* :
 And bids it *never die*.
 Come, my Arpasia, to the *pass* — 'tis *near* :
Danger, perhaps, may *overtake* us, *here*.
Arp. Methinks, we have not *yet*, such cause for *fear*,
Danger, so *distant*, and our friends so *nigh*.

A I R.

Zam. When a maid, who was *fearful*, *alone*,
 Grows *bold*, if her *hero* is *by* ;

O 3

Other

* Pointing to the right.
 † To a party of shepherds who go out, up the hills on the left.
 § To a second party of shepherds, who, remain^d as guards, to the Ladies.
 ¶ Goes out, attended by a third party of shepherds, up the hills on the right.

*Other maids are politely shewn,
That she wants not their company :
Good b'weye, my dear sister, good b'weye,
You want not my company,*

[Exit Zamora, laughing.]

Arp. Stranger—permit me to conduct you, on :
Zamora's livelier steps have led the way.

Dar. I grieve the Lady's *baste*, untimely gone :
But cou'd, *myself*, methinks, *for ever—stay.*

Arp. *Why* wou'd you stay?—I he *foe* may soon, descend.

Dar. All *foes* are *lost*, in so divine a friend.

Wou'd I had never *seen* you! for, (*before*)

I *hop'd*—but, *now*,—can ne'er be *happy* more.

Arp. Whence this unjust *despair*?

Dar. From *love*, and you : ———

A *stranger*, whom unhappy stars pursue,

Dares not *aspire* ———

Arp. The *brave* for ever, *DARE* ;

Virtue shou'd *suffer* all things ——— but *despair*.

Unhappy merit claims *deserv'd redress*.

Dar. The woes you *pity*, cease to be *distress*.

Un-envy'd, let *Hyttalpes*, now, *pursue* :

'Tis *more* than conquest, to be *sav'd* by you.

Duet.

Dar. Wou'd my gentle charmer *hear* me,
I cou'd *talk* my *life* away :

Arp. Did my modest heart but *clear* me,
I wou'd ask ——— *What is't you'd say !*

Dar. Think, how *sweetly form'd* you are.

Arp. That's a thought, *below* my care.

Dar. Think, I *adore* ———.

Arp. I'll *bear* no *more* ———

Dar. One moment *stay* ———

Arp. I *must* away ———

Dar. I have a thousand things to *say*.

Arp. Come, and, *within*, repeat 'em o'er. *[Exeunt.]*

End of the first A C T.



M E R O P E:

A

T R A G E D Y.

Acted at the

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

I N

D R U R Y - L A N E.



DEDICATION.

COver'd, in Fortune's *shade*, I rest reclin'd ;
 My griefs, all, silent : and my joys resign'd :
 With patient eye, life's *evening gleam*, survey :
 Nor *shake* th' out-hast'ning sands ; nor bid 'em *stay*.
 Yet, while *from life*, my setting prospects fly,
 Fain wou'd my *mind's* weak offspring *shun to die*.
 Fain wou'd *their* hope some *light through time*, explore ;
 The *name's* kind passport---when the *man's* no more.

Such, let 'em *find*!--yet, waste no search, in *vain* !
 All undisturb'd, let *busy Dullness* reign !
 Spare *Power's* deaf ear : from *Flatt'ry's* lure start wide :
 Not sweil the tow'ry domes, of *air-built Pride*.
 But, near some silent seat, where *Wisdom* dwells,
 Hail *Taste* and *Candor*, in their pensive cells.
There sits, high-shown, o'er *fogs* that *low're between*,
Wit's guardian LORD, in his sequester'd scene.
There, the *gain'd soul's* MONOPOLIZER, find :——
 Th' immense embracer, of *contain'd mankind* !
Him, whom no verse o'erpaints, no thoughts o'er-rate :
 By the *heart's* RANK, and *nature's* charter, GREAT !
Him, whom no *titles*, *lost*, cou'd leave *less rais'd* :
 Nor thrones imperial cou'd have held, *more prais'd*.
 Whom each known right, by each best claim acquir'd,
 With every charm, for every heart, inspir'd.
 THERE, *bail tb' immortal beam* — and *end* the care.
 Feel every force, from every VIRTUE, *there*.
 Find every GRACE, that smiles 'twixt pole and pole :
 And *all* the MUSES, *met* — in St. JOHN'S SOUL.

April, 1749.

A. HILL.

ADVERTISEMENT to the READER.

IF there can be a *pride*, that ranks with *virtue*, it is 'That, we feel from friendships with the *worthy*.—Mr. MALLERT, therefore, must forgive me, that I boast the honour, he has done my *Merope*.—I have so long been a retiree from the world, that one of the *best spirits* in it told me, lately, I had made myself an ALIEN, there. I must confess, I owe so many obligations to its ornaments, of most distinguished genius, that I must have looked upon it as a great *whopping*, to have made choice of *solitude*, could I have judged society, in general, by a respect *so due to these adorners* of it.

Had I been *born* the ALIEN my friend called me, the regard wherewith our generous nation has received this Tragedy, might look but as a natural effect of its *humanity* to FOREIGNERS.

Among these, the *French* above all people in the world, experience our, too kind, partiality in favour even of their *defects* and *levities*. And, yet, their boasted *politesse* wants gratitude to pay us back a *like civility*, where due to our *best* qualities.

For, *France*, unsatisfied with her ambition toward monopoly in *empire*, would extend it to supremacy in *wit* and *learning*. And, particularly, some of Mr. *Voltaire's* pieces are so swell'd with this presumptuous puffiness, that I am forc'd into *abate-ments*, of the disposition I once felt, to look upon him as a generous thinker. So much over-active *sensibility*, to his own country's claims, with so unfeeling a *stupidity*, in judging the pretensions of his neighbours, might *absolve* all indignation, short of gross indecency; toward one who has not scrupled (in the preface to his MEROPÉ) to represent the *English* as *incapable of Tragedy*; nay, even of *painting*, or of *music*. We are men, he says, who push to their extremes, upon our Theatres, *barbarity*, *absurdity*, and *absolute indecency*.—Men, born in a too barren climate, to produce a *taste* for the *fine arts*; and who must *rank beneath* all other people, in the points of *genius* and of *literature*!

To such *provoking* stimulations, I have ow'd the inducement, to *retouch*, for Mr. *Voltaire's* use, the characters in his high-boasted *Merope*: and I have done it on a plan as near his own, as I could *wring* it, with safe conscience: that is to say, without distaste to *English* audiences. For he must pardon me, if I am sensible, that our *unpolished London Stage*, (as he assumes the liberty of calling it) has entertained a *nobler* taste of dignify'd *simplicity*, than to deprive dramatic poetry of all that

animates

animates its passions; in pursuit of a *cold, starv'd, tame, abstinence*; which, from an affectation to shun *figure*, sinks to *flatness*: an *elaborate escape* from *energy*, into a groveling, wearisome, bald, barren, un-alarming, *childish* of expression, that *emasculates* the mind, instead of *moving* it.

I would not have it charged upon his being a *Frenchman*, that I use a kind of *hostile* style, in speaking of this gentleman. He has been pleased to do me, in some prefaces of his, a great deal of particular honour,---and it has been more than once, and upon different occasions, I have given *him* proofs, of a *partiality*, that will exempt me from so poor a censure.—Our *insulaires* (as he contemptuously calls us) are not us'd to think so *narrowly*, as to extend the temporary animosity of nations *oppositely interested*, to the spirits of their *writers* upon *literary* subjects.——Arts and sciences are of *no country*. They conjoin the natives of all corners of the earth, as fellow-citizens of *one republic*.---But, what *imports* this truth, toward privileging such an arrogance, as dis-incorporates *itself*, by unbenevolent and *separatory* partialities.

I have room to say no more, in a short preface; but will undertake, in a more proper place, to make it evident, to Mr. *Voltaire's* satisfaction, and to that of the *French author* of a piece which they have lately published, in a like vain preference of *their Players* too, as well as *Poets*, (call'd LE COMEDIEN) that we have had much *finer writers*, now have; and shall, always, have *em*; and that we have *better Actors*, too, and *Actresses*, than those of *Paris*. I shall shortly hope to leave this matter indisputable even to a *French judge*: in a *comparisun between the ENGLISH and FRENCH Theatres*.——It would have pleased me more, if *abler* hands than mine had seem'd disposed, to do their country *fuller justice*. There are many, in it, so much better qualify'd, *for* doing it, that I impute its not being done, already, to no other motive, than *contempt*, of those vain writers confidence.

The universally acknowledged, and *fit*, skill, of a *Eumenes* and a *M. rope*, such as no Stage ever saw excell'd, (not to name *others*, who deserv'd applause, and met with it, to a degree extremely uncommon) leaves it quite unnecessary to add any thing upon that subject, *here*: there seeming to have been a generous struggle, whether the Town's ready disposition to encourage excellence in acting, or the *Actors* to reward that disposition, by increase of power in pleasing, should be most agreeably remarkable.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

*TOUCH'D be your generous hearts, to spare this Play!
Where mirth wou'd laugh humanity away
Two thousand years our tale has shew'd the stage,
And mov'd the hearts of Greece, from age to age :
Ere'n ALEXANDER wept our Queen's despair,
And the world's conqueror, sat conquer'd, there.
What reach of taste could Attic pride presume,
What flame of courage e'er distinguish'd Rome,
But Britain's sons may boast an equal merit,
Wou'd Britains think and all with British spirit !*

*Ye fluttering triflers of an hour too short,
Ye foes to thinking, and ye friends of sport,
Forbear to laugh, when pensively distress'd ;
Sighs in yon circle, swell the beauteous breast.
Charms to the fairest face, soft sorrow lends,
Pity and innocence are bosom friends !
And when deep anguish shakes a feeling mind,
How must it ake when wittings sneer behind ?*

*Nor dream, ye gay, that only mirth shou'd please,
No sprightly wit e'er laugh'd off life's disease.
Experience tells us, soon or late comes care,
And he who flies from thought will meet despair.*

*Ladies, be firm to passion's tenderest claim,
Sighs are love's breezes, and quill fan the flame.
Laughing gallants may promise merry lives,
But laughing husbands make you weeping wives.
They whose own hearts can feel will treat yours best ;
And he give pain, that thinks it but a jest.
Nobly weep out, nor let an ill-tim'd blush,
Keep back the struggling tear that longs to gush.
All that are wise and brave, by nature know,
'Tis virtue's mark to weep at others' woe.*

F. P. L.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. PRITCHARD.

*I'M glad with all my heart, I've scap'd my wedding—
Glad! cry the maids?—Heaven keep such joy from
spreading!*

*Marriage, (poor things!) don't move their heart so coldly.
'Tis a dark leap, they own---but, love jumps boldly.—
Fair fall th' advent'urers! I'm no husband-bater.—*

Only, be warn'd by me, and wed no TRAITOR.

Pain-bunting murm'rer! born, to growl, and grumble!

No King can please him,---and no Wife can humble!

Sick to the soul, be HEAVEN his kind Physician!

Earth's ablest drugs are lost, upon ambition.

All Warwick-lane falls short: and, to my knowledge,

No cure is hop'd for, in our female college.

Shun plotting heads, dear Ladies!---All miscarries,

When one, who hums and haws at midnight, MARRIES.

Better, plain, downright, DUNCE---no dream, pursuing:

One, that means bluntly---and knows, what he's doing!

Not him, whose factious mind, outsoaring pleasure,

Is still most busy, when his wife's at leisure.

Better, a sportsman, sound of wind, and hearty.---

Better, Sir Sot,---than spouse dry drunk, with party!

A hunting husband hallows---and you HEAR him.---

A drunken deary stag-gers---and you STEER him.---

Each---conscious of his Wife, takes care, to make her,

One way or other---an indulg'd partaker.

But, your sage, saturnine, ambitious lover,

Keeps no one secret, woman wou'd discover.

Stranger at home, he strolls abroad, for blessing:

And holds whate'er he HAS not worth possessing.

Freedom, and mirth, and health, and joy,---despises!

And scorns all REST---be, so profound-ly WISE is!

At length, thank Heaven! he DIES: kind vapours strike him:

And leaves behind,---ten thousand madmen, like him.

Persons

Persons Represented.

POLIPHONTES, General of *My-* } Mr. HAVARD.
cene,

MEROPE, Widow of the late King, Mrs. PRITCHARD.

EUMENES, her Son, Mr. GARRICK.

EURICLES, a Lord of MEROPE's } Mr. USHER.
Party,

NARBAS, Foster-father to EUME- } Mr. BERRY.
NES,

EROX, Favourite of POLIPHONTES, Mr. BRIDGES.

ISMENE, Daughter of NARBAS, Mrs. GREEN.

Chief Priest, and other Priests, Mr. BEARD, &c.

Ladies, Officers, Guards, &c.



M E R O P E:



A C T I. S C E N E I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Merope, mournful on a Couch.

Ismene, leaning melancholy, below; and attendants.

Ism. SEE! where the lone majestic mourner weeps;
Lost, even to *music's* power!—try: strain *each*
In melody's wide compass.—Happily, [note,
Some change, through *sad* to *lively*, may have force,
To strike recov'ring sense, and wake regard.
—First, in low sympathy of *ferret's* *festness*,
Sooth her dejected soul—then, start at once
To *scells* of *joy*—and storm attention's ear.
[*Music with trumpets.*

After the music, Merope rises and comes forward.

Mer. Let me, when, *next*, thy too officious love,
Faithful *Ismene*, try th' harmonious charm,
Let me, have music, *solemn*, all, and *slow*,
Sad-suited to my thoughts.——Mix not for me,
Who have no power to *taste*, such *frately* notes,
As they who are more happy, find more sweet?

Ism. Why, when the *Gods* grow gentle, are *you* sad?
You felt their *anger*, *sharply*.—Now they smile,

Exit—

Embrace their proffer'd bounty.—All the Lords
Of glad Mycene, in full senate met,
Take measures to proclaim you *reigning* Queen :
You, whom distress but brightens!—to whose charms,
Made awful by your grief, woes add new majesty !

Mer. What, no news yet, of Narbas ? or my son ?

Ism. May it be soon ! — No Prince, of birth like his,
Where-e'er conceal'd, can 'scape such search, unknown.

Mer. Will ye, at length, ye Powers, reward my tears,
Will ye, at last, restore Eumenes, to me ?

—If he yet lives — this only remnant heir
Of his wrong'd mother's miseries ! — oh, *save* him.
From his dear breast, strike wide the murd'rer's dagger.
Is he not *yours* ? a branch from great Alcides ?
What, tho' — (forget it, and be *busb'd*, O faith !)
What, tho' to traitors' prosp'rous swords, you gave
His *father's* fated life — ah, yet ! desert not
This image of his form, that fills my soul.

Ism. Dear, tho' he doubtless was, and justly mourn'd,
Shou'd you *exclude* all sense of bliss, beside ?

Mer. I am a *mother* : — with a mother's fears.

Ism. But, can a mother's fears efface the stamp
Of *hero's* soul, that marks a race like yours ?
—Sweet, tho' his infant smiles, they dwell, too fix'd,
Too deep, on your touch'd memory ! — Long years
Are past, since first you lost him.

Mer. Lost him ? — *never*. —

In twice seven dreadful years, no moment's light
Broke on my eyes, but brought *his* image with it.
Why tell'st thou me of *time* ? — Days, months, and years,
Have grown ; but with 'em grew, my pain, to lose him.
—Weigh that last fatal hint thy father sent me.

Hope, soon, said he, to see the Prince Eumenes,
All, you wou'd wish : — *fear* all, from Poliphontes.

Ism. Wisely, you fear him : — but 'twere wiser, still,
So fearing, to *prevent* him. — — Hear the *States* :
Quit, at their prayer, this *Regent's* name — be crown'd :
And rise, *indeed* the *Queen* they meant to make you.

Mer.

Mer. Is not the crown my *son's* ?

Ism. A son, so lov'd ———

Shou'd he return, wou'd thank ———

Mer. Perish the heart,

That, meanly proud, and poorly fill'd for *self*,

Swells, from another's *losses* !

Ism. Public interest ———

Mer. Curse on *all* int'rest, that includes not *honesty* !

—— But, here, ev'n int'rest brings no plea to tempt me ;

What can a *childless* mother hope, from empire ?

What has distress to do, with pomp's vain luster ?

—— I see the very light of heav'n, with *pain*.

Never shall splendor cheer these blasted eyes,

That saw my bleeding Lord, my murder'd children ;

Saw my friends fall : saw *Men* and *Gods* forsake me.

— O, guilt ! O, perfidy ! — oh ! death's dire day !

Present for ever to my frighted soul.

Ism. Oft have I wept, — to hear that day's sad tale.

Mer. I hear it *now* ! — Even yet their cries rise round me !

Save, save, the *King* ! — save the poor gasping *Princes* :

Save the distracted *Queen* ! — I scream — I fly —

On every side I turn, meet battling crowds :

Swords, glitt'ring spears, loud shouts, and mingled groan-
ings.

Meet, *last* — a sight — beyond all sense of horror !

Meet — an expiring husband's out-stretch'd eye,

Strain'd, with a death-mix'd tenderness on mine —

And struggling from his blood, to reach and clasp me.

Ism. Patience, O Madam, and forget these horrors.

Mer. — There two expiring infant suff'ers *fell*,

The eldest of our loves ! — duteous in *death* !

Cross the King's breast, they threw their little bodies,

And lent *their* hands' weak aid — to save their father.

—— Only Eumenes — 'scap'd th' assassins' fury.

Some interposing *God* vouchsaf'd to *veil* him :

And he, who screen'd him, then, may *once* restore him.

—— Narbas, thy wife, thy faithful father, bore him

Far from my sight ——— to some dark safe retreat:
Some *desart*, — barren of distress, and man !

S C E N E II. Merope, Ismene, Euricles.

Ism. Madam ! ——— Lord Euricles ———

Mer. Welcome----what hope ?

Eur. Vain was our search--from Peneus' bank it spread,
O'er vast Olympus : far and wide, through Greece,
Enquiry, lab'ring, lost its fruitless prayer.
Description cou'd not wake the least idea.
None knew, none ever heard of, Narbas' name !

Mer. Alas ! he breathes no more ——— my son is *dead*.

Ism. So, fear makes real every fancied woe.

—— You've heard, that, on report of this new peace,
My father guides him, secret, to your hopes.

Eur. Just was his caution ! Narbas, wisely loyal,
Veils his return, and cautiously conveys him.
Narbas knows all his dangers ——— I, mean while,
Watch, with a guardful eye these murd'ers motions :
And, with determin'd hand, prepare to save him.

Mer. On faith so try'd as thine, even woe leans easy.

Eur. Doubt but my *power's* defect : my *will* finds none.
—— But I have news more threat'ning.
Th' assembled senate vote, in warm debate,
A consort in your crown. ———

Mer. Presumptuous care !
You shou'd have call'd it *insult*.

Eur. Words were vain,
Truth, unsustain'd by power, but sighs, to *fall*.
The partial *people* roar for Poliphontes :
And right, and law, and pity, sink before him.

Mer. Can fortune, then, reduce the great to *pity* !
Can Kings, in their own realms, contract to *slaves* ?

Eur. Something must be resolv'd, to check their speed.

Mer. Yes — I will *face* these Lords, of Kings and Law :
Comets of empire ! these portentous stars,

That

That sparkle by the fire they *steal* from majesty !
 I will go dart truth's light'ning in their eyes,
 And thunder in their ears the rights of thrones.
 I will revive lost sense of trust and duty :
 I will assert their Sov'reign's near return. [*Going.*]

Eur. Oh, Heav'n ! be wary ——— that way, ruin lies.
 Their tyrant leader starts, already fir'd,
 By that alarm : and dreams of what he dreads.

Mer. What *can* he more — so much already done ?

Eur. Jealous of danger, men make haste in guilt:
 Work, to be safe, and hold no means too wicked.
 Mycene, but by faction, freed from faction,
 Claim'd like a conquest, he computes his *own*.
 No tie so sacred binds endanger'd valour,
 Where hot ambition spurs it. ——— Every rampart
 Gives way, before him. *Law*, corrupted, guards him.
Wealth dresses, *Poverty* attends, *Pride* leads:
 And *Priesthood* presses Gods who *bate* — to *serve* him.

Mer. I see th' abyss, before me — Let it be.
 If I plunge in, and crush this Poliphontes,
 'Tis but, to fall for vengeance.

Eur. Soft ! — he *comes*. [*Excunt Euricles and Ismene.*]

Mer. Wear for a moment, heart ! the veil thou hat'st.

S C E N E III. Merope, Poliphontes.

Pol. Ever in *tears*, my Queen ! — lend a long truce
 To sighs ; and cast aside your needless sorrow.
 Shake, from thosè injur'd eyes, each cloud that dims 'em :
 And to the voice of *love*, vouchsafe your ear.
 ——— You frown ———

Mer. I do indeed : and gaze, with horror !

Pol. Gaze on. — I am no stranger to *myself* :
 Nor to a woman's *passions*. — I grew grey
 Beneath a weight, of winters spent in arms.
 — I know ; time's furrows are no paths to love.
 I know it, all — but, wisdom knows it *not*.
 ——— Weigh not my offer in disdain's light balance.

You are the daughter, mother, wife of *Kings*;
But the state wants a *Master*.—What avails
Vain title, till some sword, like mine, supports it.

Mer. Bold *subject*, of a King who call'd *me* wife!

Dar'st thou defame the mem'ry of thy Lord,
With such audacious hope?—Aspire to *me*!

Me, to supplant my *child*! my heart's whole care!
Stain his dishonour'd throne, with guilt and thee!

Me, can'st thou dream so base, to wed thy lowness:
And crown with empire's wreath a soldier's brow?

Pol. Soldier? immortal Gods!—*Who* more deserves
To govern states, than he who, best, can *save*?

He who was, first, call'd King, ere that, was *soldier*.
Great, because brave; and scepter'd by his *sword*.

I am *above descent*; and prize no *blood*.

Scarce is my own left mine; 'tis lost, for glory:
Spilt in my country's cause: in *yours*, fair scorner!

Take safety—'tis *my* gift. Fill half *my* throne;

My party calls *all* mine: love *shares* it yours.

Mer. Party? thou fell provoker, of reproach!

Party should tremble, where a *Monarch* rules?

Pol. There will be parties; and there *must* be Kings:

And he, who best can *curb*, was form'd to reign.

——I, who *reveng'd* your Lord, by right succeed him.

Mer. Succeed him, traitor?—I *as* he not a *son*?

Gods were his great forefathers—*thence*, his claim.

Pol. Far other value, bears Mycene's *crown*.

Right, to rule *men*, is now no longer held

By dull descent, like *land's* low heritage:

'Tis the pluck'd fruit of toil — 'tis the paid price

Of blood, lost nobly: and 'tis, thence, *my* due.

Mer. What hast thou done, thou wretch! to dare such hope?

Pol. Bethink you of that day, when these proud walls
Blush'd with the blood you boast, from traitors' swords.

Review your helpless *husband*—see your *sons*

Expiring round you.—Wipe those gushing eyes—

And view me, what I *was*: not, then, too *low*

To share your ruffled *passions*.—Yes: 'twas I,

From

From your freed palace chas'd th' o'erwhelming foe:
Sav'd your Herculean scepter, and its Queen.

—I, I, *repell'd*—the woes you could but *weep*.
See, *there*, my right, my rank, my claim to *love*.

Mer. Hear, hear him, Heaven! and give me back
my son.

Pol. Yes: let him come, this *son*!—He shall be taught
Lessons of glory: taught *my* arts to reign.

—*Joy* to the blood of Hercules! —I, too,
Revere: let others dread it. *My* ambition
Climbs *beyond* progeny.—To spring *from* Gods,
Is less, than mine —who, *like* a God, *command*.

Mer. If thou would'st emulate a God, be *just*:
Man can be *brave*, too boldly. —Hercules
Sav'd many a King—But, did he *steal* their *diadems*?
—Wou'dst thou resemble Hercules? —Protect
Unfriended innocence. Assert thy Prince.
Restore th' unhappy wanderer to my arms;
Cease to afflict; and *give* him to my fondness.
—Thus, could thy influence move, *so* try'd, *so* courted,
Who knows —for gratitude has power, *like* love—
Who knows—how far I *might* forget my glory —
And—if peace dwells with thee—*expect* it *not* —
I will not bid thee hope —that I *can* *sweep*
So low. —*Bend*, I am sure, I *cannot*. [*Exit* Merope.

S C E N E IV. Poliphontes, Erox.

Erox. Entering, I heard her too presumptuous scorn,
And wonder'd at your patience! Waits a King,
For a weak woman's *wish*, to fix his throne?
Greatly and bravely have you clear'd your way
To the hill's foot: yet, when it courts your climbing,
Fall back, to *fly*; and seek *her* hand, to lead you!

Pol. Near, as thou think'st I stand, my warier eye
Marks, 'twixt the throne and me, a *precipice*,
Where faith or I fall headlong. —Does not Merope
Know, her Eumenes *near*? —Shou'd he return,

Th' inconstant people wou'd with shouts receive him,
 And smooth his way to empire, o'er *my* bosom.
 — Thou know'st, from proofs most timely intercepted,
 This new boy King *returns*, and hopes Mycene.

Erox. Trust your high fortune, and disdain to doubt.
 Foresight and *Piercene's* are the brave man's Gods,
 And his own hand supports him.

Pol. My late order?

Erox. 'Twas, with a silent firmness, well obey'd.
 — From Elis to Mycene, every road
 Is watch'd, by sleepless warders. — If they come,
 Narbas and *he*, their Gods must march before 'em:
 Or not Alcides' blood could 'scape the shedding.
 Your soldiers' zeal is warm.

Pol. But is it *blind*?

Erox. It is. — None knows his *name*, whose life he waits.
 All they have yet been told is, a sad tale,
 Of an *old wily traitor*, leading with him,
 On murd'rous purpose, an *assassin youth*,
 Urg'd by exacted oaths to seek *your* death.

Pol. But what this rumour, of Misanthus *kill'd*,
 Before Alcides' temple? — Is that true?

Erox. Too sure, he fell. — I chose *his* trusty arm,
 Join'd with his nat'ral *brother's*, as most fit
 To guard that likeliest station; where, should Narbas
 Dare, with his exile, touch Mycene's *border*,
 First, they wou'd rest, to beg that *Godhead's* care,
 From whom their race presumes its proud descent.

Pol. 'Twas forecast, worthy of a zeal, like thine.
 Nor cou'd thy care have chose an abler hand,
 Or one more try'd in blood, than that Misanthus.
 — 'Twas *he*, thou know'st, that faithful to my cause,
 On that black night, attending, near Cresphontes,
 Taught the King's sword, amid the dusk of slaughter,
 To pierce his *Master's* breast. — An act, so daring,
 Deserv'd the sword, tho' three rich *gems* adorn'd it.
 He *had* it: and he *wore* it, for his pains.

Erox. Yet, at Alcides' temple, drew it rashly,

And

And *lost it*, with his *life*.

Pol. How '*scap'd* his brother?

Erox. *Scar'd*, out of mem'ry's use, all he cou'd tell me
Was, that the God inspir'd some *dreadful form*!
Some more than mortal *monster*; — and *be fled*.

Pol. Vile safety! — left his brother unreveng'd!
And shun'd a soldier's death! — We must be watchful.
Some in-felt *bodings* bid me call this stranger
Eumenes: or his *friend*.

Erox. That fear was mine.

Till, on reflection that he came *alone*,
It look'd unlikely. — Chance it, as it may,
Whene'er he this way comes, he comes to *die*.

Pol. True. — Yet I cou'd have wish'd to *spare this crime*,
But, one first chosen, the rest grow necessary:
So falls the son. — The *mother* must not follow.
Her, I have *need* of. Marriage mends my reign.
Her rightful title consecrates ambition:
And usurpation whitens into *law*.

—— The people love her: I, possessing *her*,
Hold her friends too, in *dowry*. — *Erox!* — thou,
Whose fate grows close to mine, assist my scheme.
Skill'd how to spread craft's net, allure the people.
Train 'em, by ev'ry art: poize ev'ry temper,
Avarice will *sell* his *soul*: buy that, and *mould* it.
Weakness will be *deluded*; there, grow *eloquent*.
Is there a tott'ring faith? grapple it fast
By *flatt'ry*: and profusely deal *my favours*.
Threaten the guilty. *Entertain* the gay.
Frighten the rich. Find *wishes*, for the wanton:
And *reverence* for the godly. — Let none '*scape* thee.
Dive into *hearts*: sound every nature's *bias* —
And bribe men by their *passions*. — But, these arts,
Already thine, why waste I time to *teach* thee!

Vainly, the *sword* successful scales a throne;
Since, Fortune *changing*, strength's lost hope is flown.
But *Art*, call'd in, attracts reluctant *will*:
And, what were lost by power, is gain'd by skill.



ACT II. SCENE I.

The Palace.

Merope, Euricles, Ismene.

Mer. IS the world dumb on my Eumenes' fate?

Ism. Calamity, too soon, had found a tongue.

Mer. Has nothing from the borders yet been heard?

Eur. Nothing, that claims *your* notice.

Mer. Who is *he*,

This prisoner, I am told, but now brought guarded?

Eur. A rash young stranger, caught with guilty hand,
Red, from the recent marks of some new murder.

Mer. A murder! an *unknown*! WHOM has he kill'd?
How? and *where* was it? — I am fill'd with horror.

Ism. Oh! sense too lively of maternal love!
All things alarm your tenderness. You hear
Chance speak: and take her voice for that of Nature.

Mer. What is his *name*? whence *came* he? — why *unknown*?

Eur. He seems, and is, if truth may trust appearance,
A youth, of that soft stamp, which Fortune leaves
To Nature's gentlest care; some nymph's Adonis,
Whose eye might sooner be suppos'd to kill
Th' unpity'd maid, than his gay sword the man.

Mer. Whom (*tell me*) has he *kill'd*? — answer. — I'll see him.

Eur. What strange emotion, this? —

Mer. No matter — bring him.

If I discover guilt, 'tis mine to *punish*:

If *wrong'd*, I owe him *mercy*.

Eur. Should he have merit,

'Tis plac'd so low by Fortune —

Mer. Fortune's faults,

Where merit suffers, calls on Kings to *mend* 'em.

Eur. What can a wretch like this *deserve*, from power?

Mer.

Mer. O, Euricles, look *inward*: ask thy heart.

Be, for a moment, but, this wretch, *thyself*---

And, *then*, acquit the Power, that scorn'd to note thee.

--- Besides, who knows? he may---be *still*, prompt fear.

Perhaps, my troubled mind starts hints too lightly:

Hearts that have every thing to fear, slight nothing.

---Let him be brought---I will, myself, examine him.

Eur. Your will *must* be obey'd.

Mer. Go, my Ismene!

Bid those who guard the pris'ner bring him hither.

[*Exit Ismene.*

[*Euricles offering to go.*

Mer. Stay, Euricles.

Stay : and partake more terrors.---Cou'd you think it?

Press'd by new sorrows, I forget my past,

And have not yet inform'd you---Polyphontes

Has dar'd demand my *band*: dar'd---talk of *marriage*.

Eur. Oh! Queen!

I know his offer *insult*: know, it stains

Your name. Yet, blushing, *add*,---your forc'd consent,

Grown infamously *necessary*,---stands,

The sole, safe bar, 'twixt all your race and *ruin*.

Mer. 'Tis horror, but to *think*, so vile a dream!

Eur. So thinks the *army*.---So the *senate* thinks.

So think th' exacting *Gods*:---and so---

Mer. The *Gods*!---

Why were *they* nam'd?---Cou'd they forgive such *fall*?

From their own offspring, to a son of clay!

Eur. The King, your son---

Mer. Ah! name not *him*.---How, Euricles!

How wou'd he thank my choice of *such* a father?

Eur. Princes grow wise by sorrows. He will see

That hated choice the root of all his safety.

Mer. What, what, have you been telling me?

Eur. Hard truths:

Due from firm loyalty to deep distress.

Mer. Can Euricles then plead for Poliphontes!

Eur. I know him guilty:---but, I know him *rash*:

Know

Know him *reflexible* : know him *childless*, too :
And know, you love Eumenes.

Mer. Loving him,
How can I chuse but *bate*, the hand that wrongs him ?
Princes shou'd be *above* these self-securings :
And born, to live for truth — or die for glory.
[*Sits and weeps, regardless of Eumenes' entrance.*]

SCENE II. Merope, Euricles, Ismene, *guards with*
Eumenes, *in chains.*

Eum. — [*To Ismene.*] Is that the *Queen*, so fam'd for
miserics ?

Ism. It is.

Eum. How sweetly awful ! — how *adorn'd*, by sorrows !

Ism. Why dost thou pause ? the *Queen* admits thee nearer.

Eum. No wonder, so much sweetness, *so distress'd*,
Mov'd, even so greatly distant, — as to *me* :
And drew me, from my desert ! — Give me leave
To stand, a while --- and gaze unmark'd --- and *note* her.
—— O, ye protecting *Gods* ! whate'er becomes
Of an abandon'd, nameless thing, like *me*,
Bless this *supreme* unfortunate !

Ism. Madam ! — the *prisoner* waits.

Mer. — [*Turning, to observe him.*] A *murderer*, this ! —
Come forward, stranger.

— A mien like this, a *murderer's* ! — Can it be,
That looks, so form'd for truth, so mark'd for innocence,
Cover a cruel heart ? — Come *nearer*, youth !
Thou art unhappy ; bid that fate *protect* thee :
And speak, as to an ear that loves the wretched.
Answer me now. --- Whose was the blood thou shed'st ?

Eum. Oh, *Queen* ! -- yet -- for a moment -- spare my tongue.

Mer. Murder, and *modesty* ! -- Whence, all this shame ?

Eum. Respect, confusion, --- something, *here* --- *unnam'd*,
And never felt, till *now*, — have bound my tongue.
But — oh ! do justice, to your power to shake me ;
And, let not *hesitation* — pass — for *guilt*.

Mer.

Mer. Go on---Who was he, whom, I'm told, thou
ha'ft kill'd ?

Eum. One, who with wrongs, and insult, urg'd my
Young blood takes fire too aptly. [rashness.

Mer. *Young* !—was he young ?

Ice, at my conscious heart, were *warm*—compar'd
With what he chills my soul with!--Did'st thou *know* him?

Eum. I did *not*. All Mycene's earth, and air,
Her cities, and her sons, are new, to *me*.

Mer. What, was he *arm'd*, this young assaulter? came he
With *malice* ? or for *robbery* ? Be of comfort.

If he attack'd thee, thy defence was necessary.
And sad necessity makes all things just.

Eum. Heaven is my witness, I provok'd him not.
'Tis not in valour's with, to *offer* insult :
And sure ! it is no *crime*, to check it *offer'd*.

Mer. On, then—relate the chance, that led thee hither.

Eum. Ent'ring your borders, I beheld a *temple*,
Sacred to Hercules ; the God, my soul,
Low, as my lot was cast, *aspires* to honour.
—What shou'd I do? bare vot'ry as I was !
I had *no offerings* : brought no *victims*, with me.
Poor, and oppress'd by fortune, what I *cou'd*,
I *gave*—I knelt, and pour'd a *heart* before him,
Warm, as a hundred *hecatombs* ! pure and humble,
Pious, and firm.—Th' unhappy *can* no more.
I ask'd not, for *myself*, his undue blessing.
I pray'd protection, to his *own* high race :
For, I had *heard*, great Queen ! your wrongs *requir'd* it.
The *present God*, methought, *receiv'd* my prayer.
His altar trembled ; and his temple rung !
Keen, undulating. Glories beam'd, about me :
I know not how I *bore* it !—but, my heart,
Full of the force infus'd, at once grew *vaster*.
My swelling courage, far *above myself*,
Sustain'd me :—and I *glow'd*, with all the *God*.

Mer. [*Rising in emotion.*] Go on. Methinks, the God
thou nam'st speaks in thee !

And

And ev'ry *bearer* glows, as warm'd as thou !

Eum. I bow'd, and left the temple—Following, came
Two men, of haughty stride, with angry lowre :
Roughly, accosting, they reproach'd my prayer.
How did I dare, they ask'd, solicit Heaven,
To aid sedition's purposes ? No God
Shou'd *save* a wretch like me, proscrib'd by power.
—I heard, astonish'd ; and prepar'd to speak :
When, with impatient fierceness, each rais'd arm,
With rage conjoin'd, came on.

Mer. [*Interrupting.*] Both !——came they, —— *both*,
To wound thee ?——

Eum. Both, with madman's frenzy,
Struck at my breast, ignobly.

Mer. Thou has eas'd me.
Go on.—These men had souls, that match'd their fate.

Eum. Unarm'd, and inoffensive, so surpriz'd,
The God I had address'd *repaid* my prayer.
—Warding the weakest stroke, with swordless hand,
Swiftly I clos'd, and seiz'd the wrested steel
From him whose stronger arm more nearly press'd me.
Seiz'd it with lightning's swiftness : for, oppression
Rowles distress, to vengeance.—On him self,
I turn'd his pointed weapon : sav'd *my* breast,
And plung'd it in his own.—He fell.—The other
Started, and curs'd : but, like a coward, *fled*,
False to his dying fellow.—Mighty Queen,
This is the sad short truth. May the kind Power
I bow'd to, touch your ear ; and move your pity !

Mer. She were a tygres, that cou'd hear this tale,
And pause, upon thy pardon—Still, go on :
How wer't thou seiz'd ? hide nothing : and hope all.

Eum. Shock'd by uncertain dread for what was done,
I gaz'd astonish'd round : and mark'd, beneath,
Where, at a furlong's distance, the salt wave
Broke on the shore. Sudden I snatch'd the corpse,
And, hast'ning to the beach, gave it to the *sea*.
That done, I sigh'd, and fled : your guards, great Queen,

For

For what escapes such eyes, as *Heaven's*, and *yours* !
Unseen by me, mark'd all ; follow'd, and took me.

Mer. [*To Euricles.*] Did he *resist*, when seiz'd ?

Eum. I *cou'd not*, Madam.

The name of Merope disarm'd my *will*.
They told me they were yours. I bow'd, and yielded.
Gave 'em my new-gain'd *sword* : and took their *chains*.

Eur. This youth, by him he kill'd, was judg'd *another*.

Mer. Oh ! I have noted all : and Heaven was *just*.

—Retire, to farther distance, gentle youth. —

I'll tell thee, Euricles !

Methought, at every word this wanderer *spoke*,
Pity — or something, *tenderer* than pity,
Clung to my aking heart-strings ! nay, 'twas *stranger* !
For, I will tell thee all. — Cresphontes' features,
Heav'n's, what ideas hopes and fears can raise !
My dear dead manly *Lord's* resembled features ;
I *saw*, and trac'd, (I blush, to think what folly !)
Trac'd, — in this cottage hero's honest face.

Ifm. Compassion is a kind and generous painter.

—Yet, Truth herself must grow as *blind*, as Fortune,
Ere she cou'd look on that unhappy youth ;
And find him *less*, than worth her kindest pity.

Eur. Ifmene speaks *my* thoughts. He's innocent.
The Gods have stamp'd their mark of candor on him :
And no *impostor's art* inhabits there.

Mer. [*To Eumenes.*] Again, approach me. — In what
part of Greece

Did it please Heaven to give thee birth, good youth ?

Eum. [*Advancing.*] In Elis, generous Queen.

Mer. In Elis ? — Tell me.

I hop'd, it had been nearer. — Hast thou, ever,
In thy low converse, heard the swains, thy neighbours,
Mention the name of Narbas ? — or Eumenes ? —

—The last, thou *must* have heard of.

Eum. Never, Madam.

Mer. Never ? — That's *strange* ! What then was thy
condition ?

What

What thy employment ? and thy father's name ?

Eum. My father was a *shepherd* : learn'd, and wise,
Prince of the sylvan shades, and past'ral vale,
He led th' attracted hearts of list'ning swains,
And pleas'd 'em into subjects—in himself
Too humble, for distinction—had not virtue
Compell'd him into notice.—

He liv'd unenvied : for, excelling all,
He veil'd superior eminence, by *modesty* :
No claim'd exemption eas'd his life from *care*;
Peacefully poor ! and reverently belov'd !
'His stecy harvests fed him : and, his name
Was Policletes, Madam.

Mer. What thy *own* ?

Eum. Low, like my past'ral care—to cottage care
Adapted—and unform'd for your regard.

—Yet, Elis, oft, may deign to speak of—Dorilas.

Mer. Oh ! I have lost my hope. Heaven mocks relief:
And every starting spark is quench'd, in darkness.
So, then, your parents held no *rank* in Greece ?

Eum. Did rank draw claim from goodness, they have
rights

Wou'd leave all place behind 'em. Inborn virtue
Can borrow no enlargement, but lends all
That keeps *contempt* from titles.

Mer. Every word

He utters has a charm ! — But, *why*, at home
So bless'd, and to *such* parents, doubly dear,
Didst thou, forgetful of the care thou ow'dst 'em,
Quit their kind *cott*, and leave 'em to their *tears* ?

Eum. A vain desire of *glory*, first seduc'd me.
Oft had I heard my father mourn Mycene,
Weep for her civil wars, and suff'ring *Queen*.
Oft, had he charm'd my young, aspiring, soul,
With wonder, at your firmness ! — So, inflam'd,
I learnt, by slow degrees, to think my *youth*
Disgrac'd, by home-felt virtues : weigh'd the call
Of glory, against *duty* : and grew bold

To hope, my humble arm might add some aid
 To prop your warring standards.—See, great Queen,
 The only motive of my erring rashness.
 For, Heaven has taught me, tho' it loves *your* cause,
 I merit my distress: who left my father,
 Wanting, perhaps, in age's feeble calls,
 Some help, I might have lent him.—— 'Twas a fault.
 But, 'twas my *first*: and I may live, to mend it.

Mer. [*Afide.*] Methinks, I hear Eumenes— So, my soul
 Informs me, had *he* known descent, thus lowly,
 So, my Eumenes wou'd have thought, and spoke.
 —Such, is his age, where'er conceal'd he mourns:
 Perhaps too, such his fortune—driven, like *this*,
 From realm to realm, a wand'rer, thus unknown!
 Friendless, and hopeless, and expos'd to poverty!
 —I will have pity, on this youth's distress:
 And cultivate his fortune.—— What bold noise?

[*Shuts beard without.*]

Whence can such rudeness flow!—What is't, Iliene?

Ili. [*At a window.*] All ills are Poliphontes. The vile
 rabble

Shout their sure vote, for treason. Poliphontes
 Is *King*, proclaim'd—and hope is now no more.

Eum. Oh! for the *sword*, once more, your guards took
 from me!

Now, now, I *feel* these chains: now, first, they *bind* me.

Mer. *Give* him his sword. Let him be free, as air.
 Honest proposer! — But, *thy* help's too weak,
 To prop a throne, in danger.——

Eum. O, Queen! — *forgive* presumption, in the *poor*,
 When *they* dare pity greatness.
 All have their mis'ries—but, when *crowns* grow wretched,
 'Tis arrogance, in *mean* ones, to complain.

[*Exit Eumenes.*]

Eur. Too fatally, I prophesied — confess
 This hard necessity: which, now, you find;
 And *seem*, at least, to sooth the tyrant's hope.

Mer. I misconceiv'd the Gods. I durst not dream,
 They

They cou'd have bid guilt thrive : and given up *virtue*.

Eur. They *will not*, Madam.

Mer. So, my sad heart, still,

Struggles to hope : and, if they mark my *woe*,

They will forgive my *rashness*.

Eur. Come what must !

I will assemble round you the few faithful,

And, failing to protect, partake your fall. [*Exit Euricles*]

SCENE III. Merope, Ismene.

Mer. O, people ! people ! they, who trust your faith,
Bid the wild winds blow constant.

Ism. The *people's* voice is call'd, the voice of Gods.

Mer. What villain baseness wants some bold pretence
That drags in *Heaven*, to grace it ? Thetis, plots, perjuries,
Avarice, revenge, the bloody zeal of *pride*,
And unforgiving bitterness of heart ;

All—have their Gods to friend ! their priests, to sanctify.

SCENE IV. Merope, Ismene, Euricles, *with a sword*.

Eur. Sorrow on sorrows bear down hope's last prop.
Now, be a Queen, indeed ! —arm your great heart,
With preparation, to its utmost stretch :

—For, if it stands *this* shock, its power's immortal.

Mer. No——I am sinking, from all *sense* of pain :
And shall grow *sense*, by want of strength to suffer.
Speak—there is now but one sad truth to dread :

And my soul waits it heard ; —then, rests, for ever.

Eur. It has pleas'd Heaven—this *sword* ! this fatal
sword !

Mer. I understand thee ; thou wou'dst say, he's *dead*.

Eur. Oh ! 'tis too surely so : th' atrocious crime
At last, succeeded —and all care is vain.

Mer. Gods ! Gods ! —'tis done.—now all your bolts
have struck me.

Ism. Guard her distracted brain !

Eur.

Eur. Save her, kind Heaven !

Mer. What have I done ? *Where* have I been ?

Eur. Alas ! where grief, too oft,
Has left th' unhappy ! ——— Recollect.

Mer. Oh ! Euricles : I recollect, too much.
Trust my sustaining heart, it breaks not, *yet*.
Comfort's brief clouds, methought, came shadowing
o'er me.

But I am *found*, again : a wretch, so friendless,
That *madiefs* will not lend relief : but *burns* me.

Eur. Perish, that young, that impious hypocrite !
That ill admir'd attracter of your pity :
Whom your protection spar'd — for fancied virtue !

Mer. Who ? ——— What ? ———

Ism. Not Dorilas ?

Eur. Him, him, — That Dorilas.

Aer. Monster ! beyond all credit of deceit !

Ism. He ! — 'tis impossible.

Eur. He was the murderer

I bring too clear a proof. Passing, but now,
I found him waiting : freed him from his chains ;
And, to re-arm him, for the cause he chose :
Call'd for his *sword* — Which, as he stretch'd his hand
To take, I mark'd, and trembled at the view,
These once known *gems* — too well remember'd, *here* !

Mer. [*Taking the sword.*] O, all ye sleeping Gods !
'twas my Creiphontes',

'Twas the *King's* sword. Narbas, beyond all doubting,
Sav'd it, that dreadful night, for my Eumenes.

Oh ! what a false vile tale this flatterer form'd,
To cheat us into pardon !

Take the dumb dreadful witness from my sight.

[*Giving Euricles the sword.*]

Yet, stay — return it me. ———

[*Resumes the sword — and kneels.*]

—— I thank ye — Gods !

Thank your inspiring justice : and *accept* it.

Live, *but* to thank you — for this dire, due, sacrifice ;

Vol. II.

Q

Whic!

Which, from the childless mother's widow'd hand,
 Your Heav'n-directed vengeance well *demands*. [*She rises.*
 Yes, I will *beat* it, on my husband's tomb,
 Deep, in the *bleeding murderer's* panting heart ;
 Then, scorning Poliphontes, pierce my *own* ;
 So, die, reveng'd, and safe, — *absolving* Heaven.
 — Go, Euricles. —

Eur. Not so. — Yet *bear* his sight :
 That, from his own dire mouth, we may compel
 Discovery, of his guilt's commission'd *cause* :
 And, to the bottom, search this fatal tale. [*Exit Euricles.*
Ism. Erox ! — the tyrant's minister of death.

SCENE V. Merope, Ismene, Erox.

Erox. [*Afide.*] Now, aid me, wily powers of winning art !

Mer. How now ! What bold intrusion plac'd thee here ?

Erox. Queen, of the kingdom's Lord ! his heart's
 high Empress !

Suffer a voice, unequal to the task,
 To wrong th' intrusted sense of *his* told grief
 Who sends me to *condole* you. — Poliphontes,
 Had you but smooth'd that brow's majestic bend,
 I meant to have said, the *King*, — this moment, heard
 The fate, most pitied, of the Prince, your *son*,
 Heard, and takes equal part, in all your wrongs.

Mer. More, than his part, he takes, in what is mine.
 Else, had he never dar'd aspire, to seize
 His master's throne ; nor *name* my murder'd son.

Erox. Wishing, he waits but *leave*. Respect is *delicate* ;
 And wou'd not, unadmitted, *now*, approach.
 Fain wou'd he talk of comfort, to *your* sorrows,
 Who, weeping, wants the power to curb his *own*.

Mer. What wou'd your artful sander come, to *say* !

Erox. To beg, that to *his* hand you wou'd commit
 This hateful murder's *punishment*. — He glows
 For vengeance in your cause. Shou'd think his claim
 Unworthy a crown's trust ; less worthy *yours*,

Could

Could be forgot, that justice props a throne.

Mer. No. Tell him *no*. My hand revenges, *help*.
Too short of reach, Heaven knows! but, what it *can*
it shall: and neither asks, nor bears, *his aid*.

Eros. The King too tenderly regards your will,
To cross it, ev'n in *anger* ——— *less*, in *reason*.

— I humbly take my leave.

Mer. I grant it, gladly.

[*Exit Eros.*]

Hunted on every side, why waits distress;
Till still *new* growths of anguish, *more*, oppress?
How poor a thing is *life*, drag'd on to age,
To stand, the pated mark of Fortune's rage!
Death shuts out mis'ry: and can, best, restrain
The bite of insult, and the goad of pain.

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## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Tomb of Cresphontes.*

*Narbas alone.*

**H**ALL venerable scene! Hail sacred shade!  
Hail sad-fought *manes* of my long-lov'd Lord!  
My eyes last object on Mycenian earth,  
Was thy dear life and empire lost in blood;  
Now late returning, their first mourning search,  
Finds in this cold still tomb, the whole shrunk reach  
Of thy contracted reign! Yet here, ev'n here,  
Were thy Eumenes render'd back, even here,  
Narbas had held some hope to sooth thy ghost.

How shall I meet his *mother's* mournful eye,  
Who bring *new* weight, to woes *o'ercharg'd* before.  
From every madd'ning street, I hear loud shouts,  
Those execrable bawds, to flatter'd Power!  
Proclaim the traitor Poliphontes, King.

Q 2

He!

He ! who, from clime to clime, track'd our sad way !  
 Held, like a hunted deer, his Prince, in chase ;  
 Hot in pursuit, for murder !—Each known prospect,  
 Each point, each outlet of this neighb'ring palace,  
 Brings to afflicted mem'ry some new stroke  
 Of sorrow, fresh to pain—tho' fifteen winters  
 Have snow'd their whiteness on me, since they fell !  
 Would, I cou'd find the face of some old friend !  
 But, what court friendship's life lasts, fifteen winters :  
 —Soft. Whom has Heaven sent here ! It inwardly  
 Dwells yet on earth, such looks as these must *house* it.

*[Starts, as Ismene comes nearer.]*

Bless the resembled *mother's* copied features !  
 'Tis my Ismene ! 'tis my own dear daughter.  
 Time cannot hide her, from a parent's eye :  
 Child as she was—and chang'd since last I saw her.

SCENE II. Narcissus, Ismene, follow'd by a train of  
*virgins in white, who bring baskets, and strew flowers on the tomb.*

*Ism.* Who is this bold unknown ? so sagely form'd !  
 Yet indelicately rude— at such an hour,  
 To break, abruptly, on the Queen's sad purpose !

*Nar.* Fairest, of forms—

*Ism.* Who are you ?

*Nar.* Child me not,

Sweet picture of the Powers, who shed soft pity !

—I am a nameless, friendless, weak, old man.

Once, I was servant, to the Queen you serve ;

O, grant the gracious privilege, to *see* her.

*Ism.* Rev'rend, and wise ! The first, I see you are !

The last, my heart conceives you—What a time

Have your misguided wants unaptly chosen !

Your sight wou'd, now, offend her.—Deep distress,

From dire solemnity of purpose, brings her.

—'T were prudent to withdraw.

*Nar.* *[In a low voice.]* Come near—*Ismene.*

*Ism.*

*Ifm.* Immortal Powers! Who can it be?—he knows me!  
Fain would I dare mix *hope*, with fear and wonder.

[*Approaching him.*]

*Nar.* Thou art my *child*. Kind Heaven has sent thee  
to me.

—Be cautious — and observe.

*Ifm.* [*Kneeling.*] Prophetic heart!

Oh, Sir—I *cannot* speak!

*Nar.* [*Raising her.*] Hide thy surprise,  
Ere yet some dang'rous *note* detects our meeting.

—So t as thy eyes, *Ismene*, be thy *voice*.  
And answer to my question—Round this tomb,  
Why thus assembled moves that virgin train?

*Ifm.* Alas! the afflicted Queen,  
Distracted comes, —to offer on this tomb,  
Her *husband's last sacrifice*—a dreadful victim!

—The *murderer* of her *son*

*Nar.* Eumenes, dead?

*Ifm.* Alas, Sir! cou'd you be a stranger to it?

*Nar.* Blast! of my soul's best hope.—Who *dar'd* this  
villainy?

*Ifm.* A youth, who found him in Alcides' temple.  
One, from whose air of manly modesty  
None, surely cou'd have fear'd.—Behold! he *comes*.  
That better'd criminal is he — Oh, Sir!  
Where will you, now, be hid?

*Nar.* In death, *Ismene*:

If I now hear and see—and am not *dreaming*!

*Ifm.* From the Queen's eye, I dare no longer.

*Nar.* [*Holding her.*] Stay.

Queens, Kings, nor Gods, shall tear thee from my arm,  
Till thou hast heard me fully.



## SCENE III.

*Solemn procession to a dead march. Merope, Euricles, with the sword. Eumenes, in chains. Guards, Priests, as to sacrifice. — The Queen goes up weeping, and kneels silent, at the tomb; while the rest range themselves on each side the scene.*

*Nar.* [To *Ism.*] Some black-soul'd fiend, some fury tis'n from hell,

Has darken'd all discernment! — Call'st thou not That letter'd youth the murderer of Eumenes?

*Ism.* I call'd him so too truly.

*Nar.* He is Eumenes.

What angry God misleads the Queen, to madness? She dreams Eumenes kill'd — and kills Eumenes!

*Ism.* Now are my heart's late tremblings well explain'd. Quick let me rush, and warn her erring hand.

*Nar.* Not, for a thousand worlds. To save him, so, Were but to lose him, surer. — Poliphontes Has ears and eyes too near us. —

I may soon find means, when all are hush'd, To hide my self, unmask'd, amidst the crowd.

*Sad and solemn music. Then a song of sacrifice. Mr. Bond as Chief Priest.*

Hear, from the dark and silent shade!

Hear, ye pale hands of Death!

Gliding from graves, where once your bones were laid,

Receive a murderer's breath.

*(Chorus of Priests and Virgins.)*

Receive a murderer's breath.

*Mer.* [Kissing and coming forward.] Where is this victim

—adious, to all Powers,

But one—the dreadful Nemesis?

[The guards bring up Eumenes.

*Eur.* Yet, ere he dies,

'Twas

'Twere fit some force of torture should compel him  
To name his vile accomplices.

*Mer.* It *shall*.

Say, monster, what provok'd thee to this guilt:  
And what associates join'd thee?

*Eum.* I appeal

The Gods, who find it fit my soul shou'd buy,  
At this dear rate, the moment's hope you lent it;  
Those Gods can *witness* for me; they! who curse  
The perjur'd, and disclaim the base one's safety.  
My lips detest imposture:

—Nor know I, by what change, in Heaven's high will,  
I, who of late so bless'd, had touch'd your *pity*,  
Fall, now, beneath your *anger*!

*Mer.* [*Taking the sword from Euricles.*] View this sword.  
Know you the dreadful object?

*Eum.* 'Twas the villain's,  
My just hand punish'd with it.

*Mer.* Seize him. Rend him.

Swift to the destin'd altar, drag the traitor.  
He *owns* it! glories in his bloody crime:  
And my shock'd soul *akes* at him. [*The guards seize him.*]

*Eum.* [*Struggling.*] Off—away—  
Spare your officious grasp—I *will* be heard;  
One last loud word—in spite of arms and insult.

*Mer.* [*After a signal to the guards, who quit Eumenes.*]  
Thou then, who deal'st in death, can'st find death fearful.

*Eum.* No, Madam! you mistake. Death shakes the *happy*:  
But he who is a wretch receives him gladly.

—Yet, 'gainst imputed guilt, the humblest, wrong'd,  
Rise, bold in innocence.

—Tell me, nor let your pride deface your pity,  
Whose, so high-rated blood was this I shed?

—If he was dear to *you*, curs'd be my memory,  
Or I had rather lost my *own* than *his*.

*Mer.* Where has this cruel wretch been taught deceit?  
Why was that look, so like Cressphontes, his!

[*Half fainting.*]

*Eur.*

*Eur.* Great Queen! sustain your purpose. Think of *vengeance*.

The laws of Nature, — and the lives of Kings.

*Eum.* Do Laws and Kings, then, call injustice *vengeance*?  
Shame on the great! why long'd my eyes for *courts*?  
Courts, where the pride of guilt lays claim to honour.  
— Haughty of heart, why have they souls thus abject?  
They threaten, praise, fright, flatter, and insult me!  
— Yet, oh! 'twas *just* — I left my father, rashly;  
Felt not the pangs; weigh'd not the tears I cost him.  
Fate drew me from my forest's guiltless quiet,  
Deaf to the warnings of a father's wisdom:  
And griev'd a mother's bodings.

*Mer.* Mother, said he!

Barbarian! halt thou yet a *mother* left thee?  
I was a mother too — till thy *fell* hand  
Depriv'd me of a *son* — and all life's comforts.

*Eum.* A son! — *your* son?

*Mer.* Mine, monster! murd'rer! mine.

*Eum.* If *jud* was my misfortune, such my *curse*,  
If Heaven has made it *possible* — that he,  
Who in a fatal moment, err'd — and fell  
By my ill-destin'd rashness, was *your* son,  
Earth holds not such another wretch as I am!  
And mercy's faintest glimpe thou'd shun to reach me.  
[*Eumenes, here, offers to speak, and Merope*  
*interrupts him.*

Mercy! thou hypocrite. — If thou dar'st *pray*,  
Raise thy dumb *hands*: and ask, in vain, from Heaven,  
The mercy, thou deniedst my dying son.

*Eum.* Yet hear — — —

*Mer.* Stop his detested mouth;  
Force the doom'd victim to the altar's foot,  
Veil him from *light*, no more to be beheld:  
Hide his quench'd eyes, for ever.

[*Two Priests approaching, with a veil, he snatches*  
*it, and throws it from him.*

*Eum.* Off! ye vain forms!

Cover

Cover the eyes of *cowards* : mine disdain ye,  
 Mine can, with stedfast and *advancing* scorn,  
 Look in death's face, full-sighted.---When it comes,  
 'Tis to be *met*, not *bid*.----

Welcome, eternal day;---*bad world*, farewell.

[*Advances, between the Priests, to the tomb---follow'd  
 by the Queen, Euricles, Ismene, &c.*

*Mer.* [*At the tomb---with the sword drawn, and Eumenes  
 kneeling ready.*

Shade, of my murder'd *husband*!---bear my call.

*Chorus, of fingers' voices.*

*Ob! bear.*

*Mer.* Soul of my bleeding son! hear, thou---

*Chorus, of fingers' voices.*

*Ob! bear.*

*Mer.* Un-expiated souls!-- if in those glooms,  
 Where walk the sullen ghosts of earth-wrong'd Kings,  
 You hear atonement's voice, and wait redress,  
 Rise, from your dire domains!

*Chorus, of fingers' voices.*

*Ob! rise.*

*Mer.* -----Thou, last,  
 Tremend'ous Pow'r! pale Goddess! present, still,  
 To direful *vengeance*! nerve this lifted arm,  
 And *thus* assisting -----

[*Ismene preventing the blow, Narbas breaks into fight,  
 and cries out loudly,*

*Stay, stay* that bloody purpose.

Death has already been too busy, here:

And Heaven disclaims such sacrifice.

*Mer.* [*In a frighted and trembling attitude.*] Who art thou?

*Eur.* O, 'tis Narbas!

Cautious conceal this chance, or ruin finds him.

*Is.* [*Aside---to the Queen.*] Your victim is your son,--  
 the Prince, Eumenes.

[*Merope lets fall the sword---astonish'd, and trembling.*

*Eum.* [*Rising himself to look round.*] I heard a well-known  
 voice, now heard no longer.

Open,

Open, sad eyes! once more, from the grave's brink,  
And find what *seem'd*—Oh! 'tis—it is—my father!

*Narb.* [*Aside, to Eumenes.*] Hear, and be mute. Thy  
fate, unwary youth!

Depends upon thy *silence*.

*Eum.* Whence, O ye Powers!

Can all these myst'ries rise!

*Mer.* Oh!—'tis too much—

And life and I are *lost*.

[*Faints and is supported by Ismene.*]

*Narb.* Assist the Queen.

*Ism.* Stay your unhallow'd rites: the Queen's in danger.

*Eur.* Quit, rev'rend Priests! your unpropitious sacrifice.

[*Exeunt Priests.*]

Follow me, Guards, I will secure your *victim*.

*Eum.* O, father—

*Narb.* [*To Eumenes*] Shun me: and patient wait th'  
important *cause*.

*Eum.* O, bid me, ere I die, but hope your pardon:  
And, if I leave *you* blest'd—'tis all my prayer.

*Narb.* No more.—The Gods, who love, *reward* thy  
virtue! [*The soldiers, and Eur. go off with Eum.*]

*Ism.* Kind Heaven restores the Queen.

*Mer.* Where!--whither have ye brought me?—

—Ismene! what means this?—Why weep my virgins?

—Oh! I have *kill'd* him:—[*Looking wildly round her*]—for  
I see him *not*:

And I am doom'd to pains, in life immortal.

*Narb.* Ease your sad heart's too apprehensive startings.  
Euricles has secur'd him: and nothing's known.

*Mer.* Still that kind vision haunts me.--Art thou Narbas?

*Narb.* Let my *tears* answer — in this gush of joy—  
I give you back my trust, my King Eumenes.

*Mer.* [*On her knees.*] Oh, gracious Heaven! support a  
woman's weakness:

And, what my *heart*, yet panting, fails to utter,  
Take, from my soul's touch'd sense, and *make* my prayer.  
You are too *great*, for thanks! too *good*, for duty! [*Rises.*  
*Eur.*]

*Eur.* [*Re-entering hastily.*] Death! to th' insatiate tyrant's thirst of insult!

— This royal scandal, to the name he steals,  
Has, with some fatal purpose, seiz'd the King;  
And holds him, to examine.

*Mer.* Follow me.

Now shall he see, what marks denote the Queen;  
What difference, 'twixt the guilty, and the wrong'd.

*Narb.* [*Going.*] Madam! — it must not be.

*Eur.* Stay: curb this rashness.

*Mer.* Is he not mine! Is he not yours?—your King?

*Eur.* The moment you confess that dang'rous truth,  
No God, but hated Hymen, saves Eumenes.

*Mer.* There, thou hast let in light, upon my soul,

— Rather than ~~was~~ this Poliphontes. —

*Narb.* *Woe* him?

W E D — Poliphontes!

*Eur.* *Him.*

*Narb.* The world's last groan,  
Wrapt in surrounding fires, had less amaz'd me!

*Eur.* 'Tis with that view the people call him King.  
Since he reveng'd Cresphontes' blood, they say,  
He, best —

*Narb.* He! — Every curse of death surround him!  
He! He reveng'd! — The villain's own damn'd train  
*Sbed*, — *split* it. I beheld 'em, trac'd the fiend  
Thro' all his dark disguises — thro' night's eye  
Saw the pale murder'rer stalk, amidst his furies.  
*His* was the half-hid torch, — the postern key,  
That open'd to the rebel's rage the palace.  
— In the pierc'd infant breasts of *two* doom'd innocents,  
I *saw* him plunge his poinard: twice receiv'd it,  
Deep, in my *own*, encumber'd with my charge:  
Struggling, to bear the third *saw'd* Prince to shelter;  
And, track'd by my lost blood, with pain escap'd him.

*Mer.* When will my growing horrors reach their end!  
Oh! my fix'd hate was *insinuat*. Something, fatal,  
Dwelt on his dreadful brow, and bad me *follow* him.

Blind! headlong! ill-discerning! noise-driv'n people!

*Eur.* [ *Looking out* ] Solt! the tyrant comes!

*Mer.* Can the Gods leave that *possible*?

*Narbas*, be *bid*, this moment. — [ *Exit Narbas.*

— *Euricles*!

Fly thou — find to my mournful son access,

Comfort his fears — but keep the secret from him.

[ *Exit Euricles.*

#### S C E N E IV.

*Merope*, *Ismene*, *Poliphontes* in nuptial robes, *Erox*,  
and *Train*.

*Pol.* Health, to my *Sovereign*, *late*! Now — so the States  
Decree — my wife! my sister! and my soul!

Dress'd is the altar; and the priests attend.

— Nay, do not turn aside, and shun your triumph.

Look — and admire the wonders of your power!

The God of love, to-day, smooths all my wrinkles:

And I am taught by joy to smile back *youth*.

— One care alone precedes impatient love.

They tell me, your too tender heart *recoil'd*:

And *lost* your purpos'd vengeance. — Let it *be*.

Beauty was meant to *wound*, a gentler way.

*Mine*, be the stroke of justice. — When I view

This murd'rous stripling, thro' the grief he brought you,

Pity disdains his cause; and fate *demand*s him.

*Mer.* I find myself, 'tis true, too weak, for vengeance.

Wou'd I had power, more equal to my wrongs!

*Pol.* Leave it to *me*: 'tis a King's right. — I *claim* it,

*Mer.* I shall *consider* of it.

*Pol.* Why? what doubt you?

*Slackens* your anger? that your vengeance hesitates!

Is your son's mem'ry now, less dear, than lately?

*Mer.* Perish, the *will*, that wrongs him! But this murd'rer,

This *youth* — they tell me you suspect accomplices —

Were it not prudent to suspend his fate,

'Till

'Till he declares, who join'd him ?

*Pol.* What expect you

To clear, beyond your son's known fall ?

*Mer.* His father's —

That was a cup of *gall*.—Oh ! conscious guilt !

How dumb, thy voice, unlook'd for, strikes the bold !

*Pol.* [*After a pause.*] Well—ev'n of that too, we our-  
self will ask him. [*Aside.*]

*Mer.* You are too busy, Sir ! in a pursuit,  
That least, admits *your* quick'ning.

*Pol.* Strange perplexity !

That what most seeks your ease shou'd most *offend* !

But, spring it, whence it may, the *cause* remov'd,

There, ends the doubt, and pain.—This wretch shall  
*die.* [*Going.*]

*Mer.* Barbarian ! horrible, inhuman—Sir !

Why have you sought to startle me ?—I fear'd —

You meant to snatch my victim from—my vengeance.

*Pol.* But—shall he *really* die ?

*Mer.* Die!--*Who* ?—He--die ?

*Pol.* This murd'rer of your son ?

*Mer.* I go, this moment ;

And will, alone, examine him.

*Pol.* Stay, Madam.

This new embarrassment, of mingled pains ;

This tenderness in rage ; these hopes, fears, startings,

This art, to colour some ill-hid distress,

That casts *confusion* o'er your troubled soul :

Half sentences, broke short ; looks, fill'd with horror ;

Are Nature's thin *disguise*, to cover danger.

—Something, you will not *tell*, alarms my caution ;

And bids my summon'd *fear* take place of love.

—In ent'ring, here, I had a glimpse, but now,

Of an old man, who seem'd to shun my presence.

Why is he fled ?—Who was he ?

*Mer.* Scarce yet call'd

A *King*—and see ! already fill'd with jealousies !

*Pol.*



*Pol.* Be kind, and bear your part, then.—Burthens, shar'd,  
Press light the eas'd sustainers.—Come, your hand.

*Mer.* A moment since, you talk'd but of revenge :  
Now, 'tis again all love—Away : keep separate,  
Two passions, nature never yet saw join'd.

*Pol.* Let it be so, then. Death shall strait remove  
That obstacle : and but one wish remains.

Follow, at leisure, you : while I prepare. [*Exit Pol.*]

*Mer.* Act for me, now, and save me, great Alcides !  
To power like thine, all things are possible :

And grief, oppress'd on earth, finds friends in heaven.

Then when the woe-sunk heart is tir'd with care,

And every human prospect bids despair,

Break but one gleam of heav'nly comfort, in ;

And a new race of triumphs, thence, begin.

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## ACT IV. SCENE I.

### *The Castle of Poliphontes.*

Poliphontes, Erox.

*Pol.* SHE has her views, I mine.—I shou'd have fear'd,  
Some hint's officious reach had touch'd her ear ;  
I shou'd have dreamt, her eyes had catch'd some glance,  
'To guide discovery, down the dark abyss,  
Where my close crime lies veil'd in dumb obscurity.

— But, that I know, she is a WOMAN—Erox !

And born to be capricious.

*Erox.* Pride—not distaste,  
Holds out her heart, against you.

*Pol.* Let her keep it.  
My hope is humbler, Erox. 'Tis her hand  
I seek : hearts are girls' gifts to school boy lovers.  
Now, let her spleen start wild. When time serves aptly,  
Means shall be found to curb it.—Thou art come.

From

From sounding this fierce captive son of wonder.  
What have thy thoughts concluded?

*Erox.* 'Tis not *he*.

No race of Hercules need, there, alarm you,  
This but some rural brave, of simple nurture;  
Void of ambition's flame: bold, blunt and honest:  
Fearless of menace; tasteless of reward,  
And wanting ev'n the wish, to dare, for power.  
He cannot be Eumenes.

*Pol.* Who, then, is he?

*Erox.* He says he is a *shepherd's* son; — what, more,  
He will not be provok'd, nor brib'd, to tell.  
Firm without fierceness; without weakness, gentle:  
Open as day-light; yet, as dumb, as death!  
Spite of my prejudice, he forc'd my praise;  
And *hatred* must admire him.

*Pol.* Praise him on.

Be what, or whom, he may, 'tis fit he *die*.  
The *people*, who conclude his punishment  
Inflicted, for Eumenes' fancy'd murder,  
Will dream that race *extinct*; and cleave to *me*.  
So danger comes less near: nor shakes my throne.  
— What hast thou learnt, of that conceal'd presumer,  
Who, when the arm of Merope was rais'd,  
Restrain'd it, with some power that touch'd her soul?

*Erox.* The young man call'd him *father*. Chance, it seems,  
In that nice moment, brought him to his view.  
He mov'd the Queen's compassion, for his son,  
Fled like a wanton, from the good man's care,  
Who in his search, came sorrowing, from Elis.

*Pol.* I cannot trust this tale. Thou grow'st too credulous.  
Mysterious caution hangs too thick a *veil*  
O'er all their late proceedings. That old man  
Left the Queen's presence, starting, at my entrance.  
Why was he hid, if a young rustic's father?  
Why shou'd *my* coming fright him? He has heard  
Since then, his son's redoubled danger dwells  
But in *my* menace: yet he comes not near me.

I had,

I had, ere now, beheld him at my feet,  
Had his heart trembled with a father's terrors.

*Erox.* See Sir! he's *free*--and mark--the Queen how *near*!

*Pol.* I note it, and determine.

—Now! my sister.

## SCENE II.

Poliphontes, Erox, Merope, Ismene, Euricles, Eumenes,  
and Guards.

*Mer.* You see, Sir! I dare know, and *use*, my rights.  
How had your will presum'd to seize my victim?  
Am I but Queen of shadows? that my vengeance  
Must move, as *you* direct it?

*Pol.* Nobly urg'd!

The victim is your right, requires *your* hand:  
Mine had defac'd your vengeance. --- I assum'd  
Pretence to aid it, but to fire your languor.  
Take courage. I resign him. With his blood  
Wash this reluctant faintness from your heart:  
And give it warmth to meet me at the altar.

*Mer.* Horrid, and impious, hope!

*Pol.* Looks *love* so frightful?

*Eum.* [To *Pol.*] Who taught thee to associate love with  
*cruelty*?

What right has Cupid to a captive's blood?  
---Yet, mispresume me not, that I court thy pity---  
He has too poor a view from life, to *prize* it,  
Whose death can only serve, to shorten *pain*.  
---But, I am told, thou call'st thyself a *King*:  
*Know*, if thou *art* one, that the poor have rights:  
And power, in all its pride, is *less* than *justice*.  
---I am a stranger---innocent,---and friendless,---  
And that protection, which thou *ow'st*, to all,  
Is doubly due, to me: ---for, I'm unhappy.

*Pol.* Protection is for *worth*:---guilt calls for vengeance.

*Eum.* And what does wrong's licentious *insult* call for?

---!q

—In my own just defence, I *kill'd* a robber :  
 Law call'd it *murder* ; and the Queen condemn'd me.  
 Queens may *mistake*. Ev'n Gods, who LOVE, grow *partial*.  
 I can forgive th' injustice of a *mother* :  
 And cou'd have blest'd *her* hand beneath the blow.  
*Nature* has weakneses, that *err* to virtue ?  
 —But, what hast *thou* to do with mother's vengeance ?  
 Law, that shocks *equity*, is *reason's* murder.

*Pol.* So young ! so wretched !—and so *arrogant* !  
 Methinks, the pride of an *Alcides'* blood  
 Cou'd scarce have swell'd a soul to loftier *boldness* !

*Mer.* Pity presumptuous heat. 'Tis youth's prerogative.

*Pol.* Mean while, how happy such unpolish'd plainness !  
 To move defence, from art to skill'd as *yours*.  
 Your son, sure ! *lives*.

*Mer.* Lives ! and *shall* live. I trust him to the *Gods* :  
 They *can* — they *did* — they *will* protect him.

*Pol.* What cannot woman's pity ! none, who marks  
 The willing pardon your soft looks insure him,  
 Can charge your heart with cruelty.

*Mer.* My looks,  
 Perhaps, hint meanings, prudence shou'd decline  
 To lend too loud a *tongue* to. — But, there *art*,  
 Whose *heart* speaks nothing : yet *tells all*, by actions.

*Pol.* Mark, if I speak not, *now*, my heart's true language.  
 — *Traitor ! receive thy doom.* [*Drawing his sword.*]

*Mer.* [*Interposing.*] Strike *here, here*, murd'rer !  
 Menace *my* breast ; not his.

*Pol.* Whose heart speaks, *now* ?

*Eum.* Now, ye Immortals ! not to *die*, were, *not*  
 To triumph. — To be pitied, *here* ! so pitied !  
 By such a Queen as *Merope* ! — 'tis glory  
 That every power beneath a *God* might envy !

*Pol.* If you wou'd have him live, confess, *who is he* ?

*Mer.* He — is —

*Eur.* [*To Ismene.*] Oh ! we are lost.

*Ism.* All, all, is hopeless.

*Pol.* If he has right in *you*, be swift to *own* him :  
Or, *lose* him by your silence. [*Offers to kill Eumenes.*]

*Mer.* Stay ——— he is ———

*Pol.* Who? what? — say, quickly.

*Mer.* He is *my* son, Eumenes.

*Pol.* [*Starting, and aside.*] 'Tis as I *fear'd*; and all my  
schemes are air. [*Stands pensively fix'd.*]

*Eum.* Heav'ns — Did I hear *that*, rightly?

*Mer.* [*Embracing him.*] Thou *art* my son.

Loud in the face of men and ear of Gods,

Cresphontes was thy father : I attest it :

I tell it, to the *winds* : proclaim it — boast it.

Hear it, *thou* soul of murder! I have *found* him :

And if I lose him, *now*, whole Heav'n shall *curse* thee.

*Eum.* I cannot comprehend it! — yet, I kneel,

To *thank* you—but for deigning to *deceive* me.

Bless'd is his fate, who dies in such a *dream*!

*Mer.* One way, thou *art* deceiv'd. — The Mother's love  
Forgets the Monarch's danger. — Poliphontes!

*Pol.* [*Starting.*] Go on--I meditated--but--*peak*, Madam.

*Mer.* Thou now hast wrung, from my affrighted heart,  
The *secret*, that oppress'd it. Thou behold'st

Thy *King*, distress'd, before thee. — *Sigh*, if thou can'st,

*Sigh*, — for the Son, Prince, Mother--Fame, and Nature.

*Pol.* How to resolve will ask some needful pause.

—Mean while, it shakes my faith, to trust your story.

You hear, the young man's honesty *disclaims*

This greatness, you wou'd lend him.

*Eum.* Modest sense

Of my unequal worth compell'd some doubting ;

But *now*, 'tis truth contestless. Royal *tears*

Flow not for pitied *falsehood*; and *they* prove it.

*Mer.* Tears touch not hearts of flint; and I will spare 'em.

Bid your *\*pride* hear me--for, your pity cannot. [*\*Kneels.*]

See me an humble suppliant, at your feet,

Now first confessing I can *fear* your anger.

*This* shou'd, beyond all proof of tears, *convince* you,

That Merope's his *mother*. — Still, you frown :

I forget

I forget

My own long sorrows---all my wrongs, and insults :  
Smile to the future --- and absolve the past.

— Let him *but breathe*---To reign, were to be *wretched*.

---Cruel! you answer nothing! — look let's *dreadful*!

Ease my distracted soul --- and speak some *comfort*.

*Eum.* O, Madam! quit that *posture*.---My proud heart  
Aspires to *keep* the glory you have lent it.

— If I, indeed, was born to call you mother,

Why do I see and hear you, *not a Queen?* [*Rais her.*]

—Nor think my soul too haughty: — no distress

Abolves *dejection*: 'tis the brave's *prerogative*,

To feel, without *complaining*. Now!---Strike, tyrant---

Courage, restrain'd from *act*, takes pride to *suffer*.

*Pol.* [*To* *Merope*.] 'Tis well. I have, with just attention,  
heard;

And, in impartial silence, weigh'd it, all.

*Your sorrow* claims some right to call for mine:

And *his* high *spirit* charms me. — I take him

[*Takes Eumenes by the hand.*]

Into my heedful care; remit his sentence;

And, if found *yours*, adopt him as my son.

*Eum.* *Yours*, said you? — *yours!*

*Mer.* Be patient, good Eumenes.

*Pol.* *You* rule his destiny. You know what price

I rate his life at. Smile; and meet my wishes.

For, may the Gods, conjointly, curse my reign,

If he *survives* refusal of my pray'r!

—Bethink you. In an *hour*, I shall expect you;

Where, at the altar, to th' attesting Powers,

You may proclaim your *choice*. That moment makes him

My *victim*, or my *son*. 'Till then, farewell.

*Mer.* You cannot be so cruel. — Leave *him*, with me.

To *see* him might persuade me.

*Pol.* See him, *there*:

See him in Hymen's *temple*. Erox attend him. [*Exit Pol.*]

*Eum.* Oh, *Queen!* oh, mother!

If I, already, dare assume a right

To call you, by that dear, that awful name :  
*Think*, nothing, that may misbecome *your* glory----  
*Do*, nothing, that may mix contempt, with *mine*.  
 ——I leave you to the care of Heav'n ; and *die*.  
 Lead me to the tyrant.

## S C E N E III.

Merope, Euricles, Ismene.

*Mer.* Fly, follow, Euricles ; hold thy kind eye  
 Fix'd, to this tyrant's motions. Fain would I dream,  
 He threatens, but to fright me.

*Eur.* Willing hope  
 So flatters, to deceive you. Too, too sure,  
 His purpose ! ev'n by nature, stern and bloody,  
 How *more*, when power and safety prompt his cruelty !  
 [Exit Euricles.]

*Mer.* Find thy good father, haste, Ismene ; call him.  
 Tell him, distress grows headstrong, and my soul  
 Sickens for want of counsel.

*Ism.* [Aside.] What a blindness  
 Is thirst of human grandeur ! Give me, Gods !  
 A cottage, and concealment. Save the Queen ;  
 And, from the curse of courts, remotely place me.  
 [Exit Ismene.]

*Mer.* [Alone.] No, there is none ; no ruler of the stars,  
 Regardful of my miseries. ——  
 Oh, my lov'd son ! my eyes have lost thee, *ever*.  
 I shall no more snatch comfort, from thy hopes,  
 Or wonder at thy sweetness. ——  
 Why have the Deities permitted this ?  
 Why have they *sported* with a mortal's mind,  
 Unpitying its distraction ? sent him to me  
 From a far distant land ? sent him, for what !  
 To glut the murd'rer's *sword*, who kill'd his father.  
 -----Yet, you are *just*, ye Gods !—amazing darkness  
 Dwells o'er th' eternal will, and hides all *cause*.

I must

I must not dare to tax Almighty Power,  
 For what I suffer from it. Let it but *pay* me  
 With that curs'd tyrant's *punishment* attain'd :  
 Let me but see myself depriv'd of him —  
 See him expell'd, from light, from earth, from name,  
 Deep, as the cheerless voids below can plunge him !  
 And I will \* kneel, a wretch, and *thank* your justice.

(\* *Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV. Merope, Limene, Narbas.

*Narb.* Oh ! Queen ! August in woes ! What *wrongs*  
 are yours !

*Mer.* [*Rising.*] Yes, Narbas,—I *have* sacrific'd my son—  
 Have given him up, to death—have, madly, *serv'd* him :  
 —What mother, who beheld her son, as I did,  
 Doom'd and endanger'd, *would* have, then, kept silence !

*Nar.* Gen'rous your purpose ! gloriously you err'd :  
 And fell, but from a height, 'twas faine, to reach.  
 Dry up your tears, and summon all your soul :  
 Time presses, — and a moment, lost, is fate.

[*hears heard.*]

*Lim.* [*Letting out.*] Uproar, and cries without, in rising  
 wildness,

Heard from the city, reach the palace walls :  
 Sure sign of new confusion !

*Narb.* I saw the tyrant meet th' expecting *prigs* ;  
 Attended, *not* in *hymeneal* robes,  
 But vestments, such as *justice* demands ;  
 And pomp of bloody rites, at dreadful *altars*.  
 To *these*, his hand consign'd the victim, led :  
 And deafning shouts receiv'd him.—From the train  
 Of priestly horrors, *this way* mov'd their chiefs ;  
 Follow'd by loud, licentious, bursts of joy.  
 Amid th' enormous swell of whole coarse roar,  
 All, I distinctly heard was Poliphontes.

*Mer.*—Where are my *guards* ? Arm'd, for my vengeance,  
 call 'em.

[*Exit three prigs.*]



SCENE V. Merope, Narbas, Ismene, *Priests*.

*Mer.* What ! are ye here already ? - Out of my sight,  
Ye sanctify'd *deceits* ! You ! whose bold arts  
Rule rulers ! and compel even *Kings*, to *awe* !  
Be gone, fly, vanish . . .

Ye mouths of mercy ! and ye hands of blood !

*Chief Priest.* Sorrows, and wrongs, claim privilege to  
And Heaven's affronted *voſ'ries* must *forgive*. [*rail* :

*Mer.* *Cool*, in your cruelty !— Religion's veil  
Ill cloaks rebellion's licence. *Death* was your errand.

Why talk you of *forgiveness* ? 'tis not yours.

*Chief Priest.* Not in *death's* cause we come ; but Heaven's  
-- and love's

If *vows* were plighted, 'twixt the *King* and *you*,  
No power on earth dissolves 'em.

*Mer.* False, as hell !

He knows, I heard his hated vows with horror.

— Slight insolence !—To this ill-founded charge,  
Silence, and scorn, shall answer. [*Turning away*.

*Chief Priest.* Gracious Sovereign !

Suspend your anger : 'tis unjustly rais'd.

—Enlighten, and *command* us. . . Found too *easy*  
In one *wrong'd* faith, we twice, perhaps, have *err'd* :

Alike deceiv'd, in *both*.— Unbend that brow :

And deign to teach our doubt, what *name* to give

'This stranger ? this young captive to the King ?

*Mer.* Give him the name you dare to misapply.

Call him your *King*—my son—my lost *Humens*.

*Chief Priest.* I hear *that*, prophetic soul ! high Heaven !

-- I tremble,

In dread, this great discovery comes too late.

'The shouting people crowd the waiting altar :

And, erring in their  *zeal*, *mis-hail* the day.

—What *can* be, shall be try'd, to cross his doom.

They shall be taught, with bold, advent'rous speed, '

To save their Sovereign's right—and, hence, rash Queen,  
Learn

Learn due repentance : and no more, let loose  
The rage of wrongs, against the *tongues of Gods*. [*Exeunt Priests*.]

*Mer.* — This solemn sharpnels of deserv'd reproach,  
Struck my too conscious guilt, with infelt awe!  
I have been warm too soon : and just, too late.  
What, tho' religion's *guardians* taint her tide!  
Pure is the *fountain*, tho' the stream flows wide :  
Too oft, her *erring guides* her cause betray :  
Yet, rage grows *impious*, when it *bars* her way.



## A C T V.

S C E N E I. *A Prison.*

Eumenes, Narbas, Euricles.

*Eum.* **T**HINK, think upon your danger ; fly, lov'd  
father !

Fly from the tyrant's power, and leave me to my fate.

*Narb.* All sense of my own danger lost, in yours,  
I threw myself, regardless, at his feet.  
Full of the fatal subject, I began,  
Uncautious in my transport. Starting conscience  
*Fled* from the face of truth. He shun'd to *bear*,  
Broke short, reply'd 'twas well : gave me permission ;  
Nay, full of seeming zeal, *injoin'd* my coming——  
Bad me go pay my *last* short debt, of counsel :  
And try to bend your heart, to meet his will.

*Eur.* He added, that his *Queen*—he call'd her *bis* !  
I blush to name her such : but so, he charg'd me.  
Since *she*, he said, in pity but for you,  
Yields a reluctant hand, to close with *bis*,  
'Tis time, *her son*, whose life she holds so dear,  
Aids his own int'rest, and confirms *her* safety.  
—The rest, he paus'd and thought : but held it in,  
Frown'd a disdainful nod — and bad us *leave* him.

R 4

*Eum.*

*Eum.* Slowly awaking, from my dream of wonders,  
 I seem re-born, to some new world, unknown ;  
 Where every thing, I meet with, shocks my soul.  
 ---You talk of *dying*, whilst I, yet, half doubt,  
 Whether, existing now, I really *live* !  
 If I am, truly, the lost wretch I *seem*,  
 If in Mycene now inclos'd, I find  
 Queen Merope, my mother---King Cresphontes  
 My father, murder'd- his fear'd murd'rer crown'd,  
 With his stol'n diadem : and, in it, daring  
 Offer his widow'd Queen a *hand*, stain'd, frightful,  
 In her first *husband's blood* ----- All this, to *me* !  
 Seems, while I drink in Heaven's fair light, and view  
 Yon mansion of the *Gods*, who govern man-----  
 Incredible ! astonishing ! --- and horrid !

*Eur.* 'Tis horrible, indeed ! too dark for thought !  
 ---But, reason's line wants *depth* to sound Heaven's will,

*Narb.* Deign, my *devoted* Prince ! my King ! --- my *son* !  
 Suffer me, still, to use that long-lov'd name ---  
 Deign but--to *live*.--Time, chance, and fortune's changes,  
 May vindicate your glory. --- Since the tyrant  
 Tempts, to *betray* --- reward him, with his *own*.  
 Deceive deceivers, and deceit grows *virtue*.

*Eum.* *This*, in thy forests, Elis ! had I heard,  
 Even there, I shou'd have blush'd to hear, from Narbas !  
 But, as I am. --- No more. -----  
 Kind was your *motive* ! --- pitying my *distress*,  
 You, but, forgot my *duty*.

*Narb.* *Happy* forests !  
 Wou'd, ye were ours, once more ! there, peace dwelt  
 with us :  
 There, safety slept, upon unguarded hills,  
 And every tree's soft shadow *cover'd* anguish.  
*Eur.* Soft ! behold ! --- the tyrant *comes* !

SCENE II. Poliphontes, to the foregoing.

*Pol.* Retire : and wait, without.

[*Exeunt* Euricles, and Narbas.  
 ----- And

———And thou, rash youth!  
 Whose unexperienc'd years, and gen'rous plainness,  
 Fill me with all the pity, due to weakness!  
 For the last time I come, to bring thee power.  
 Leave to *my* toil, to smooth thy future paths;  
 And root out fiction's thorns, which trouble empire.  
 —When I am *dead*—as age admits *short* stay,  
 Thou, and my Merope will reign, at ease,  
 And thank my painful cares: and love my memory.  
 —Why art thou dumb?—pause on---I read thee rightly.  
 Thou hast, I know, a kind of stubborn pride,  
 Call'd *courage*—and mistak'it it, for a *virtue*.  
 —'Tis virtue, when presumption drives it not:  
 But suffers *thought* to guide it.

*Eum.* Guiding thought  
 Has held me patient, long.——Now, answer *me*.  
 Am I Mycene's *Monarch*?

*Pol.* For thy birth,  
 Be it, as truth, or trick, or chance, conclude it.  
 If, from some low, some nameless stock, deriv'd,  
 Be humble, and advis'd—and rise to greatness.  
 If happier offspring cast thee for a *King*,  
 Make thyself *worthy*, of the crown I mean thee.  
 —'Tis but, to wait me to the marriage altar,  
 Where love, and Merope, and peace, attend.  
 There, to the Gods and me, (Mycene's *guardians*)  
 Swear homage, and devote the faithful sword.  
 That done, sports, joys, and safety, crown thy youth:  
 And, in thy riper years, expect the diadem.  
 —Determine.——

*Eum.* 'Tis determin'd.

*Pol.* Tell me *how*?

*Eum.* Why am I left *unfree* to *chuse*—yet, press'd  
 To tell thee my decision?—The *compell'd*  
 To *yield*, disgrace consent: and make faith doubtful.  
 —I am a *captivè*. He, who holds not freedom,  
 Has not his will his *own*:—and chuses *nothing*.

*Pol.* Fierce, amid misery! thou, at once, art brave,  
 And

And insolent, and wretched he be, beware,  
 Not trust, too far, my pity of my penance.  
 I give thee, yet, some moments, to resolve.  
 I go, before thee : but, my guards attend,  
 'To bring thee to the altar. Come, determin'd  
 'To swear—and lose my crown, and live, my son ;  
 Or die, a slave unknown'd, and lose thy name. [*Is going.*]

*Eum.* [*Calling after him.*] 'Thou goest then ?

*Pol.* [*Stopping.*] 'To expect thee.

*Eum.* I will come.

And with me, (tremble to be told it,) comes  
 'The God, that rais'd my race to root out tyrants.  
 Soon shall the throne thou stol'st no more be thine :  
 Horror and penance shall pale these eyes,  
 Where daring insolence now scorned virtue.  
 Menace and insult, then, shall quit thy voice,  
 And groaning anguish grind it. — What the Gods  
 Restrain my hand from reaching, happier sons  
 Of my immortal fire shall rise, to execute :  
 And hurl thee from a power, that hurts mankind.

*Pol.* Here, Narbas ! Euricles ! — You may return.  
 I leave him to your lessons. 'Too too deeply,  
 He feels their past impression. 'Teach him better :  
 Or your exalted heads shall answer to me,  
 For every well known help I owe your hatred.  
 — Narbas ! thy age, I think, might best be trusted.  
 Experience lays his dangers open to thee.  
 Thou, as thou lov'st, advise him. — Whether born  
 The son of Merops, or thine, no matter.  
 I must adopt him mine, — or death demands him.

[*Exit Poliphontes.*]

SCENE III. Eumenes, Narbas, Euricles.

*Eum.* Where did this ill-instructed tyrant learn  
 'To threaten, for persuasion ! — I suspect,  
 He does not seem to doubt, but doubts indeed,  
 I share no blood of Hercules. — He's gone :

And

And call'd me, to his altar.—— Let us *follow*.

*Narb.* Stay.--Whither wou'd such fatal rashness lead you?

*Eur.* The Queen has friends, howe'er too weak, too few,  
Who dare *defend* her cause. Give us but *time*  
To weigh, and to resolve, and these shall aid you.

*Eum.* No---In an hour so black, so dire, as this,  
I task but my own heart, and *Heaven*, to aid me.  
If I *must* fall, I *will* —— I go——to *try*  
What *God* forsakes the friendless.

[*Going out, meets Merope.*

SCENE IV. Merope, and Ismene, to them.

*Mer.* Stay, my son——  
Th' usurper sends me to thee.—— Rest, unheard,  
*His* errand: but my own requires thy ear.  
It has, perhaps, been told thee, that the *Woman*  
Conquers the *Queen*.

—— Let no light *credit* of a guilt so shameful  
Insult the daughter, mother, wife,---ah, me!  
And *widow* —— of a King.—— Yet, I *must* go:  
Must, at the altar, lend my trembling *band*;  
And *seem* —— oh, Heaven! ——

*Eum.* O, Madam! —— so, to seem,  
Were so to *be*. Can solemn vows, at altars,  
Leave room for art's evasions? See *me*, sooner,  
Tingeing the spotted stone with gushing blood:  
And my torn *breast* th' unseeming sacrifice.

*Mer.* So look'd, so spoke---so, sometimes, frown'd,  
Cresphontes.

Full of thy godlike father, copy too,  
The *confidence*, he lent me. *He* had scorn'd  
To doubt me, for a moment, *less than* Merope.

*Eum.* If I was guilty,—— think ——

*Mer.* No more.—— Time presses; ——  
Hear my resolving will, and curb thy own.  
Th' usurper of thy throne no sooner joins  
My hand's suppos'd consent, than, at the altar,

He

He *swears*—in all the pomp of *priestly witness*,  
To free thee from thy chains—and, from that hour,  
Confirm *succession*, thine.-----

*Eum.* Think, at what *price* comes empire, bought so  
Rather than see you wed this—— [dear!

*Mer.* Rash, again?-----  
*Bound*, by an oath, so witness'd, by the *Gods*,  
And all Mycene's *priests*—and all her *peers*.-----  
He dares not *break* it: and thou liv'st, to reign.  
—For me, who have, thenceforth, no call for life,  
I seek thy *father*, in the glooms, below.

*Eum.* ----- No more.  
—It shall *not be*.—See! my repugnant soul  
Shrinks from th' abhorr'd conception. The felt *God*,  
The God, glows, in me: swells, against controul:  
And every springy nerve is active *fire*!  
Come on, friends! father! mother!---trust my firmness.  
See, if I bear a heart, that brooks this wrong:  
That poorly pants, for a base hour of *life*-----  
And let a *woman's* blood outdare a *King's*. [Going.

*Mer.* Oh! stay: return—Call: stop him.

*Eur.* Sir!

*Narb.* Prince!

*Mer.* Son!

*Eum.* [Returning.] Look out: see yonder: view my  
father's *tomb*.

Know you his voice! are you a Queen?  
Come listen ——  
I hear him---Hark!---my King, my father calls!

*Mer.* Methinks the God  
He talk'd of, swells, indeed, his widening soul,  
Lifts him above himself — above mankind.

*Eum.* Come--let me lead you to the altar's foot.  
*There* hear, there, see---*there*, dwells th' Eternal's eye!

*Mer.* Ah! what is thy design!

*Eum.* To die—— to live.

Friends!---in this warm embrace, *divide* my soul.  
[To *Narbas*, who presses him tenderly.  
—— Weep

—Weep not, my Narbas.

No blush, for deeds unworthy your instructions,  
Shall stain remembrance of the care, I cost you.  
Stay thou, that this good Lord returning from me,  
May find thee, and impart a ripening hope,  
Whereon your counsel may direct and save.

On to the work of fate—it calls me hence—

I hear it, and obey. [Ex. Eum. Mer. and Eur.]

Nar. Away—I wou'd not see thee share my sorrow.

Im. Oh! 'twere too poor a wish. Heaven knows, I seek  
No *power*, — I long for *power*, to bear it, *all*.

Nar. Thou art too good, for courts—where *rich* preys  
On innocence; and nought but *guile* is safe.

—What are thy thoughts, of this lost *Prince's* virtues?

Im. I am unskill'd in men: and, most, in Kings.

But, sure! if ever beauty dwelt in form,  
Courage in gentleness, or truth in grandeur,  
All these adorn'd perfections meet, in *him*.

Nar. Yet, see! how Heaven, that gave him all these claims,  
Forgets 'em, and resigns him.—Let that teach thee,  
When, soon, as soon they will, thy splendors *fall*,  
Thou loiest nothing, but a right to *wrath*.

Im. Shou'd the Queen,

Be it, of her sex!

Leave this loud stage of pain,—and rest in *dark*,  
Oh! teach my willing feet to find some gloom,  
Dark, as my prospects, deep inclos'd, for safety;  
And silent, as the brow of midnight sleep!

Nar. Yes, we *will* go, my *fair* Imene, go,  
Where sorrow's sharpest eye shall fail to find us.  
Where we may mix with men, who ne'er deceiv'd,  
And women, born to *see*, the charms they look.

—There *is* a place, which my Eumenes lov'd,  
Till youth's fond hope of glory dash'd his peace;  
Where nature, plainly noble, knows no *guile*;  
And virtue moves no *envy*: [Sings.]

—Hark! That cry

Bodes horror——'tis the signal of some fate.

—Listen,



—Listen, again——

[*Sbouts.*]

*Ism.* Again I hear : and tremble.

Who knows, but, now, the Queen's too direful deed  
Has ended all her mis'ries !——

*Narb.* No more these eyes shall find thee, fated King !  
Cresphontes, and his race, are, all, no more.

*Ism.* [*At a window.*] Hence, from the temple, to the  
palace gate,  
The scatt'ring crowd runs, wide, a thousand ways :  
All busied, without view——All, driven, by terror !

SCENE IV. *Narbas, Ismene, Euricles, bloody.*

*Narb.* Breathless and bleeding see ! who comes!--O,  
Euricles !

*Eur.* Scarce had I strength, wedg'd in by crossing crowds,  
To stem your breathing torrent.——Give me rest.

*Narb.* Eumenes ?—does he live ?

*Eur.* He is---the son confess'd---of Grecian Gods !

*Narb.* What has he suffer'd ?

*Eur.* Nothing---but, has done---  
Beyond example's boast---Oh ! such a deed !  
So terrible ! so just ! so fill'd with wonders !  
That half Alcides' labours, scarce were more.

*Narb.* And shall he be a King ?

*Eur.* He is.

*Narb.* And Merope ?

Great mirror of affliction !---lives *she*, too ?  
How was it ?--say.--My joys will grow too strong ?

*Eur.* The altar, strew'd with flow'rs, was ready dress'd,  
The smoking incense rose, in fragrant curls,  
And *Hymen's* lambent torches flam'd, serene ;  
Silence, and expectation's dreadful *stillness*,  
Doubled the solemn horror of the scene !  
---There, Poliphontes stood : and, at his side,  
Dumb as a destin'd victim, stood the *Queen*.  
Our Prince's summon'd hand had touch'd the altar ;  
His eye sought Heaven---as if prepar'd to *swear*.

The

The tyrant smil'd :--when strait, the priest look'd *pale* ;  
 The lights extinguish'd — and the temple's roof,  
 Shook by descending thunder, seem'd to *bow* !  
 The *God* ! the *God* ! the reverend starter cry'd,  
*Forbids these baneful nuptials.* — Yes : I HEAR him,  
 The dreadful *Prince* reply'd : and, at that word,  
 Leapt, from the altar, to the tyrant's breast —  
 And plung'd the sacred *axe* of sacrifice,  
 Snatch'd, like a lightning's dash ! and reach'd his *life*.  
 --He fell---and o'er him while with pendent eye  
 Th' indignant hero hung, with arm new-raisd,  
 Bate, from behind, pale Erox pierc'd his side.  
 --Red, in his mingled blood, and rising anger,  
 He heard the *crowd's* *protestive* cry---turn'd short,  
 And buried in his brow the rapid steel.  
 Then, to the altar's height sublimely sprung,  
 Stood, Monarch, all-confess'd ; and *war'd* the throng.  
 Come, let me guide you to this work of Heav'n.  
 Halte, and partake it---fly---

*Narb.* Oh ! happy day---

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, the Temple of HYMEN.

*Eumenes discovered on the altar with the axe of sacrifice in his hand. Merope kneeling. Priests, attendants and guards.*  
 [Trumpets and shouts heard.]

*Mer.* Now, now, ye Gods, my pray'rs are heard.

[A loud clap of thunder.]

*Eum.* Hark ! Madam, Heaven approves ! th' attentive Gods  
 Hear hearts, and make voice needlets---Doubt not then  
 They are the good minds guardians--my deliverance  
 Proves how they lov'd your virtue : in your safety  
 I feel their blessing perfect --may : live  
 In deeds, not words, to thank the good they gave.

*Mer.* Deeds, words, and thoughts are theirs---  
 Heaven claims us all.

*Eum.* [To the people.] Hear me, my people, take your  
 King, and with him,  
 Heav'n's best gift, your liberty---Haughtier Monarchs

Place

Place greatness in oppression : Let my throne  
Find safety, but in saving——  
Pride is too apt to harden prosp'rous pow'r,  
But he, whose youth is challen'd by distress,  
Makes subjects happy, and himself ador'd.

*Enter Narbas, Euricles and Ismene. All speaking, kneeling.*

Hail ! and be ever bless'd, O King ! O Queen !

*Mer.* Rise—and lament no more, ye happy friends  
Of virtue, and of Heaven !—— See ! what the Gods  
Have done—to shame suspicion, into faith !  
Oh ! never let the innocent despair :  
The hand, that *made*, can *save* : and best knows *when*,  
[*To Eumenes.*] — Son of Alcides !—— for, what heart,  
but *his*,

Nourish'd in misery ! by wants obstructed !  
Ere sprung, like thine, at youth's first *shoot*, to glory ?  
Trod on a tyrant, and redeem'd a *people* ?

*Eum.* 'Tis but the low, the last, the lightest duty  
Of a *King's* hand, to *dare*. 'Tis *his*, to *save* ;  
To think, to hear, to labour, to discern,  
To form, to remedy, — to *be* — — but *one* :  
Yet, act, and love, and fear, and feel, — — for *all*.  
— Oh, Madam ! I am yours, midst *all* these claims.

Be those my glory's, *this* my duty's care,  
To add my royal *father's* love, to mine :  
And, with a *doubled* rev'rence, seek your comfort.  
— Narbas ! what power can language lend my love,  
To paint the joy, *thy* sense of pleasure gives me ?  
Thou source, and soul, and author, of my virtues :  
Suspend we thoughts, thus tender.— Let us, now,  
Summon Mycene's *chiefs*, and calm her people. [care]  
[*To Mer.* Come, Madam ! he who *reigns*, but climbs to

Tho' safe, his throne, he finds no *sustains*, there.  
Dangers, and doubts, and toils, each moment seize,  
Hang on his business, and perplex his ease.  
Bright but by pomp of woe, Kings shine in vain ;  
Envy'd for anguish, and adorn'd for pain.



THE  
ROMAN REVENGE,  
A  
TRAGEDY.

Acted at the  
THEATRE in BATH.



VOL. II.

S

# Persons Represented.

## M E N.

|                                      |               |
|--------------------------------------|---------------|
| JULIUS CÆSAR, Dictator,              | Mr. BROWN.    |
| MARCUS BRUTUS, his Son by            | }             |
| <i>Servilia</i> . but not knowing    |               |
| himself to be so,                    | Mr. CASTLE.   |
| MARC ANTONY, Consul of <i>Rome</i> , | Mr. FAULKNER. |
| TORBILIUS, a <i>Roman</i> , favour'd | }             |
| by <i>Brutus</i> ,                   |               |
|                                      | Mr. BROOKES.  |

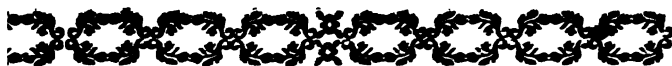
### Conspirators against *Cæsar*,

|                                       |                 |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------|
| CASSIUS,                              | Mr. FURNIVAL.   |
| CIMBER,                               | Mr. RICHARDSON. |
| DECIMUS,                              | Mr. KENNEDY.    |
| CASCA,                                | Mr. COX.        |
| CINNA,                                | Mr. BLAKEY.     |
| MARCELLUS,                            | Mr. MASON.      |
| TRINOVANTIUS, a <i>British</i> Tri-   | }               |
| bune, faithful to <i>Cæsar</i> ,      |                 |
| CURIO, a <i>Roman</i> Tribune, in his | }               |
| Confidence,                           |                 |
|                                       | Mr. STEPHENS.   |
|                                       | Mr. HILL.       |

### An Augur, Officers, Lictors, and Plebeians.

|                                 |                  |
|---------------------------------|------------------|
| CALPURNIA, <i>Cæsar's</i> Wife, | Miss KENNEDY.    |
| PORTIA, Wife to <i>Brutus</i> , | Miss LOW.        |
| FLAVIA, a Lady, Attendant on    | }                |
| <i>Calpurnia</i> ,              |                  |
|                                 | Mrs. RICHARDSON. |

### SCENE, the Capitol, and Places adjoining.



## PROLOGUE.

"TELL me, my matchless fair ! Ye fearless brave !  
 Is there one Briton——born to be a slave ?  
 While your Prince half Europe's right maintains,  
 Whose souls, nor bodies, here, can stoop to chains.  
 Angels and Englishmen, like Homage, pay :  
 Not from love,——and, but by choice obey ;  
 Not to reason's right, not slavery's awe,  
 But sons of freedom serve the Kings, of law.  
 Not with no dogs on sense, no clouds on art,  
 But let in truth's whole light, to cheer the heart.  
 Such, once, was Rome, to strength, not luxury, train'd :  
 Where liberty was hers, and virtue reign'd.  
 Not in her own felt power, and bluntly brave,  
 But scorn'd alike to be—or make—a slave.  
 Not puny Popeling, yet, man's birth-right stole :  
 Not to th' invaded empire——of the SOUL !  
 Not vain, prideless rule bound short ambition's plea :  
 Not left thought, art, faith, hope, and conscience free.  
 Far other fame was hers, when Church-craft reign'd,  
 Not on every Cherub's face, with gall was stain'd :  
 Not vet-er'd Religion, sour'd by priestly leaven,  
 Not on pale Peace——and shook her keys at Heaven.  
 Not more than her Maker's rights, she found too small,  
 And murmur'd, that his grants could give—but ALL  
 Not mild, inconsistent, blasphemous, and vain,  
 Not vers'd God's laws—to propagate his reign !  
 Not her creeds taught curses—her proud schools debate,  
 Not thing, but fool, and flattery, 'scap'd her hate.  
 Not lov'd obedience,——but she lov'd it, blind,  
 Not d, safer to subdue, debas'd mankind.  
 Not pardon there, let Britain's sins presume ;  
 Not freedom, and truth, are HERETICS—at Rome.  
 Not Legion's dark'ners will no reverence feel  
 Not faith, that bears no craft ; and blinds no zeal :  
 Not wrong uncurb'd by cant ; truth, wash'd from wiles,  
 Not earth, that reasons——and a heav'n, that smiles :  
 Not wage, that no sedition can betray,  
 Not liberty, that laughs at lawless sway.  
 Such had the world's vain mistress, then, been fram'd,  
 When this night's story Rome's attention claim'd ;  
 Not freedom had nurs'd no son, to blot her reign,  
 Not d Caesar had a soul, without one stain.

# EPILOGUE.

Written by a L A D Y.

*WELL, Sirs, you have heard our Cæsar's mournful ending :  
Learn hence, that power's a thing, not worth attending.*

*As for my part, it is my firm opinion,  
That matrimony, is enough dominion !  
For, when men's heads are turn'd upon ambition,  
The humble wives, are in a fine condition !*

*Then, I am angry with our author's story :  
Not, that it either favours whig, or tory.  
What have we petticoats to do with nations ?  
'Twere well would women keep their proper stations.  
No.—I've a weightier reason far, to hate it ;  
And yet, methinks,——I should not here relate it.  
You, Gentlemen, are apt enough to blame us,  
Because perhaps,——not every one, can tame us.*

*Now woman, ever famous for a secret !  
May ne'er henceforth be trusted, to——repeat it.  
Since, from these wives, desiring to be knowing,  
Their husband's sad catastrophe was owing.  
Cæsar would not regard his wiser wife ;  
And for that fault, you see, he lost his life.  
So obstinate are men, their will pursuing,  
One way, or t'other, they complete our ruin !  
Now, if your sex had not been form'd to teize us,  
They'd only persevere, in what should please us ;  
And learn to know, that we, awake or dreaming,  
Have understandings——worth a man's esteeming.*

*Well, maidens, if ye ever chuse to marry,  
(Tho' some have chole,——and yet,——been forc'd to tarry,)  
Give no Predestinarian your affection,  
If ye expect observice or protection.  
They'll lead your lively hopes a tedious dance,  
When no one blessing is to come by chance :  
They'll rob your judgment, of all claim to merit ;  
And unreciprocally break your spirit.  
But if implicit, any thing must be,  
Prefer in only love, the devotee.  
Such, shall alone prove worthy of those charms,  
Who think, no conquest nobler, than your arms.*

[Pointing to the boxes.

T H E

THE  
ROMAN REVENGE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*A hall in Cæsar's house. Cassius, Torbilius, [Crossing.]*

*Cas.* **S**ay! *turn!*--Th' imperfect dawn deceives my sight,  
Or 'tis Torbilius.

*Tor.* Cassius!

*Cas.* *He!* — how comes it,  
I meet thee, in the house of hated Cæsar!

*Tor.* Portia, to-night, was frightened, in a dream;  
And, hast'ning hither, to alarm Calphurnia,  
Call'd for my hand, to guide her.

*Cas.* In the *Forum*,  
Expect strong clash, this morning.

*Tor.* Will Cæsar, then,  
Be King?

*Cas.* He will—yet, dreams of a to-morrow.

*Tor.* So dies our plot abortive.

*Cas.* Rather, die Cæsar!  
Fix Brutus ours—and yon pale—rising sun  
Shall drink the tyrant's blood, before its setting.

*Tor.* Speak softly. 'Tis an unsafe scene, for treason.

*Cas.* Not now—the house is *desart*.—Every eye,  
Busied remote, strays upward, from the grove;  
Hard, thro' dim dawn, the patient *augurs* pore,  
Watchful to teach mysterious birds, to *lie*,  
And mock insulted Heaven, to flatter Cæsar.

*Tor.* Wait *you* the *auguries*?

*Cas.* Away — light questioner!



Brutus, and I, with more tame *slaves*, call'd *Senators*,  
 Last night beseeching audience, *kingly* Cæsar  
 Told us, fair meanings shun'd the shade of night,  
 And bad us, when day rose, attend his pleasure,  
 I came a willing hour too soon—for, oh!  
 Such a discovery!—such intelligence!

*Tor.* Whence flows it?

*Cas.* Whence do all court secrets flow?

Kings *trust* their minions—and King-blasters *bribe* 'em:  
 Cæsar, to-night, sat writing, till, alarm'd,  
 He heard Calphurnia shriek, and rising to aid her,  
 Left, in his closet, a half transcrib'd,  
 And strangely---purpos'd WILL:---wherein *who* (think'st  
 thou)

But Brutus---our last hope---*Rome's* free-born Brutus!  
 Is nam'd the tyrant's son! and heir of empire!

*Tor.* In form of *will adopted*?

*Cas.* *Directly*; adopted!

Ow'd his true natural-born decendant son,  
 By Cato's solemn sister!--Curse her hypocrisy!  
 'Twas ruin---to the hopes of Rome, and liberty.

*Tor.* What bribe had power, to force a friend from Cæsar?

*Cas.* Thy friend, and mine--*imperial gold*'--more eloquent,  
 Than ten smooth Cæsars! bought a true *King-server*  
 From his Lord's bosom. — Opportunely near,  
 He caught th' inviting moment:---left his covert,---  
 Read---started---sent to press my early coming,  
 And, private here, in the still dusk, disclosed it.

*Tor.* Gods! what perfidious friendships cheat mankind!

*Cas.* Laugh and be wise—So, to betray, gives *greatness*.  
 ---Forget not thou, mean-while, to speed thy charge:  
 Prepare cold Brutus for the day's impression;  
 Swell him, with all his prais'd forefathers' pride;  
 Fume his enha'ing soul with flattery's incense,  
 And share divided Rome's best hopes, with Cassius.

*Tor.* Why must Rome's hopes depend on *one man's* aid?

*Cas.* All men are ours in Brutus.---Thou, and I,  
 And every Roman, leagu'd, to cut off Cæsar,

*Hate*

*Hate* Cæsar.---Every burning breast, but his,  
Has separate, infelt, private cause, for *malice*:  
*Who* will believe, we strike for Rome.---So known,  
So mark'd, malignant to the name of Cæsar!  
Brutus is Cæsar's *idol*!---and loves Cæsar!

His aid will consecrate revenge to virtue.  
He can, when Cæsar bleeds, turn tears to triumph,  
And blot the whitest star, that lights his character.

*Tor.* But this is baseness, Cassius!---Grant it needful,  
The *man* shou'd die---why must we kill his *virtues*?  
Why, to oppose his reigning, must we rob  
His natural rights?---why shade the soul, he shines by?  
No---let us own the beauties of his *heart*:  
Weeping, confess his bravery, temp'rance, pity,  
Long patient courtings of rejected peace---  
Yet---dreadful darings in contempt of danger:  
Else, we shall spot *law's* face, with marks of *envy*,  
Treating this vastness of a mind, like Heaven's,  
As if keen-ey'd for guilt, but blind to goodness.

*Cas.* Perish his goodness!---grind my ear no more  
With his curst *qualities*---I hate his *power*:  
I hate myself---hate Rome---hate life, joy, victory,  
Hate every hope, but one---to make *him* feel,  
That slighted Cassius drew down fate on Cæsar.  
This let me live to teach him---then,---tho' Rome,  
Sunk, round me, till her tumbling Capitol  
Smoak'd, for my funeral pile,---'twere death with *glory*.

*Tor.* Cassius! *my* soul, less fiery, cannot strain  
Resentment into frenzy.---In my sense,  
Reason, not rage, thou'd measure plotters' passions.  
Be temperate, or ---

*Cas.* [*Hastily.*] By Heav'n! he comes! yon gallery  
Sounds, with his step.---The holy farce is ended.

Poet,---farewel. --- [Exit Cassius.]

*Tor.* [*Alone.*] Farwel, detested envy!  
Motives like thine, turn justice into murder.  
Something shall, strait, be done.-- Cæsar be safe:  
He, who forgave my guilt, demands my virtue. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *Cæsar, preceded by lictors, and officers, and followed at some distance by an Augur.*

*Aug.* Cæsar! imperial Cæsar! hear the Gods.

*Cæsar.* Go: thou art known---The Gods, thou serv'ft, are senators:

Cassius, thy Phœbus---and his gold, thy Jove.

*Aug.* Rest, from this fatal *March*, restrain'd by Heaven,  
And, by such unpropitious auguries, warn'd.

*Cæsar.* Shame on your *pious frauds*! they tire indulgence,

*Aug.* Check not the voice of truth: 'twas form'd for plainness.

*Cæsar.* Own it with conscious shame.---If truth loves plainness,

Why are the Gods' clear wills perplex'd, by art?

*Aug.* Speaks Rome's high *Pontiff* this?

*Cæsar.* He does, bold Augur!

To rescue zeal, from pride's unhallow'd claim;  
That *robs*, to rev'rence Heaven.

*Aug.* Heaven calls for faith.

*Cæsar.* How dare you, then, make infidels, by falsehood?  
Would you, o'er reason, stretch the chain of faith,  
Gild it with Heaven's broad light: touch the taught *heart*.  
Nobly, speak out:---and tell th' attracted world,  
Nothing is from the Gods, that shakes man's honesty.

*Aug.* Oh! stay thy fatal *March*---change thy rash views;  
Bid thy rais'd eagles fall th' expanded wing:  
*Air's* plummy people, screaming from the left,  
Stoop in their flight to warn thee:---omens on omens,  
Bode un auspicious doom---and teem, with death.

*Cæsar.* No more.

*Aug.* The Gods! —

*Cæsar.* Away---I know 'em, best,  
Who know 'em friends to virtue. —

*Aug.* Virtue is liberty.

The foes of freedom can attract no Gods,  
To prop their falling standards.---Heaven begooms  
Thy star, with some dire fate: but *what* is darkness?

## ROMAN REVENGE. 265

*Cæsar.* Go: search it, in the *air*,--and, if thou find'st it,  
Arm'd, in its ugliest menace, bring it hither. —  
When screams of birds can shake a soldier's heart,  
*Thou* shalt lead *priests* to fight, for feeble Rome,  
And lend their *arts*, to Cæsar.

*Aug.* Tremble —

*Cæsar.* Away.

[*Exit* Augustus.]

### SCENE III. Cæsar [*Alone.*]

*Cæsar.* I *wou'd* be *happy*. — *Why*, then, am I *great*?  
Men, who desert their peace, to serve their glory,  
*Toil*, for the *malice* of oblig'd mankind:  
Yet—weigh, warm heart, impartially sincere,  
Whence opposition springs—and love its boldness.  
Why claim I power supreme?—Was empire—mine?  
Freedom is every Roman's native right;  
And every Roman voice demands it back.  
Where power's, unjustly, held—the *opposer's* just:  
But—where even freedom is, by choice, *corrupt*,  
How fruitless—to redeem the *willing* slave!  
Can I recall the *dead*?—Rome gives up Rome;  
The cheapen'd varlets rate their venal votes,  
And sell their soul's redeemer.—Sleep, ambition!  
How easier 'tis to *save*, than *mend*, a people!  
Fall, servile Rome!—No—Rome is Cæsar's country.  
And, who dares *injure*, where he's born—to *save*?  
Foes! wrong me on—till pardon'd into friends:  
Busy, for greatness, I'll neglect revenge:  
Take envy in reward, and make it fame.  
What new, kind fear, alarms thy Lady's love?

[*Enter* Flavia *frighted*.]

*Flav.* Danger, most instant, she wou'd, now, impart,  
Ere Cassius, and his proud confederates come --  
Those enemies of all her hopes—and Cæsar!

*Cæsar.* Go: tell her, Cæsar dreads no enemies,  
But those, *her* felt afflictions teach to wound him.

[*Exit* Flavia.]

*Cæsar.*

266      R O M A N   R E V E N G E .

*Cæsar.* [*Kneeling.*] Hear me, *thou!* self-producing, dark,  
first cause!

All-ruling! all-pervading! awful Power,  
Whom, under various names, blind worship seeks!  
If, till compell'd, I drew the public sword,  
Sheath'd, in my bosom, let me guilty fall!      [*Rises.*]  
But if brib'd hopes, or partial sense of liberty,  
Sovereign'd a *senate*, o'er a nation *slaves*:  
Then, tyranny (assum'd, to bar a tyrant)  
Gave Rome five hundred Kings---left one shou'd reign.  
If I *must* war---be edg'd my sword, for glory:  
Better to *bold*, than *bear* tyrannic sway:  
Where *but the great* are free---reason's a slave.

S C E N E IV.    Calphurnia, to Cæsar [*entering hastily.*]

*Cal.* Cæsar! my life!--my love!

*Cæsar.* My soul's soft care!

Thou tremblest!--some new vision has alarm'd thee.

*Cal.* Heaven is alarm'd --- for virtue sleeps, in danger.

*Cæsar.* Rest, from thy dreams, by *day*--thou dear intruder!

Fears, and affections, are for happier hours:

War, and our country's cares, demand us, now.

*Cal.* Can you be deaf to warnings, from the *Gods*?

Portia came, trembling, from a dreadful dream,

That proves mine ominous.

*Cæsar.* What has she dreamt?

*Cal.* Frighted, she saw her father's entering shadow

Glide thro' her chamber, in a dusky ray:

Stopping, it fix'd a pale, and empty eye,

Spoke, in a thin, faint, death-denoting voice,

And pierc'd her to the soul.---*Portia, thou'rt mine,*

Th' unbodied phantom cry'd.---*Brutus no more*

*Thy Lord---nor Cæsar Rome's.*---It said, and pass'd,

And melted into air, and flow'd away.

*Cæsar.* The night-born tremblings of a timid love,  
Unstated by reason!

*Cal.* Be it no more!

Yet,

Yet, see not these dire men. — They find, and dread  
 Their power's destruction in the crown of Cæsar.  
 Hence, have their plotting fears, this day, combin'd,  
 To blast thy purpose---or, cut short thy life.

*[Soft knocking at the door.]*

*Cæsar.* Go, with thy meddling tenderness.---They come;  
 Anon, thou shalt be heard.

*Cal.* — One word indulge me:  
 Ere to the people's public voice propos'd,  
 Plebeian votes permit this crown to Cæsar,  
 Hear a sad secret, my touch'd heart wou'd tell thee.

*Cæsar.* Give thyself peace. — *I will.*

*Cal.* May all Rome's Gods,  
 In pity of her fate, defend, and bless thee!

*[Exit Calphurnia, meeting Antony, who bows to her in passing.]*

SCENE V. Cæsar, Marc Antony.

*Ant.* Health, and a length of happy days to Cæsar!  
 Freedom and faction join to crown him King.

*Cæsar.* *Who* wou'd be King of faction, Antony?  
 Monarchs, by freedom crown'd, reign Kings, indeed!

*Ant.* Why checks that boding sigh, the public joy?  
 What is there, in the course of worldly dread,  
 That thy great heart can sigh for?

*Cæsar.* ——— For a friend.

*Ant.* No friend to Cæsar needs a sigh, in Rome.

*Cæsar.* Oh, Antony!---who wou'd not sigh, in Rome,  
 That thinks of her lost virtues?

*Ant.* ——— If there lives  
 One, who not hates oppression, let him love  
 Rome, and her virtues.---Both grown false, and hateful.

*Cæsar.* Hate not the guilty, but the guilt, my Antony:  
 Ne'er shall thy soul expand in public love,  
 Till it can can bear, and pardon, private wrongs.

*Ant.* When slander stings us, what shou'd sufferers do?

*Cæsar.* Invulnerably faultless, shame detraction. —  
 Why

Why shou'd th' ungrounded slanders of th' unjust,  
Provoke us to *deserve* 'em? — Late, when here  
We met, I told thee, Cæsar had a *son*.

*Ant.* If I forsake thy race---

*Cæsar.* — Swear nothing, Antony.

Exacting oaths, I must suspect deceit:

And he, who trusts the doubted, cheats *himself*.

*Ant.* But who?---what star of Rome is Cæsar's---*son*?

*Cæsar.* Suppose it Brutus. —

*Ant.* [*Starting.*] Every God renounce him!

*Cæsar.* What God renounces excellence in man?

*Ant.* Brutus is hard, and stern:---and, what *is* man,  
Who cannot *weep* for man---and *feel*, for nature?

*Cæsar.* Servilia was, in secret, vow'd my wife,  
When Cato, whose austere, and captious virtue  
Repell'd even *virtue* — if it cross'd his own,  
Jealous of our affiance, — yet, undreaming,  
How far one soft, stol'n, amorous hour had borne us,  
Snatch'd the succeeding day, and, in my absence,  
Forc'd her, distracted, to a Brutus' arms.

*Ant.* What mean the wanton Powers who license chance,  
To shame thee, with a son, unlike, as Brutus!  
Sedition, will not hear, the call of blood:  
Intractably morose, it shuts out pity,  
And starves humanity, to cherish pride.

*Cæsar.* Time, that transforms us all, shall win back Brutus.

*Ant.* Time's conqueror might reclaim him.

*Cæsar.* *Who's* that?

*Ant.* *Death.*

*Cæsar.* How! — to *whom* speak'st thou this?

*Ant.* ——— To man.

*Cæsar.* Be one.

And, when thou speak'st again — speak, to the *father*.

*Ant.* If I offended — Cæsar can be partial.

*Cæsar.* No.---For I see, thee honest, through thy error.

*Ant.* I thought, revenge of wrongs was right of nature.

*Cæsar.* Men think but to the limits of their minds.

For me — despising wrongs, I shun severity.

*Ant.*

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*Ant.* Yet, sure! all envied greatness, wou'd be *safe*.

*Cæsar.* Greatness is safest, when it dares *forgive*.

*Ant.* Rome hates your power.

*Cæsar.* Then, she shall love my *mercy*,

*Ant.* I can but wish thee blest'd :---and, still, serve on.

*Cæsar.* Come, thou shalt *aid* me.--Thou hast lent thy arm  
To conquer nations for me:---conquer Brutus:  
Teach him, that noblest courage shuns to hate:  
Charm him, to taste the power of *gentle* sway;  
New humanize his heart, to *thy* soft model,  
And graft politeness on his savage virtue.

*Ant.* When Cæsar bids--- his Antony *obeys* :  
Had Brutus been *my* son---I, too, had hop'd.

*Enter Curio.*

*Cur.* Cæsar! --- the expected Lords ---

*Cæsar.* Admit 'em, Curio. [Exit Curio.]

SCENE VI. Cæsar, *seated*: Antony, Brutus, Cassius,  
Cimber, Decimus, Casca, Cinna, Marcellus, *advancing*  
*to their seats.*

*Cæsar.* Health to the jealous for their country's freedom;  
Cæsar's distrusters, welcome!--Cimber! Decimus!  
Marcellus! Casca! Cassius! Brutus! -- *all!*  
This day, the senate sits: quick, therefore, teach me  
The previous purpose of your offer'd zeal.

*Brut.* Rome dreads to lose her Cæsar, in a King.

*Cæsar.* What wou'd you do with this fam'd *Sybil's* *prophecy*?

How check the public *terror*? --- Must I march  
With trembling legions, unsustain'd at heart,  
And desperate, from defect of, but a *name*?  
By oracles fore-doom'd for Parthia's fall?

Cassius, you *smile*.---The *great* should judge the great:  
For, never mean man's thoughts out-stretch'd his *feeling*:  
Speak, Brutus---were *your choice* your General's leader,  
What wou'd you wish him *call'd*?

*Brutus.*



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*Brut.* Rome call'd him---*Consul*.

*Cæs.* Rome did so---but, when superstitious dread  
Of hostile arms has damp'd a nation's fire,  
Changes, which tend to raise dejected hope,  
Are *wisdom*.

*Brut.* Wisdom has its *fears*---

*Cæsar.* --Speak boldly.

Attentive, even from *foes*, to borrow benefit,  
I court suspicion's gall, to aid my judgment,  
With all th' instructive doubts of men, who *bate* me.

*Brut.* No foe has Cæsar--but his *crown* has many.

*Ant.* *King*, was a title, awful, ancient, sacred.

*Cimb.* [*Rising.*] Plain truth is a blunt talker---Never,  
rash Consul.

Never did Sylla, Marius, Pompey,---never,  
In all the boldness of usurp'd command,  
Dare the shun'd *name*---howe'er they grasp'd the *power* :  
Nor challenge kingly style, in free-born Rome.  
But liberty, perhaps, becomes too bold.

*Cæsar.* True liberty is bold, without presumption ;  
And, without flattery, gentle---Cassius, be heard.

*Cæs.* [*Rising.*] Cæsar has *sworn*, to guard our ancient  
Sworn, to uphold solely supreme--the *law* : [rights ;  
Cæsar unperjur'd, Rome can fear no *King*.

*Cæsar.* Malice, disguis'd in counsel,-- keep it, Cassius :  
Permitted slander is a *willing tax*,  
That patient power pays, to the rights of liberty.

*Dec.* [*Rising.*] Be Cæsar King---but, still, let Rome  
be free.

*Cæsar.* A plain man's honest prayer--Brutus, why dumb?

*Brut.* [*Rising mournfully.*] I must be dumb, if neutral :  
---but, compell'd

To *speak*, disdain to speak, unlike a Roman :  
What helps it to Rome's friends, if Rome wears fetters,  
That foes, in Asia, join, to drag her chain ?  
Leave Parthia safely fierce : --Dangers remote  
Touch but our *fears*---Domestic ones are *felt*.

*Cæsar.* Brutus! thou err'st, undreaming it.--*Thou, Cassius,*  
Art,

Art, knowingly, an unmiss'd misleader :  
 Thy passions fram'd the pile :—Good Decimus,  
 Marcellus, Cimber, and such *live materials*,  
 Buttress thy factious building :—'Tis in vain,  
 To reason with the *partial* : Men, who call  
 Their own corrected pride, the public danger ;  
 Else, I wou'd say, to minds, that could reflect,  
 Be freemen *among* freemen.—Hard controul  
 Breaks a wrong'd people's spirits into slaves,  
 Or, spurs 'em into rebels—'Tis dishonest :  
 What right have we to freedom, not alike  
 The property, ev'n of the *poorest* Roman ?

*Brut.* When fed the lab'ring ox, abreast the lion ?

*Cæsar.* How venal is all Rome !—Her every *Senator*  
 Sold, to his passions' biddings!—Brutus is sold  
 To pride :—to avarice, some :—these *envy* draw ;  
 Those *fears* ; —in others, hopes of promis'd power  
 Warp the dependent will, to crooked reasonings ;  
 Loose, as the bribes, that bought 'em.

*Cæs.* —*Voices,* Cæsar !

Are, sometimes, sold—where *hands* retain their liberty.

*Cæsar.* True--angry Cassius !—But, the *head*, misguiding,  
*Hands* will mistake the mark, and wound *themselves*.  
 How soon have you forgot *Pharfalia's* field ?

*Cæs.* Fortune decided, *there* :---At Rome, 'tis *law*—

*Cæsar.* Fortune decided strangely, Caius Cassius !  
 If I, by having conquer'd, must *obey*,  
 And you, from being beaten, claim *command* !

*Ant.* [*Rising with emotion.*] After such fierce, unveil'd,  
 presumptuous menace,  
 Rome must forget, *for ever*, to obey ;  
 Or Cæsar, *once*, to pardon.

*Cæsar.* [*To Cassius.*] —Cassius, it grieves me,  
 That thou compell'st a sentence, too severe ;      [*Rises.*]  
 Since mercy serves but to excite offence,  
 And bounty spurs ingratitude---Be--*safe* :---  
 Sunk, to the shelter of a wrong'd man's *pity*,  
 Too feeble to provoke---Escape revenge. [*Comes forward.*]  
*Brut.*

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*Brut.* [*Following him.*] Call it no crime, to apprehend  
If liberty offends, and truth grows treason, [distress!  
Thank Heaven, the most dejected slave, on earth,  
Holds privilage to die.--But Cæsar frowns!  
Note it, attentive Gods! and wake, for freedom!  
Imperial Cæsar frowns!--Rome's master frowns---  
That opposition speaks uncourtly truth. [*Turning to go.*  
*Cæsar.* No more.--The rest, when in full senate met:--  
Till then farewell.--- [Exit Senators.  
---Stay, Confidant,---Brutus---stay.

SCENE VII. Cæsar, Brutus, Antony.

*Cæsar.* [*After a long look, fix'd earnestly upon Brutus.*]

Maxims, inhuman, fierce, and blind, like thine,  
Disgrace a free man's name. [Brutus turns to go.  
---stay, I command thee;

*Return,* rash man---and know---it's Cæsar calls.

*Brut.* [*Returning.*] All my adverting heart feels Cæsar,  
Leave but Rome's senate free, devoted Brutus [King,  
Shall rest thy willing slave---

*Cæsar.* Proud, as thou art  
Of liberty, thou hast not learnt, that freedom,  
Beyond all yokes, hath, mozt, this yoke of prejudice,  
That makes men slaves, at soul--I think freely, Brutus,  
And let us argue, like unbiass'd Romans:  
Thou talk'st of rights--Rome's rights--are not the People  
The assembled People, Rome? Is not law theirs?  
Council, that, not complied with, would compel,  
Turns law to prison.

*Brut.* Shall *scaves* reign?  
Shall high born *scaves*, *scaves*, and groundlings govern?

*Cæsar.* No.--Mark the *senate's* bounds--and mark the  
People's:  
Forefight, and guardian  
Deputed means, a  
Tide, and!

Propounded laws accepted, or refus'd,  
*This* is the PEOPLE's claim : and *both* are Rome. [Still.

*Brut.* Thanks to the Gods, Rome boasts some patriots

*Cæsar.* Yes--grasping hopes undue, and check'd of aim,  
 Patriots, in aid of vengeance ! they combine,  
 To *clog* the wheels, they can no longer guide :  
 Hiding low--self, behind the public cause,  
 They murmur, till they purchase private ease,  
 Then license general pain, to curse mankind.

*Brut.* Held not the *Senate* scale most weight, in Rome?

*Cæsar.* Rome felt it, Brutus--till my arms reliev'd her.

*Brut.* He, who, by arms, rules freemen, teaches *slaves*--  
 By arms, to rule that ruler.

*Cæsar.* Trust a try'd sword.

*Brut.* Curse its bold use--in any hand, but Cæsar's,  
 When, to the vulgar herd, it levels nobles,  
 Born, to be great---and mixes hinds with *Consuls*.

*Cæsar.* *Born* did'st thou say!--mark, how thy partial  
 Barring the gates of hope, wou'd shut out merit ! [pride,  
 No man was ever *born*, but *form'd* to greatness :  
 Who, but aspiring--hinds--were--Rome's first fathers ?  
 Unvulgar spirit rais'd their deeds to fame,  
 And, thence, unvulgar *reverence* mark'd 'em *noble*.

---But, in our hands, diminish'd honour shrinks  
 To bare *degree*,---and thames the rights of *rank*.  
 Heaven!--what a difference 'twixt *old Rome*, and *ours* ?  
 Our first fam'd ancestors *gave* worth--to blood :--  
 We, from a worthless *birth*, wou'd *seal* distinction.

Pensions, with us, take place :--with them, 'twas virtue.  
 Our av'rice plunders friends : their conquering bounty  
 Took nothing, ev'n from foes---but power of insult.

*Brut.* Grant us less worthy ; still their claims are ours :  
 And sons, who basely quit their fathers' rights,  
 Deserve to live like slaves---or die, like traitors.

*Cæsar.* Fie!--let us blush, to name our fathers' rights'  
 Who leave their claim to honesty, *forgot* !

*Brut.* Oft, in sunk states, when power presumes, on *vice*,  
 New crimes call out new *virtues*.

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*Cæsar.* Rome's new virtues

Match her new maxims : mark their grandeur, Brutus;  
Active, in others' indoltry, we build,--- [glory :  
Race, game, dress, dance, feast, and drink deep, for  
Ours are the *tastes* of life : Let *bumbler states*  
Learn its lean *duties* :---we, to lighten joy,  
Have, elegantly painless ! cast off care :--  
Hunger, and thirst, and loose desires---anticipate :  
Postponing nothing--but thought, fame, and justice.  
Vallies we teach to rise : o'er levell'd hills  
Stretch the tir'd sight :--but, inward turn no eye :  
Ourselves the darkest part of our own prospect.  
Well say they, Rome is chang'd.---'Tis chang'd, indeed!  
Women are chang'd to men,---and men to women.  
*Anger* has chang'd its mark :---Romans shock Romans,  
Yet, tame to Parthian insults, hold back vengeance,  
The robbers may have rest--and bribery leisure.

*Ant.* To sons of faction, screen'd but by Rome's crimes,  
Why name we Roman *virtues* ?

*Brut.* ---On *thy* voice

Dwells eloquence, that makes ev'n error charming,  
O, too persuasive Cæsar !---But thou, Antony,  
Shalt know, that, when fall'n Rome's degenerate *Consuls*.  
Live,---a King's slaves,---Brutus shall die---a Roman.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VIII. Cæsar, Antony.

*Ant.* [*After a pause.*] Now, Cæsar ! what deserve such  
Romans ?

*Cæs.* [*After a short pause.*] ---Freedom.

*Ant.* They are *too free*, who treat their *friends* with insult.

*Cæsar.* If man were plac'd above the reach of insult,  
To pardon, were no virtue :--Think, warm Antony,  
What mercy *is*---'Tis daring to be wrong'd,  
Yet, unprovok'd by pride, persist in pity.

*Ant.* Power, that endures contempt, *invites* rebellion.

*Cæsar.*

*Cæsar.* Dream not that moderation weakens power :  
The heart-felt Sovereign smiles at faction's rage ;  
And those malignant men, who hate unjustly,  
We punish most, when we are most below'd.

*Ant.* What Prince, who was not *fear'd*, was, ever, safe ?

*Cæsar.* Only, in war, he should be *fear'd*.---In peace,  
Be, *honour'd*, Antony.

*Ant.* Even self-defence requires, at least, that bloody  
Cassius fall.

*Cæsar.* Why shou'd I strike the *weak*, who cannot  
wound me ?

*Ant.* Punish the guilty *will*, that dar'd *imagine*.

*Cæsar.* So *minions* teach *tame* Kings, to merit *bate*.

*Ant.* Where Kings suspect,---*preventing*, they secure.

*Cæsar.* Scorn to *suspect*, where thou wouldst scorn to *fear*.  
Nor waste, on ev'ry slight and weak offence,  
The *dignity* of vengeance.--I will, anon,  
Trust Brutus with his birth : nature must move him.  
If not--I leave him to the Gods, and time.

*Ant.* Shall he *oppose*, yet, *wear* his father's crown ?

*Cæsar.* Shou'd life allot me hope, to stretch Rome's soul  
To latitude for liberty---'twere more  
Than empire, to restore her.---If the task,  
Hard, and extensive, calls for lengthening years,  
While, in untimely hour, I, distant, die,  
Brutus, by this last light, will judge my purpose.

[*Gives a paper.*]

*Ant.* Long may the Gods, preserving Cæsar's life,  
Protect his purposes, from care, not Cæsar's.

*Cæsar.* Life has too short a reach, for long designs :  
And, oft, the fruit not ripe, the tree declines :  
No help unneedful, man shou'd *all* pursue,  
Lest time slide from him,---and his hopes die, too.

## A C T II.

SCENE I. *A room in Cæsar's house. Two chairs plac'd. Calphurnia, Flavia.*

*Cal.* GO, Flavia ;--spread enquiry through the palace:  
While I, prolonging time, by every art  
Of apprehensive love, hold Cæsar, fix'd  
In conference, till slow Torbilius comes :  
Fittest reporter of his own sad tale,

To force belief, and fire reluctant vengeance. [*Cæsar!*

*Cæsar.* [*Without.*] Where is the bosom counsellor of

*Cal.* Fly - find Torbilius :--when he comes, touch soft  
My silver bell, that the known sound may warn me.

[*Exit Flavia.*

*Cæsar.* 'Tis past, Calphurnia.--The try'd faction's hatred  
Repell'd obtruded candor.

*Cal.* Shun they forgiveness ?

*Cæsar.* Men, of contracted views, distrust kind meanings:  
For, no heart credits, what it cannot feel.

What frightful story has my dreamer, now ?

*Cal.* A sad, and dreadful truth--no dream--no doubting:  
He, whose dire property the secret rests,  
Guardian of Cæsar's life, demands his ear.

For me--I cou'd but speak my fears and follies.

*Cæsar.* Follies have charms, when fears, like thine,  
are follies :

Man may draw profit, then, from woman's weakness :  
And, in one tender wife's mistaking faith,

Find recompence, for every friend, that's false. [*They sit.*

*Cal.* Can there be rest, in danger ?

*Cæsar.* Sure ! there shou'd not.

*Cal.* Why is ambition, then, too hard for peace ?

Why, always busy, to be never blest,  
Does restless Cæsar sacrifice, unthank'd,

The

The taste, the quiet, the *serene*, of life,  
For an ungrateful world, that hates his bounty ?

*Cæsar*. 'Tis the great mind's *expected* pain, Calphurnia,  
To labour for the thankless :—He, who seeks  
*Reward* in ruling, makes ambition guilt :  
And, living for *himself*, disclaims mankind.

*Cal*. Alas !—the friend to *all* obliges none.

*Cæsar*. 'Tis nobler to protect mankind, than please.

*Cal*. Is it a crime, when virtue loves *itself* ?

*Cæsar*. Princes shou'd *widen* self:—their power, and heart,  
Alike receptive, must make room for *all* :  
'Tis theirs, to sigh, for every sufferer's woe ;  
Lend their own joys, that others may be glad :  
Think ev'n for unborn ages ; and transmit  
Blessings unshar'd—and quiet, not their own.

*Cal*. Virtues, so rais'd, as these, but waste their warmth,  
And shine, unfelt, in Rome.——The vulgar eye  
Sees, by its own low level.——As men *act*,  
They *judge* : and, by corrupt self-interest weigh'd,  
Goodness, *like* Heaven's, wou'd seem self-interest, too.

*Cæsar*. No matter.—Virtue triumphs, by neglect :  
Vice, while it darkens, lends but *soil*, to brightness :  
And juster times, removing slander's veil,  
Wrong'd merit, after death, is help'd to live.

*Cal*. Can present pain be cur'd, by future ease ?

*Cæsar*. Who wou'd not, once, look dim, to shine, forever ?

*Cal*. How happy is it for a wife, who *loves*,  
When *lowlier* prospects bound her lord's desires,  
And home-felt quiet fills his peaceful heart !  
Why wou'd you be a *King* ?——wait, till some King  
Aspires, to be a *Cæsar* :——Lend not envy  
New props to lean against. This threat'ning name  
Beats on the Romans' unaccustom'd ear,  
Like a black storm—and blasts the hope of liberty.

*Cæsar*. Never, henceforth, disturb my gentle *past*,  
With false forebodings, from a regal toy !  
Know me above its want :——beyond its glory :  
Given, tho' unheld, it meets the Parthian proph



Bids the rous'd legions' superstitious hearts  
Resume lost ardor : — and sure victory's theirs.

*Cal.* Tho' Parthia fell, there's a *patrician* envy,  
That, never quench'd, burns with but fiercer blaze,  
From each new proof, that old injustice wrong'd thee :  
Think of those midnight haunters of my fancy !  
Think, how I saw thee bleed, at every vein :  
While, at each spouting stream, a murderous Roman  
Stain'd his extended arm, and roar'd for liberty.  
*Cassius* ! — stern *Cassius* ! — [Starting up]

— Blast him, Heaven ! — methinks,  
I see him, *there*, — full, in my eyes, he glares !  
Pale, in the horrid transport of his vengeance ;  
And, dreadfully, enjoys the ghastly scene ! — [Kneels]  
Oh ! grant thyself, to *live* : grant sad Calphurnia  
That prayer : — She begs it, but for Rome, and nature.

*Cæsar.* Why wilt thou kneel ? — What couldst thou ask,  
in vain !

*Cal.* Death--instant death, to that malignant *Cassius* !

*Cæsar.* Since thou wert first my wife, I never saw thee  
Cruel, till this strange moment ! — Dove-like gentle,  
Healing compassion sooth'd thy heart, to softness :  
And, on thy sparkling eye, sat weeping mercy.

*Cal.* 'Tis mercy, to mankind, to punish villains.

*Cæsar.* Rise : and relieve me, from this new distress.

[Bell rings without.]

*Cal.* [Rising.] I will : — And thou shalt owe to woman's  
A safety, manly confidence had lost thee. [sees]

*Cæsar.* How art thou heated, by an idle dream,  
To strike at fancied guilt, with real anger !

*Cal.* The wife of *Cæsar* wrongs not, even his foes.  
Flavia ! Lucilia ! here--who waits, without ?

[Enter a Lady.]

The man, with whom I held discourse, this morning !  
Bid him re-enter.

[Exit Lady.]

*Cæsar.* Who ! — What man is this ?

*Cal.* *Torbilius*--the sour satirist--thy enemy.

*Cæsar.* No enemy of mine--if wit's his friend.

*Cal.*

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*Cal.* Once, when condemn'd, for libelling my Cæsar,  
Thy all-permitting mercy, not alone  
Forgave—but, bad him claim distinguish'd *bounty*,  
Till wit, misled, cou'd find the way to judgment.

*Cæsar.* I know him not:—what can't thou hope,  
Calphurnia,  
From these *slight* men?—so bold, yet, blind of soul,  
That wit, with them, supplies the place of virtue;  
And, censuring others' faults, absolve their own.

*Cal.* Staying, when Portia went, his trembling gratitude  
Pray'd audience, in a cause, that touch'd the *life*  
Of threat'ned Cæsar:—for the rest, he comes:  
Let his own tongue retrace the horrid tale.

## SCENE II. Cæsar, Calphurnia, Torbilius.

*Tor.* Hail, Cæsar! more than victor!--common conquerors  
Vanquish but power: Cæsar subdues the *will*.

*Cæsar.* Why dost thou flatter!--Stranger to my passions,  
Whence wou'd thy skill presume, to judge my virtue?  
Take heed, thou sell'st not praise, to purchase scorn!  
*Encomium* is a bold, and dang'rous province!  
It calls for reason:—slander asks but rage.

Who art thou?—what is thy pretence, in Rome?

*Tor.* Touch'd by the *Muses'* love, I, there, indulge  
The tuneful transports of satiric fire:  
Rome is a fruitful field, for themes, like mine!  
And Brutus, wit's kind patron! loves my verse.

*Cæsar.* Where wit wants patronage--a *state* wants wisdom.  
Keen, tho' the darts, by angry genius thrown,  
The wise can *guide* 'em, while the base *restrain*.  
Satire, in honest hands, is murmuring virtue:  
And he, who fears its *biss*, deserves its *sting*.  
Yet, 'tis a dangerous, and malignant, good,  
Tho' freedom's property, 'tis faction's tool.  
Where justly bold, 'tis reason's manliest impulse:  
Where blindly virulent, 'tis wit's disease  
Think, and distinguish:---are thy censures *weigh'd*?

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Dost thou proportion anger, to its cause?

*Tor.* Had I done that, I had not wrong'd thy name.

I was *not* just : ——— for, I was Cæsar's foe. ———

Can Cæsar have forgot Torbilius Asper?

*Cæsar.* Why wonder'st thou at that? — For my own sake,

My friend imprints remembrance ; — but my foe,

For *his*, thou'd be FORGOTTEN.

*Tor.* Generous Cæsar,

Forgetting *me*, forgets the guilt, he pardon'd,

And claims not his own virtues!

*Cæsar.* Roman! learn

To measure truth, more justly : ——— *Benefits,*

From their receiver only, claim *remembrance* :

He, who bestows, and not *forgets* ——— *resumes* 'em.

*Tor.* Perish the mem'ry, and the man, together,

When I forget such greatness ———

*Cal.* Spare thy words :

And hasten to disclose thy thanks, in action.

*Cæsar.* What know'st thou, that deserv'd attention, here?

*Tor.* Cassius, whose love of Rome, is hate of Cæsar,

Lifts an implicit clan of warm resenters :

Men, who, with dim discernment, tracing liberty,

Plunge headlong in sedition. ——— Among these,

He stoop'd his active brib'ry, ev'n to *me* :

Courting my humble aid, to influence Brutus,

Whose name, and power, might mask the face of *murder*.

*Cæsar.* Whom would they murder?

*Tor.* Rome's last hope, in Cæsar.

*Cal.* Now, Cæsar! now, am I an idle dreamer?

*Cæsar.* Does Brutus know this purpose?

*Tor.* Yet he does not :

And Cæsar, still, might guard the generous heart

Of his belov'd : and save him, from the vile.

All flattery's full-try'd power *unites*, to shake him :

That done, the *tempter* plies his master engine ;

Draws him, this day, to meet the assassin faction :

Then---but that Heaven defends thee---join'd by Brutus,

Th' encourag'd murd'ers *strike* : — not join'd, *forbear*.

*Cæsar.*

*Cæsar.* If Cæsar's death must wait, till Brutus strikes,  
His life wou'd prove immortal! — Men, of heat,  
Like Cassius, torture their distemper'd reason,  
To act their passion's impulse: — Brutus weighs  
Desire's warm pleas, in the cool scale of justice:  
Finds force, in others' claims, against *himself*,  
And loves the very virtue that *condemns* him.

*Cal.* Go on, Torbilius! — Set, in Cæsar's view,  
What Cassius loves; and point us out *his* virtues.

*Cæsar.* It shall not need; — he stands condemn'd, already.

*Cal.* [*Joyfully*] To *what* condemn'd?

*Cæsar.* Condemn'd to *live*, Calphurnia.

*Cal.* What! and not tortur'd?

*Cæsar.* — Pride's severest *rack*

Is that sharp *mercy*, which descends from *scorn*.  
Think it a fault, to fear these choleric prayers:  
Their hot, slight, threat'nings *waste* themselves in slander;  
And rail away revenge to gradual peace:  
But, there's a cold, slow, silent, patient malice,  
That carries *mischiefs* with it! — Such a soul,  
As Brutus acts by — had it *will*, for murder,  
Cool, in its govern'd hate, might call for cruelty. —  
What read'st thou?

*Ter.* Silent summoners, to murder:  
These Cassius causes to be dropt, with art,  
Where Brutus must be sure to find, and read 'em.

*Cal.* What wiles has malice?

*Cæsar.* Poor, and petty, *crafts*!

They want but my regard, to lend 'em *weight*.

[*Returning the paper.*]

Torbilius, *meet* 'em: — and, with strictest note,  
Mark, what impression Cassius makes on Brutus.  
All, thou canst learn of *that*, be swift to bring me;  
And trust the claims of gratitude, to Cæsar.

*Ter.* The *grateful* make no *claims*. — A mindful debtor:  
*Pays* — not *obliges*: — never met, in one,  
The *Poet*, and the *Miser*. — The same fire,  
That sparkles, in his fancy's native blaze,

Glow,

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Glows, at his honest *heart*; and burns out baseness;  
True genius will not—cannot, stoop to bribes:  
And he, who sells his *passions*, ne'er had wit, —  
Or had it, for a curse, unmix'd with judgment.

*Cæsar*. 'Tis nobly said;—and, with a warmth, that only  
*Suspected virtue* feels. —Henceforth, be *mine*:  
On modest merit, not to *force* reward,  
Were to *degrade* supremacy.

*Cal.* Where meet they?

*Tor.* In the cool *grot*, behind the *Platan* grove:  
There Brutus, oft alone, and oft with friends,  
Steals an unbusied hour, for reasoning deeply:  
Or, in free mirth, dilates the slack'ning soul.

*Cal.* What was th' appointed *time*?

*Tor.* The fatal choice,  
Yet doubtful, must depend alone on Brutus.  
Some three hours, hence, I look to find 'em met.

*Cal.* Go, good Torbilius. —Wait within my call:  
For I shall try thy faith in *Cæsar's* cause. [*Exit* Torbilius.]

S C E N E III. *Cæsar*, Calphurnia.

*Cal.* I am alarm'd, for Brutus!

*Cæsar.* Doubt him not:

*Cal.* Is he *ambitious*?

*Cæsar.* No, — but he is *vain*.

*Cal.* Then, beyond hope, he's lost.—Ambitious men  
Lead, and discern — but vain ones follow, blind.

*Cæsar.* Thou hast contagious power, in that suspicion:  
Great minds, on some unguarded quarter, *weak*,  
Find their try'd virtue, *there*, sublimely frail:  
Were *Cassius artful*! — had his malice, *coldness*,  
—Cou'd he first *praise* —and, then, attack, where warmest,  
The public-hearted Brutus!

*Cal.* Nay he does;  
'Tis from that point, he levels all his aim. —  
*Who* knows not Brutus proud!—and flattery's art

Sets

Sets pride at work, to *sep* her own foundation:  
And pull down character, to build up name.

*Cæsar*. Then, Cassius merits my regard:—and dies;  
Light, in *himself*, he, yet, deserves but scorn:  
Awak'ning danger, in corrupted Brutus,  
He makes his own rais'd mischief worth revenge.

*Cal*. But, can I trust a doubt, like this, to chance?  
Th' unsure conversion of a rash man's spleen?  
*Who* knows, but, feigning penitence, Torbilius  
Courts you to confidence, he would betray?  
No ---It shall ne'er be said, that *Cæsar's wife*  
Left *Cæsar's* safety, to another's faith.  
She, who, too lightly weighs a husband's danger,  
Takes arms, at heart, against him,

*Cæsar*. Trust Torbillius,  
He will deserve thy faith:—reflecting minds,  
By gratitude once gain'd, relapse no more.

*Cal*. Thus will I *found* his purpose:—then, confide.—  
Portia, this morning, press'd a visit, from me:  
Oft, thro' her garden's private gate, unmark'd,  
Ent'ring alone, that *grot*, invites my notice:  
There, silently conceal'd, where art-form'd rocks  
Lend jutting umbrage to the *cary* screen,  
I *bear*, what Cassius moves:—what Brutus yields:  
This, if the satirist dissuades:— he's *false*:  
This, if he aids, Calphurnia judges Cassius:  
And *life*, or *death*, be his, as justice dooms.

*Cæsar*. In love, and anger, woman's will is *deaf*.  
I know, thy gen'rous purpose is too firm,  
To let my fears for *thee*, forbid this danger.  
Yet, while, in dread of mine, thou dar'it thus rashly,  
Be it my care to interpose, in thine.

Curio, the *tribune*, with a guard, must wait *thee*.

*Cal*. Their number will detect me.

*Cæsar*. No,—let Torbilius,  
Singly, and slow, unnotic'd, introduce 'em,  
Thro' the lone postern, that adjoins the grove. [dare

*Cal*. Bless the kind thought!--and now, thou'd murder  
One

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One *glance*, at thy dear bosom, bloody Cassius  
Shall, on the guilty spot, that moment *die*.

*Cæsar*. Spare thy disorder'd heart.---Cassius is hasty !  
But, Brutus shall, with mild reproof, reduce  
The madman's rage, and shame him into safety.  
I dread to *arm* thee.—— Prejudice is rash.——

*Cal*. Have I been *subject*, then, to rash impressions ?

*Cæsar*. Thy reason, I cou'd trust—but not thy anger:  
*Religion's* curb, in hearts, like thine, binds surest :  
Swear by some sacred *tye*.——

*Cal*. Hear me, *whole Heaven* !

By Rome's rais'd fate!—by her forefathers' Gods !  
By awful Vesta's unexpiring flame !  
By Venus, mother of thy race, O Cæsar !  
If treason leaves but time to reach thy ear,  
Ere danger catch thy life——Cassius shall live,  
To learn his doom from thee, —— and 'scape my  
vengeance.

*Cæsar*. See! the concurring Gods have sent thee Curio!

S C E N E IV. Cæsar, Calphurnia, Curio.

*Cur*. Shouts, from impatient crowds, demand a King;  
And *royal* Cæsar glads the streets of Rome.

*Cæsar*. [*After writing in a table-book.*] Curio!—Joy's  
flattering sounds are loud deceivers:——  
Calphurnia's busy fears have trac'd a traitor,  
Born to high rank, and fam'd for arms, and envy.  
Go, with due strength, guard thou the wife of Cæsar :  
And, if this *blank*, that, now, conceals his *name*,  
Fill'd, by *her* hand, points out the guilty Roman,  
Weigh Cæsar's life, with *his* :—and be *this warrant*  
Thy sword's *authority*, to do me right.

[*Giving the table-book to Curio.*]

*Cur*. Where-e'er your danger warrants me to strike,  
If treason 'scape my sword,——let flight in war,  
Want,——and eternal infamy, revenge,  
The cause of Cæsar, on his soldier's name !

*Cæsar*.

*Cæsar.* Marc Antony return'd!

*Cal.* Curio! thy car.——

SCENE V. Cæsar, Antony.

*Ant.* All is prepar'd;—pale Cassius looks still paler:  
And starts at every *fort*, that shakes the *Forum*.  
Never, henceforth, let noise be call'd sedition:  
Rome's public mouth out-roars a *hundred Senatus*!  
One loud consent unites her grateful tribes,  
And Parthia's fall takes date, from Cæsar's crown.

*Cæsar.* Join'd Brutus, in that voice?

*Ant.* No Roman hop'd it:

*Reluctus*, they know, must guard the *Strid*'s gravity:  
*Wast* four solemnity of lock, like his,  
Snoops a lost *mile*, to grace Plebeian *lightness*!  
Men, who can *laugh*, as I do,——jovial thinkers!  
Fram'd for their ease, and born, to hate affliction!  
See things, but as they *are*! void of the *wit*,  
That hunts for cover'd anguish! Long, sound sleepers!  
Dull, satisy'd, glad regues! they trust their senses,  
Love their friends, *best*: and wish, but what they want.  
Brutus is deep:——dives farther into bliss;——  
Shakes his superior brow, and *tilts* fools,  
Who dare be *happy*, against rules of policy.

*Cæsar.* Where cou'dst thou find him, now?

*Ant.* Immur'd, at home,  
Sagely despising his good Lords,—the People:——  
And shutting Cæsar's triumph, from his ear.

*Cæsar.* Take this occasion, Antony, to visit him;  
Bid his wish'd presence grace the public zeal!  
If he declines it, sting him, to relentment:  
Watch, in that warmth of heart, what thoughts escape him;  
*Sound* the dark depth of his designs;—and tell him,  
That to the Capitol, thou mean'st to bring me,  
Rome's *creak*, by freemen given to guard their liberty.

*Ant.* How noisy is that *sting*! and its virtue  
Dwells in its sound:——it means but cover'd tyranny.

*Cal.*

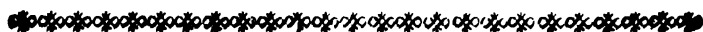


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*Cæsar.* Ever distinguish substances, from sound :  
There is in liberty, what Gods approve ;  
And only men, *like* Gods, have taste, to share.  
There is in liberty, what pride perverts,  
To serve sedition, and perplex command.  
*True* liberty leaves all things free, — but guilt ;  
And fetters every thing—but art and virtue :  
*False* liberty holds nothing bound, but *power*,  
And lets loose every tyr, that strengthen's law.

*Ant.* Cæsar, in science, as in power supreme,  
Calls lustre, out of darkness ! But to *me*,  
What seems most strange, of faction's strange effects,  
Is, that among those crowds, she tempts to mischief,  
I see *good* men, belov'd for every virtue !  
Blindly misdrawn, to *hate* the peace they *wish*.

*Cæsa.* Boast tully blind, a bigot's proof is *trust* ;  
Faultless in purpose, yet — his choice unjust !  
Active, that erring zeal may truth invade,  
*Enthusiast* pride obtrudes her blund'ring aid.  
Fierce to the field, keen disputants she draws,  
Implicit props of some unreasoning cause !  
'Th' absurd reformer *order* overthrows,  
And works up discord — for the world's *repose* !  
Jealous of enemies, disquiets friends,  
Groans without wound, and without fruit contends :  
Wildly sincere ! unprevailently strong !  
Struggling for right ——— and introducing wrong :



### A C T III. S C E N E I.

*'Agrand Apartment in the House of Brutus.* Brutus, Antony.

*Brut.* URGE it no more ——— I am fix'd.

*Ant.* Think wiselier, Brutus.

*Brut.* Consul ! when bold oppression grapples law,  
Men, who protect th' oppressor, stab the state.

*Ant.*

*Ant.* Men, who so roughly dare mischarge their *Lord*,  
Pretending liberty, pursue but pride.

*Brut.* Cæsar, however rais'd, is less than *Lord*.

*Ant.* Cæsar, however wrong'd, is more than friend :  
Even gratitude has made *respect* a duty :  
Present, or absent thou ---- the Tribes will crown him.

*Brut.* Crown? whom?

*Ant.* One, whom if Brutus knew but rightly—

*Brut.* I fear I do!

*Ant.* No—if you did, you'd tremble.

*Brut.* I have already trembled, Antony!  
Trembled — to hear a Roman tempt a Roman,  
And dare corrupt a patriot, yet unfold!

*Ant.* Corrupt, I wou'd not—All I wou'd, I dare.

*Brut.* The basely bold should learn to dread the just.

*Ant.* When Brutus bids me dread—I hear and smile.

*Brut.* Smile on your *King*: Flattery was made for thrones.  
The rough, wrong'd, Roman frowns with honest scorn.

*Ant.* Brutus, I rev'rence *firmness*; but despise  
Th' hypocrisy of envy! I have a heart,  
That being human, feels for humankind.  
I tow're not to the Gods:—virtue, once rais'd  
Above compassion, ceases to *be* virtue:  
Aiming at more than *man*, thou sink'st to less.

*Brut.* I wou'd be less than *King*; and more than *Slave*.

*Ant.* Farewel -- rash zealots blindly grow unjust;  
And pride inflexible, and deaf, as thine,  
Professing virtue, makes ev'n virtue *bateful*. [Exit

S C E N E II. Brutus (*alone*)

Heaven! what a change in Rome---breathe these *her* soul!  
Oh! griev'd Quirinus! what reproach were thine,  
Did not thy fellow Gods disdain to note us!  
Rome has no remnant now, of Roman greatness:  
Sold, or seduc'd, we give up claim by claim,  
Till even our virtues are engross'd by Cæsar!  
O, souls of long lost glory! *Fabii! Decii!*

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O, all ye Pompey's! Scipio's! Cato's! hear me!  
Re-kindle in my breast, your patriot lights,  
And live, once more in Brutus! ——— fill this heart,  
With Cæsar's fire — but, let it flame for Rome.

SCENE III.    Brutus, Torbilius.

*Brut.* Torbilius! thou intrud'st on my retirement:  
The Muse, and my sad heart, are now, not social.

*Torb.* Cassius approaches. — *There's* a name, indeed,  
Unsocial! — every Muse wou'd start to hear it.

*Brut.* Thou wrong'st him. — Cassius is a noble Roman.

*Tor.* There is a *jaundice* in thy judgment, Brutus,  
That lends him golden colour from thy own:  
I know him, to the soul. — Have sounded all  
The shallows of his envy; — and I *cou'd*,  
But that an *oath* injoin'd, has bound my tongue,  
Convince thee, that he dares assault thy *honour*;  
And plots, to blast thee to the world, for ever.

*Brut.* Who bound thee by such oath?

*Tor.* Calphurnia's piety.

*Brut.* What had Calphurnia's piety to do  
With plots, and oaths, and secrecy, and Brutus?

*Tor.* Earnest, *herself*, to warn endanger'd Brutus  
With consequence, she fear'd, *my* words might *lose*,  
She claims your instant ear: — Be swift — incline it.  
Shun the too near approach of Cassius, hither:  
And, hast'ning to the house of Cæsar, *weigh*  
What her wish forms to guard thy fame and virtue.

*Brut.* Thou art too bold, Torbilius: — tell Calphurnia,  
I, best, myself, defend my honour's claims:  
And grasp too hard, to need a *woman's* aiding.  
Torbilius! — Rome has *lost* thee. — Cæsar's bounties  
Have brib'd thy *gratitude*, to slander honesty.

*Tor.* Ill am I known, where most my heart lies open,  
If, after all my rash contempts of *power*,  
Brutus can doubt me *venal*: — Yet, doubt on:  
No *undeserv'd* reproach *adheres* to virtue.

No

No matter what bold slander wounds Torbilius, [ship.  
Where he, who wrongs him, has the rights of friend-

*Brut.* I will not see Calphurnia.

*Tor.* Oh! revoke

Those fatal words, lest ———

*Brut.* By the Gods I will not;

Till Cassius, and his friends have first been heard.

*Tor.* Cassius is Cæsar's enemy.

*Brut.* But I

Am Brutus; ——— and thou know'st me Cæsar's friend.

Let that truth, known, content thee.

*Tor.* ——— No. ——— It cannot:

Brutus not fearing, I must fear for Brutus.

Greatness of soul, confiding in *itself*,

Exposes an unguarded side to baseness.

*Brut.* What wou'dst thou lead me to?

*Tor.* To one kind *promise*:

I urge it but to *save* thee. ——— I conjure thee;

By every claim of long, untir'd adherence!

By every recompence, thou ow'st my dangers!

By every grateful sense of every duty!

Love, friendship, reverence, faith, advice, and service!

Promise, whatever dire result the Gods

Permit, — for Cassius comes on no light errand! ———

Previous to any *deed*, thy will may purpose,

To hear *my* thoughts: ——— intrust me with thy own:

And teach my willing hand and heart to aid thee.

*Brut.* I see thee strangely *mov'd*:---I will, by Heaven!

Intrust thee, unreserv'd, and seek thy counsel.

*Tor.* Bark on ye dogs of envy! bark in vain:

Brutus is safe and spotless.

[*Exit* Torbilius.]

*Brut.* [*Alone.*] ——— Cæsar's graces

Win every heart! and no *corruption's* power

*Out-bribes* the native sweetness of his *pity*.

SCENE IV. Brutus, Cassius, Decimus, Cinna, Casca.

*Cas.* Hail! death-devoted Brutus! Rome's *last* friend!

*Dec.* Guardian in vain, of our expiring liberty!

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*Cas.*

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*Cas.* Cæsar, to-morrow, marches hence a *King*.

*Brut.* What are Rome's prospects, *then*?

*Cas.* Taxes and chains,

Brutus, farewell for ever.

[*Embracing.*]

— Life grows shameful,

Where freedom is resign'd, and man's a *slave*.

*Brut.* Can Cassius feel despair?

*Cas.* When Rome despairs.

*Dec.* When even her soul — her Brutus! — breathes for  
Cæsar.

*Cas.* No force on earth, but *our* unshaken hearts  
Held back this bold invader.

*Dec.* Cæsar's too *wise*,

To *spare* our lives, who live,—to shake his throne.

*Cas.* Escaping us, he meets but *men*:—not Romans.

*Brut.* Oh! honour, virtue, and the rights of *law*!

*Cas.* 'Tis *past*: — the laws *have been*. — Honour and  
virtue

Are now the public jest of pension'd parasites:

Who *sell* submission, and receive back ——— scorn.

*Dec.* Rome, and the world are fall'n! — 'tis Cæsar's, all!

*Cas.* All, that six hundred bleeding years have gain'd,  
Thrown, at one cast, to Cæsar! — Why had times  
Like these, a Brutus? — Grac'd with fruitless virtues!

*Brut.* If I have virtues—*why* should they be *fruitless*?

*Cas.* Join every Power above—to bless that question!

*Dec.* Hear yon licentious noise! [*Shouts at a distance.*]

*Brut.* ——— Curse the vile sound!

'Tis breath of adulation! Rome's lost Gods

Expell'd! — and incense paid to human *pride*! [*Shouts again.*]

*Cas.* Again! ——— Those shouts are insult.

*Dec.* ——— Cimber comes,

And, if I read him rightly in his *look*,

Cæsar's attempts *succeed*; — for, see! he's *angry*.

SCENE V. Brutus, Cassius, Decimus, Cinna, Casca, Cimber

*Cas.* Tell us, what *wou'd* they?

*Cim.* ——— *Slavery*, they *wou'd*.

*Brut.*

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*Brut.* Have we a *King* in Rome ?

*Cim.* Have we a *freeman* ?

*Cæs.* What call you *Cæsar* ?

*Brut.* *Less*, when he dares be *more*.

*Cim.* *Cæsar* high-seated,—Sovereign of the slaves !  
Shone from the Capitol, as who wou'd say,  
Make me a *God*, and Rome shall shake with thunder ;  
Up, from ten thousand bribe-attesting throats,  
Flew purchas'd gratulation : “ Hail, great *Cæsar* !  
“ Rome's dread avenger ! — Fate of punish'd Parthia !  
“ Star of thy country's hope ? and war's brave guider ! ”  
Timely, to cool this madness, at its height,  
So Heaven decreed it ! — in stalks Antony ;  
Blast him, deaf Genius of devoted Rome !  
A cushion'd *crown* and *scepter* sham'd his hands :  
Yet, was his venal eye fix'd bold on *Cæsar*.  
Down sunk, at once, the tempest of applause ;  
Hush'd, as a coward, in his midnight bush,  
The sick'ning people *flatter'd* into silence ;  
*He*, 'midst a horrid glare of wide-stretch'd eyes,  
Unheeding, on his master's brow, set, oft,  
The regal *gew-gaw* : — then, with abject knee,  
Bent, for *instructive* homage, — *Be* a KING,  
He cry'd -- and reign o'er Rome that rules the *world*.  
*Cæsar*, mean while, who watch'd the public eye,  
And read reluctance, grief, and terror, *there* ;  
Starting indignant with well-acted scorn,  
Hurl'd from his front the *uninclining* toy ;  
And cry'd --- “ I am *not King*, my friend-- but *Cæsar*.”

*Brut.* O, truth!--beyond all pride of kingly greatness !

*Cim.* Then, general joy new-voic'd the gaping prets ;  
And shook the distant roofs, with loud concurrence ;  
Even Antony, then blush'd.

*Cæs.* And did not *Cæsar* ?

*Cim.* *Cæsar* smil'd sweet *contempt* : — and then, *again*,  
Th' unfeeling fools, more charm'd, renew'd their shouting.  
I laugh'd aloud : to mark him thanking Rome,  
For *finding* virtues in him, which he had not !

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At length, disdainful of the hard constraint,  
Parting, he frown'd *sincerity*.---The rest  
You'll learn when I do.

*Brut.* What means that?

*Cim.* ----- Anon,

The Senate sits.

*Brut.* What then?

*Cim.* Why then, six hours

May pass, betwixt *his* pushing back the crown,  
And our expected votes, to bid him *take* it.

*Brut.* Holds he that hope?

*Dec.* Yes: and who *helps* us?

*Caf.* ----- *Death*.

*Brut.* Death is indeed, the slave's last hope:---but he,  
Who dares embrace that help, might find a better.

*Caf.* While my doom'd country had a gasp for life,  
I struggled on, to *live*:----- Now, world farewell!

No God sustain'd me, to *support* the State:

But, to *die*, with it, still is left to freedom.

To Heaven's imperial Rome, *from ours*, I go;

*There*, no bold Cæsar sways.---*There* Pompey serves!

No Roman there need blush to own a *master*:

Where even a Cato finds and fears a *Lord*!

These will I follow thus.

[*Drawing his sword.*

*Brut.* [*Disarming him.*] --- Follow we *none*:

'Tis ours to lend, not borrow, brave example.

'Tis ours, to stem the tide of a bad world,

And justify to *time* the Roman greatness.

Much is to *anger* due-----but more to Rome.

Cato had died unblam'd---first, *killing* Cæsar;

But, turning on *himself* his erring sword,

He fell, *unjustly*:-----for, he punish'd *innocence*.

*Caf.* What *can* we, in a world, despairing, round us?

*Brut.* [*Shewing a billet.*] See! what the friends of li-  
berty expect!

See! what they *hope* from Romans!

*Caf.* This reproach

I, too, have met with:---and 'twas hard to bear!

*Brut.*

*Brut.* Cassius---'twas harder, far,—to have *deserv'd* it.

*Cim.* Good *talkers* might attract a *gown-man's* praise :  
And had time *ears* — fine words were marks of *wisdom* :  
But lose this day, no orator, in Rome,  
Must be admir'd but Cæsar.

*Brut.* — Ere this day  
Yet passes — twenty tyrants *fortunate*,  
As ours — but never *greatness* equal'd Cæsar !  
Might expiate with their *lives*, their bold ambition.

*Cim.* Ay ! that's a flower of speech, my rhetoric reaches !

*Caj.* Rome *lives* again ! the breath'd in that rais'd voice !  
And Brutus has reviv'd her. —

*Dec.* — Fatal *name*  
To tyrants ! — Brutus, to assert his *race*,  
Speaks the dire duty, which we dar'd but *think*.

*Caj.* My friend has reconcil'd me to myself ; —  
If there be future *glory* due to Cassius,  
Brutus bestows it all — BRUTUS ! and ROME !  
*Few mix'd*, ye reverend names, down time's dark stream !  
By ages, emulating ages, blest'd !  
Decimus ! Cinna ! Calpurn ! Patriots ! Romans !  
Join your swords' aid : Obey this generous leader.  
Live to approve, and to support his vengeance ;  
And drive dejection from the heart of virtue.

*Cim.* All Rome will think, and act, with Roman Brutus.

*Dec.* Born the sustainers of Patrician honour,  
*Senates*, despis'd, wou'd rail with double *jeune*,  
Surviv'd, by their celsifer. —

*Caj.* — See a *list*  
Shining with names, of Rome's distinguish'd sons !  
Associates all, to strike one glorious blow !

*Brut.* [*Taking the paper.*] Soit Cassius, — have a care !  
nor arm revenge

Too strongly- — lest it look, perhaps, like baseness.  
*Cæ* were enough to bid a tyrant *die*,  
Who dar'd himself, *die* *with* him.

*Caj.* Romans numberless  
Stand, now prepar'd for summons.

*Brut.* — Summon *none* :



That gilds our glorious list :—previous, we meet,  
 (Immortal Brutus !) in thy awful *Grot*,  
 'There, shalt thou tan their fire, confirm their hearts :  
 Unite their purpose, and instruct their *hands* :  
 'That one concurring spirit may direct,  
 And no confusion risk, to blast our vengeance.

*Brut.* 'Tis dreadful ! but, 'tis *necessary*. — *Mark !*  
 When yon pale *sun*, that, with receding ray,  
 Starts from our notice'd purpose ! — When that *sun*,  
 Slow-measuring, sheds an *hour* — — this private *key*  
 Admits you, thro' the grove. — Be punctual all.

[*Gives Cassius a key, then advances to a statue of Cato.*  
*Cato* ! lost *soul* of freedom ! *Witness* for me !  
 Here, I divest my heart of love, grief, pity,  
 Of every tender call of pleading *nature*,  
 'That moves too soft a pang. [The thunder repeated.  
 — *Again !* 'Tis *strange* !

Why hangs this melt *weight*, upon my purpose !  
 Can it be *terrible* to die for Rome !  
 What has he left to *fear*, who saves his *country* !

[*Enter Marcellus, hastily.*

*Mar.* Break off — or, be prevented : — *Cæsar comes.*

*Cæs.* Now, let him die.

*Brut.* — Avoid him, thro' that gallery.

[*Exeunt Conspirators.*

## SCENE VI. Brutus, Cæsar.

*Cæs.* With whom dost thou retire ?

*Brut.* — With banish'd liberty.

*Cæsar.* Vain, honest purposer ! Made weak by *virtue* !  
 Thou wrong'st the friend of every wish, thou form'st  
 Cited by Antony, why can'st thou not ?  
 Or why, *not coming*, was reproach thought needful ?  
 With insolent *contempt* of power above thee,  
 Find'st thou delight, in living to *offend* ?  
 'There's not a name, in all thy private friendships,  
 'That is not mark'd, in public, as *my* foe.

*Brut.*

*Brut.* When foes to Cæsar are the friends of Rome,  
May Heaven inspire his will, to love their counsel !

*Cæsar.* Speak out :— the *just enjoy* the slanderer's malice,  
And weigh their virtue's force, by bad men's *censure*.

*Brut.* All men confess the force of Cæsar's virtues :  
Resistless virtues ! ——— They *endear* the *chains*  
Of a submitting world, that smiles, and suffers !

*Cæsar.* Thou art, thyself, in chains, and see'st it not ;  
Thou art that poorest of blind slaves—a *tool* !  
Whose bluntness works for wills, that scorn thy promptness.  
So work'd they, once, on Pompey.—Weak, well-meaner,  
*Driven*, yet, too proud to *follow* !—Had *he* conquer'd,  
His flexile yoke had gall'd both men and laws :  
*Then*, what had Brutus been ?

*Brut.* ——— Lord of *one dagger*.

*Cæsar.* Fell mind ! — And can there none be found for  
Cæsar ?

*Brut.* Strike, first,—and blast the distant possibility !

*Cæsar.* No ;—Brutus !—There's a power forbids that  
blow :

Read this, blind wanderer ! — Know *thyself*, and *me*.

[*Gives him* Servilia's letter.

*Brut.* Cæsar, I *die* :—punish'd by Heaven's just hand.  
At once, my *life* forsakes me, and my *love*.  
Pity, when I am gone, and think of — Brutus :  
The life, *you* gave him [*starts*] will deserve your care.  
Farewel !—And, for the *father*, may the Gods,  
To the son's heart, transfer the mother's love !

[*Reads* Servilia's letter.

Servilia ! — Heavens ! Servilia, — wrote *she* this ?  
She *did*, — and, if I *wake*, Rome sleeps for ever.

*Cæsar.* I had not thought, till my return from Parthia,  
To trust thee with this secret of thy birth :  
But to protect thee from the wiles of Cassius,  
I claim thee, and precipitate my purpose.

[*Offers to embrace him, who starts back.*

*Brut.* Rome ! Virtue ! nature !

*Cæ.* Nature ! Young man, call it

By

*By his heavier title: call it pride,  
half-judging. — Hurt your holes, ye Gods! at faction!  
Killing! — that finds a power to hurt our nature!*

*Brut. Spare an affrighted wretch, who lives too long,  
Cæsar is there, who fears to be the son of Cæsar?  
Wretch, say'st thou! — to be born the world's next heir,  
And reap the laurels of a hundred victories?*

*Brut. Oh, Cæsar!*

*Cæsar. Lab'ring with a will to speak,  
Some in-fert horror checks thy rising accents.*

*Brut. Cæsar!*

*Cæsar. Speak like my son.*

*Brut. Would I were dead!*

*Cæsar. Sooth's death were lost than son?*

*Brut. Such, if I am,*

*Brutus, unhew'd to Kings, may kneel to Cæsar. [Kneels.]*

*Cæsar. Oh. — — —*

*Brut. [Offering his sword.] — Kill me; — or, forbear to be a King.*

*Cæsar. Thy very soul's a rebel: — not alone  
To power, but even to blood: — unnatural traitor!  
Rise, and repent: — and, when thou think'st, like man,  
Be own'd Rome's son, and mine: — till then, be Brutus.*

*[Turning to go.]*

*Brut. [Holding his robe.] Oh! stay. — I never can quit  
claim to Cæsar;*

*Hear, if a father, with a father's ear;  
Or, judge with a friend's heart, and ease my horror.*

*Cæsar. Leave me. — my heart is adamant: — away; —  
My blood grows warm against thee: dread thy danger.  
Be gone — or, I shall catch disdain, from thine,  
Till, conqu'ring pity, to repel presumption,  
To punish insolence, I push back nature.*

*Cæsar, at least, was born, to govern Brutus.*

*Brut. He was — he was — but not to govern Rome.*

*Cæsar. Headstrong enthusiast! Stubbornness, like thine,  
Embroids republics; and makes tyrants needful:  
Go: join thy savage friends: chase fear from faction:*

*Bid*

Bid guilt sleep safe, in my *contempt* of treachery :  
 Their conqueror stands subdued, by his own *mercy* :  
 — Yet bid their blindness *learn*, when claims contend,  
 And rights invaded rouse resenting realms,  
 'Tis *fierceness*, in the free, most hazards freedom.  
 Power when provok'd too far, misguides dominion,  
 And liberty is *lost* to punish pride. [Exit Cæsar,  
 Brut. [Rising.] Let me not *leave* him, tho' despair has  
 caught me :  
 But, following, sigh for Rome — and live for Cæsar.  
 Why was I born to *think*, and be *unable*'d,  
 To license reason, is to forfeit rest :  
 He, who assumes *distinction*, calls for woe ;  
 Peace is a cottage claim, and loves the low.  
 Nor shame, nor trust, nor envy, *finds* us, there !  
 Hearts, *fill'd with quiet*, leave no void for *care*.



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*A Grot in the Garden of Brutus.*

Calphurnia, Torbilius.

**T**IS near the appoint'd hour.  
 Cal. Tor. I judge, 'tis *past*.  
 Cal. Then Heaven, that loves its *likeness*, wake for Cæsar !  
 Tor. In this out-grot, they meet : — In that adjoining,  
 Curio has close conceal'd his chosen guard,  
 Each moment strength'ning, by admitting files :  
 Hence vocal windings, which pervade the rock,  
 Swell whisp'ring sounds to loudness.  
 Cal. How *look'd* Portia ?  
 Tor. *Sad*--till she heard your animating name :  
 Then, like a sun-beam, radiant thro' a mist,

She

She smil'd away her anguish.

*Cal.* —— At her approach,

—— Leave me, Torbilius.

*Por.* —— Who then guards you hence ?

*Cal.* I mark'd th' impending *ivy*, o'er the arch ——  
Grieve not, tho' pride repell'd thy honest purpose,  
Nor fear th' endanger'd fate of stubborn Brutus :  
My friendship, in alarming Portia's dread,  
Will caution, and preserve him. —— Go : —— She's here.  
[*Exit Torbilius, bowing to Portia, whom he meets entering.*]

## SCENE II. Calphurnia, Portia.

*Por.* This mournful grot ne'er touch'd my taste till now:  
But present friends bring *sunshine* to the soul,  
And seats of horror change to scenes of bliss.  
'Twas fortunate, thou call'dst thy Portia, *hither* !  
Brutus is iad to-day, and purposes  
Retirement, here, beneath this fullen shade :  
Our presence will relieve him.

*Cal.* —— Stop him, Portia !

Let me not find him : —— save my eyes that horror !

*Por.* Good Heaven ! —— What has he done ?

*Cal.* Say not, to ask :

Even that lost moment may be *fatal* to him.

Go ; bid him guard his ear from cruel Cassius :

Time will permit no more; go, warn him —— save him ——

If thou delay'st a moment, fate o'ertakes him ;

And staying but, till Cassius comes —— he *dies*.

*Por.* Be clear in pity to my beating heart ;

Brutus has been traduc'd. —— He loaths all falsehood.

*Cal.* Shunning the falsehood loath'd, he may be safe.

*Por.* He comes —— Now, hear him justify his fame,  
From this foul charge —— and vindicate thy goodness.

*Cal.* No. -- 'Tis thy weight must shake his conscious soul,  
Save his endanger'd name, and bless my notice.

*Por.* I cannot *move* : —— forgive my trembling *knees*,  
My heart restrains their power.

*Cal.*

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*Cal.* Alas ! I pity thee :  
*Rest,* and recall thy spirits, and receive him.  
*[Aside.]* Now, to my fatal post. ———

*[Exit.]*

## SCENE III. Portia. *[Alone.]*

*[After an astonish'd pause.]*

——— Some dreadful meaning !  
 And my too wakeful *fears* confirm it *just* :  
*Cassius*, of late, with warm, assiduous art,  
 Flatters my Brutus, whom his envy *shun'd* :  
*Cassius* is wily, proud, malicious, bitter !  
 Burns, with ungovern'd hate : and brooks not *Cæsar*.  
 Associate vice may *taint* the soundest virtue :  
 And *honour* bleeds, shou'd *Cæsar* fall by Brutus !  
 Not that my patriot heart disclaims the Roman !  
 I, who was born to liberty's great guardian,  
 By right of *nature*, shun tyrannic sway :  
 Yet Brutus — twice offending — twice forgiven,  
 Twice, forfeited to *Cæsar's* clemency,  
 His own lost rights to justice : — shou'd he, then,  
 Quench the kind light, he lives by, the rash murderer  
 Kills his own fame, and dies to every virtue.

## SCENE IV. Portia, Brutus.

*Brut.* Who call'd thee hither, Portia ?

*Por.* Rome's kind Gods.

*Brut.* In haste, they summon'd, and, in haste they left thee.  
 Was it, because they saw Calphurnia with thee ?  
 And shun society with *Cæsar's* friends ?

*Por.* Ne'er may the Gods forsake the *friends* of *Cæsar*,  
 Since Brutus, more than all men, such, by gratitude,  
 Merits protection from the Powers, who *love* it. ———  
 Does *Cassius* muse in grots ?

*Brut.* Why ask'st thou that ?

*Por.* Romans, who meditate the death of *Cæsar*,  
 And owe him not their *lives*, may mean no murder.

*Brut.*

*Brut.* Torbilius is a traitor : — Rome is *bought*,  
And all those guardian Gods, who lov'd her liberty,  
Forfake her, and support the cause of Cæsar.

*Por.* Rome bought?—and traitors?—If I watch thy look,  
Rage, and despair, have dim'd thy eyes with anguish ;  
If I regard thy language, death dwells, *there*,  
And, like a groan, at midnight, frights my fancy.  
Stay I would ask ———

*Brut.* Ask nothing : ——— 'tis a time  
For *action* :—keep thy *words* for idler moments. [*Is going.*

*Por.* [*Holding him.*] Hark! 'tis thy fate, that calls thee.

*Brut.* I have heard it.

Why wou'dst thou thus restrain me !—*thoughtless* Portia!  
Be wiser. — All the lives of Rome's best friends  
Demand me ! *Theirs* the fate, that calls !—Away :—  
Honour, and oaths, and death, and glory — *call* me.

*Por.* [*Still holding him.*] By Heaven ! you go not, till  
you first relieve me,

From this dark torment, which your words implant :  
I'll know, *what* friends ? *what* oaths ?

*Brut.* Loosen thy hold :

Nay, if thou *stay'st* me, my unwilling strength  
Must break ungently from this ill-tim'd rashness.

[*Forces himself away.*

*Por.* [*With a dagger.*] Turn, Brutus ! turn—regard  
this *silent* pleader !

If thou wou'dst wish to spare the breast of Portia,  
Dread the determin'd hand of Cato's daughter.

*Brut.* What wou'd thy madness hint ? what means  
that dagger?

*Por.* [*Pointing a dagger to her breast.*] Stir, not a step—

Thy first vain start to seize me,  
Plunges deliverance to my rescued *heart*,  
Which unconfiding Brutus loves to *torture*.

*Brut.* What would thy soul-distracting purpose frame?

*Por.* The bloody secret, thou conceal'st from Portia,  
Thou shar'st, with every vulgar friend of Rome.

*Brut.*

*Brut.* [*Suspended and amazed.*] Why wou'dst thou bid  
me *license* future scorn,

To haunt my hated name?—Make me not *faiblefs*,  
Lest *songs* teach times to come, my heart's fond weakness;  
That, to a *woman's* tongue, resign'd a *secret*,  
Which sunk the world's last hope;—and gave up Rome.

*Por.* Where *sleeps* the spirit of thy stern forefather?  
Whose awful firmness, sculptur'd into life,  
Frowning thro' *stone*, disclaims degenerate Rome!  
Teach him, some *God!* that CATO call'd me daughter.  
Brutus believes me *light*, like *vulgar* woman!  
Oh!—'twas for *this*, the sorrowing shade resought me;  
Hinted futurity, through mystic night,  
And shew'd me, Brutus wou'd be mine — *no more*:  
Find, in that dreadful warning, how HE judg'd:  
Feel, what he thought of his own Portia's *daring*.  
Trusting the fortitude, he gave—HE knew,  
That Cato's daughter could not dread to *bear*  
The worst, that Cato's spirit dar'd to *tell*.

*Brut.* Generous, I know thou art;—but thou art *woman*:  
Secrets of state, and blood, o'erload your minds.

*Por.* 'Tis the false reasoning of a sex, that *wrongs* us:  
*Why* shou'd a secret's weight o'erload the heart  
Of Portia — yet, disturb not that of Brutus?  
All, thou can'st *wish* me, thou shalt find, I am:  
All, thou can'st *suffer*, thou shalt feel, I *dare*.  
Poorly, perhaps, thou think'st, the fear of *words*, [me!  
And *pain*, and *swords*, and threat'ning *death*, might shake  
— Judge, — by this willing blow —

[*Strikes the dagger into her left arm, which Brutus, advancing swiftly, snatches from her.*

— Off — off — by Heaven  
Thy *failure* had transferr'd it to my *heart*.  
*Learn*, from this bleeding *proof*, that, — when I shrink  
From thoughts of *death*, I fear not for my *own*.

*Brut.* What has thy pride's ill-grounded rashness done!  
Oh! let me *mend* that error of thy hand: —  
*Bind up* th' ungentle wound, and call *aid* to thee.

*Per.*



*Por.* Never — tho' death divide us! — Never — never  
Shall Portia veil this mark, how Brutus lov'd her;  
Till, to redeem her life, he trusts her virtue.

*Brut.* Perish the pride of such a dear-bought fame,  
As costs my widow'd heart the life of Portia!

— Read that dire list. *[Gives her the roll.*  
Till my return conceal it:

And weigh those mighty names, against our Caesar.

*Por.* *[Permitting Brutus to bind her arm with his handkerchief.*  
Must Caesar die?

*Brut.* ——"I was sworn.

*Por.* ——"Did Brutus swear?

*Brut.* He did; — a dreadful oath! — ask what, hereafter.  
Bound to the Gods, those angry souls of Rome,  
Submitting to my hand, the public vengeance,  
Kill Caesar, instant, — or permit his life,  
As Brutus warrants, or with-holds, the blow.

*Por.* Then, Caesar cannot die. — He pardon'd Brutus.

*Brut.* Oh! I could tell thee wonders! — But the help,  
I fly to send thee — and their forfeit lives,  
Whole rashness I must warn, permit no more.  
*Portia, farewell: — — If e'er we meet again,*  
*I will complain, of thy impatient ardor,*  
*And thou shalt justify the heart of Brutus. [Exit hastily.*

#### SCENE V. Portia, *[Alone.]*

*Por.* Live, Caesar! live and reign! — Tho' Cato's blood  
Calls for revenge; — and a whole people's rights  
Usurp'd, absolve one bold assumer's fall; —  
The hand of Brutus must not stain Rome's justice;  
Nor, with detested murder, pay back mercy.

*[Peruses the paper.*

Heaven! what confederate power! what names, least likely,  
Start from this dreadful roll, and threaten Caesar!

— Would I were still a stranger to this secret!  
Yet, that unknown, — who had dissuaded Brutus?  
Is he dissuaded? — let me weigh that question.

*Who*

*Who* knows but, while I *feet*, th' appointed hour  
Impends!—It does!--Farewel, he said--and *left* me!  
*Farewel*! ——— then added--*if* again we meet!  
If!--Heaven! what meant that *if*?--'tis plain he *doubted*,  
Whether we ever *were* to meet, or no!

SCENE VI. *To* Portia, *enter* Calphurnia, *with*  
Torbilius, Curio, *and* soldiers.

*Cal.* Never, unhappy Portia!--Far divided  
Be innocence like *thine*, from guilt and murder!  
Teach thy reluctant heart, to *give up* Brutus:  
For never will thy eyes behold him more.

[*Portia fix'd in amazement, lets fall the roll, which*  
*Torbilius takes up, looks into, and offers to* Calphurnia.  
Let not the hated scroll pollute my touch!  
Fly with it, hence---bear it, with speed to Cæsar:  
Tell him, Torbilius! how the Gods have sav'd him.

*For.* Happy, to miss thy name, lov'd Brutus, here!  
Well vers'd in Cæsar's *pity*, — glad, I go. [Exit.

SCENE VI. Portia, Calphurnia, *soldiers*.

*Por.* Oh!--

*Cal.* Wife of Brutus!

*Por.* --Chill'd to *stone*, by horror,  
Kindly, thou *wak'st* me, with that powerful name.  
And my recover'ing breath implores thy mercy.

*Cal.* The *wife* of Cæsar speaks: absolve her justice:  
Had the too dreadful danger been Calphurnia's,  
Then, had my willing pity met thy prayer:  
Sav'd, whom thou lov'st, and *left* a *second* vain mercy.  
But thou hast *heard* it! Brutus murders Cæsar!  
---Yes, Cassius! -bloody Cassius!--I have wrong'd thee:  
The foe but *wish'd* revenge--the friend *regret'd* it.

*Por.* What does thy angry virtue mean to do?

*Cal.* --Blast his vow'd guilt, and force him to be safe.  
Round, from the neighb'ring grove, rush Cæsar's friends,

Rapid for interception :---If they find him,  
 Try thy wish'd power : reclaim his will, from Cassius,  
 Whom if his fate has driven him, now, to join,  
 By all my fear for Cæsar's life ——— he dies !

*Por.* Detain him, all ye Powers, who pity woe !

[Enter Curio with other soldiers.]

*Cur.* Vain was our speed : — There is an iron door,  
 That, opening to a vault, beneath these rocks,  
 Leads towards th' Emilian *batbs* : — 'scap'd thro' that  
 Ere now, he rises in the shade of Rome. [passage,

[Portia faints.]

*Cal.* [To a soldier.] See ! the unhappy sufferer faints !—

support her : [To Curio, in a lower voice.]

Mean time, while slow-returning *sense* forsakes  
 Her pitied ear, whose sighs my soul deplores,  
 Curio ! — The *blank commission*, Cæsar gave thee,  
 Claims, from my hand, a name, to guide thy duty :

[Receives the table-book, from Curio, writes in, and re-  
 turns it to him.]

Brutus becomes the *void*, with bloody grace ;  
 Take it, and know thy hour.

*Por.* Bless'd, ye kind rocks :

Bless'd, be your guardian *echos* ! that have swell'd  
 Death's murmurings to my ear : — If my strength fail not,  
 Home, on the wings of love, and fear, I'll fly :  
 Brutus shall *live* ; and every God shall guard him.

[Starts up and goes out.]

*Cal.* Restrain her, Curio ! — The preventive love,  
 This weeping virtue bears her sentenc'd Lord,  
 Wou'd warn him from the fate, his guilt compels.

[Curio brings her back.]

Come — guide th' afflicted trembler to my palace.

*Por.* No.--Kill me, *here* : — Earth has no place, so fit  
 For Portia's death, as where her Brutus left her.

Art thou a *soldier* ? hear me : — All the brave  
 Have hearts to weep the woe, their hands have caus'd.  
 But *man* is *cruel*. — Hear, Calphurnia ! — Thou  
 Art woman : — Thou art Cæsar's tender *wife* :

Measure

Measure another's mis'ry, by thy own.  
Pause but, to think thyself the wife of Brutus ;  
'Twill plead *my* cause, and force thee to forgive.

*Cal.* Cou'd Portia so forgive the fought, sworn, *death*  
Of him, beyond whose life she shuns to live ?  
Knock at thy own heart's door, and find mine justified :  
Yet, bleeds my social soul, and feels thy fate ;  
Poor, suffering *excellence* ! and wretch, unguilty !

*Per.* Oh ! I can never be a wretch, by *thee* !  
I am thy *friend* : dwell on that thought, Calphurnia :  
Even, when the CRADLE claim'd me, I was *thine* :  
Sorrows, and pains, *must* come : — they come to all,  
But, sure ! they shou'd not come from those, we *love*.

*Cal.* They *cannot* come from love : — they *may* from justice.

*Per.* Let *foes* and *strangers* be severely *just* :  
Friendship declines to punish, tho' 'tis wrong'd.

*Cal.* Think of the *present* hour.

*Per.* Think of the *past*,  
When prattling childhood, yet, had learnt no power,  
To lisp its little meanings into sense ;  
Stammering our untaught instinct, side by side,  
We wander'd, fearful of each other's *fall*,  
And tripp'd, and smil'd, and totter'd, into *love*.  
Scarce felt our *rip'ning* years a sense of *wee* :  
'Twas *foreign*, all — for all, within, was peace.  
While the divided city, round us glow'd  
With cruel discord, and domestic rage ;  
Even, while our dearest friends took different sides,  
And civil fury shook the partial soul ;  
*We*, still superior to a *nation's* hate !  
Smil'd on — confided, mix'd embracing minds ;  
And all *our* contest was — *which*, most, shou'd *love*.

*Cal.* Why wou'dst thou, thus, recal past hours of joy ?  
Those were the sun-shine days of mirth and peace.  
Now, 'tis all wint'ry darkness, — war, and blood !

*Per.* Brutus is *dear* to Portia.

*Cal.* — Not *less* dear  
Is godlike Cæsar, to Calphurnia's soul.

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*Por.* If Brutus lives.

*Cal.* Cæsar, he swore, must *die*.

*Por.* Cruel impatience! not to *bear* distress!

*Cal.* Patient I heard, till he confess'd it *sworn* :

Heard, till he told thee, —each dire murderer dar'd

Vow Cæsar *dead*, — when Brutus wills it done.

*Por.* Brutus will *not*.

*Cal.* Away—'twas *sworn*, 'twas *sworn*.

Hear *that*, all-judging Heaven! and think, by *whom*!

*Ingratitude's* a guilt, that startles nature,

And, with a fury's foulness, stains mankind!

Constrain her, Curio! — force her gently, on.

*Por.* Stay, stay---I *will* be heard.—Cruel Calphurnia!

*Cal.* Alas! what wou'dst thou say?

*Por.* Wou'd I cou'd tell!

Wou'd I were skill'd in woe, to touch thy pity!

Perhaps, I shou'd be *bumbler*? —teach me, tell me.

Oh! I'm not stubborn. — If the *Queen* of Cæsar,

Waits for the bended knee; and, looking *down*

To suppliant homage, tastes the *flatterer's* prayer:

See! Portia, prostrate on the dust, implores thee.

[*Kneels.*

See her soul agoniz'd,---and ease her terrors.

Grant him *but* life! spare his mistaking virtue:

Banish him—far from Rome, and Power, and Cæsar.

To *unbous'd* Scythia's bleakest wilds, expose him:

Leave him one—one—*but one*! sad, humble *shelter*!

His Portia's *aching* bosom!—never—ah?—never,

Will *she* forsake him!—Off, ye glittering trifles!

[*Tears off her jewels.*

Ye *toys*! that help to blind unblest'd *distinction*!

Come—in their place — despair! affliction! penitence!

Be these *my* claims!—for these my Brutus shares in.

Shuddering, and bare, I'll trace th' unsheltry desert,

Tread the bleak wilderness of *want*, unsighing,

Unwishing *comfort*, and content with *pain*.

Sleepless, myself, I'll watch his weary slumbers,

Feed his pale *fire*, hang o'er his heedless bosom:

Break

Break the rude *force-drifts*, which the storm blows round  
And love him into *taste* of late distress. [him,

*Cal.* [*To the soldiers.*] Why will ye wound compassion,  
by delay?

The sorrows of a *suffering friend*, are torture,  
None, but a *Devil*, at once can *cause*, and *bear*.  
Relieve me, and, with tenderest force, obey.

*Par.* [*To the soldiers.*] Reverence, ye slaves of power!  
the race of Cato:

*His* unsubmitting soul survives, in *mine*:  
And swells against compulsion. [*Soldiers step back.*

— Dare not think,  
I dread to *die*.— But *know*, that Portia's death  
Shall be the *voice* of Portia.

[*At a signal from Calphurnia, they seize her hands.*  
— Hope as soon,

To chain *impassive spirit*!—High disdain,  
Resisting *injury*, at a thousand doors,  
Can let out life, and laugh at vain *restraint*!  
I will, with stubborn pain, imprison breath,  
And burst, indignant, from a world, that holds me.  
I will, on stony pavements, hard and cold,  
As deaf Calphurnia! dash my dizzy brain:  
I'll swallow *fire*:—rend, with impatient teeth,  
This suffering flesh, and plunge from hated light.  
Unhand me, torturers! murderers! *Ha! HELP!*  
I will extend my voice, if Brutus hears not,  
Till the forgetful *Gods* are rous'd to *justice*!

*Cal.* [*From the garden.*] Where are you? say! whence  
flow'd that suffering sound?

*Par.* Blest be th' attentive Powers!—'tis Cassius calls.

*Cal.* [*With haste.*] Haste, Cimber! join Marcellus; guard  
the postern:

Cross those *armed out-riers*, ere they reach the grove:  
Fabius!—Fulgentius!

*Cal.* Save me, righteous Jove! [fortune

*Car.* Scorn this new terror. Think, *who's* conquering  
Summons a sword, untaught to wrong his cause.

[*Exeunt Curio, and soldiers, drawing their swords.*

*Cal.* Heaven guard my Cæsar !

*Por.* Save my Brutus, Gods!

[Clashing of swords heard, without.

**SCENE VIII. Calphurnia, Portia, Cassius.**

*Caf.* [*Entering.*] Guard well those prisoners, while I—  
Calphurnia, here! [*Starts.*]

Nay *then*, some villain has betray'd our cause.

Por. Torbilius bears your *list'd* names to Cæsar,  
And Brutus, if you save him not, must die.

*Cæs.* Freedom has friends, in heaven, too strong for  
No note of danger, ever more shall reach [Cæsar;  
The tyrant's watchful ear : — Rome's vow'd avengers,  
Now, at his entrance to the insulted *Senate*,  
Led on, by Liberty's returning Gods,  
Shall, there, appease them, with his offer'd *blood*.

[Exit hastily.

S C E N E IX.

Cal. [*Aside.*] Hold firm, my frighted heart! 'tis but a  
Suffering with dignity, disgrace not glory : {moment!  
Ev'n, in this dreadful turn, preserve thy greatness :  
Nor let thy trembling fears, alarm'd for Cæsar,  
Lose the *distinction*, due to Cæsar's wife.

[*Advances to Portia.*

Portia! a change, like this, might prompt *weak* minds,  
To justify despatch, and give up virtue.  
But I, who trust the Gods, with good men's safety,  
Know, that, in Cæsar's *triumphs*, Heaven but guards  
Th' assaulted greatness, which, itself, inspir'd :  
Rising *against distress*, Calphurnia *smiles*  
At traitors' threats, and *brightens* from eclipse.  
Fearless, to *persevere* her Lord has taught her ;  
And, from meant evil, *force* unwilling *good*.  
All, thou must hope, when Cæsar's cloudless star  
Meets, and shines through, and burns above this tempest ;  
that *my* sentence may remain suspended,  
the *Dictator's* never-wearied mercy  
; penitence, on the touch'd heart of Brutus.

*Por.*

*Por.* Slow blessings come too late, and bring new curses:  
 This, but a moment past, had sav'd us, both :  
*Now*, Portia rules not, here :---'tis angry Cassius :  
 The proud *conspirators* possess my gates,  
 And Brutus, absent, leaves me to their power.  
 He flew, to *warn* those rash, discover'd, Romans :  
 But hasty rage makes frustrate every care.  
 ---Yet, *claim* whate'er my weakness *can* :---'tis *due*  
 To kind forgiveness of a friend's first fault :  
 To our past wishes, and our present fears :  
 For, ah! who knows, what dire events *impend*,  
 To blast eluded hope, and make *both* wretched ?  
 ---Come, to *my* chamber, let us sadly move,  
 Pensive, from fear, and terrified for love :  
 There, let us mourn *ambition's* restless rage,  
 And mutual mis'ry mutual help engage.  
*Cal.* Warm, from my willing heart, I join that prayer,  
 Ne'er may ambition *waste* a good man's care !  
*Vain* are his hopes reluctant foes to *blejs* :  
 And still, the more his toils, his praise the less.



# ACT V. SCENE I.

*A court before the Capitol.* Cassius, Cimber, Cinna, Calp.

*Cim.* SURE! never day *ran back*, like this, before!

So sweet a dawn, so chang'd, at once to *tempest*.

*Cas.* Chang'd, like the *fate* of Rome! above, 'tis *sun-shine*;

Beneath, 'tis, all, due *darkness*! ---*Senate's* power

Shall brighten, and plebeian clouds ride *low*.

What hasty *footstep* that?

*Cim.* 'Tis Decimus!

*Enter Decimus.*

*Cas.* Alone! why comes not Brutus?

*Dec.* Near thy *house*

I met him hast'ning to suspend our meeting:

And urg'd the general cause, that claim'd his presence.

X +

*Cas.*



*Caf.* He shou'd not, yet, have heard of Portia's danger,  
Nor Cæsar's warrant, found.---

*Dec.* I told no more  
Than that Torbilius, trusted with our names,  
Lodg'd 'em, in Cæsar's hand.---So, what, before,  
Was common *glory*, common *safety*, now,  
Demanded instant :---therefore, here we met,  
No more to part, till Rome, or Cæsar fall.

*Caf.* Heard he that, firmly ?

*Dec.* He's at hand, to join us.

*Caf.* Then fate is *ours* : and this proud climber's *height*  
Sinks to the level, where his name shall rot :  
Mark, with what *ease* a tyrant's empire falls !  
But yesterday, this man's exalted praise  
Trode on the *stars* : and Cæsar was a *God* !  
To-day, the insulting *foot* of Rome shall spurn him,  
And mix his powerless ashes with the dust.

*Cim.* Hark ! was not that a *scream* ?

*Caf.* Some prophet *raven*,  
That, conscious, on the *dome's* high mould'ring roof,  
Feels, and foretels, that Cæsar's ghost is *rising*.

[*A noise heard, without, like the fall of a building.*]

*Cim.* Some horrid *ruin*, that !

*Caf.* Look out, good Decimus. [line

*Dec.* [*Looking out.*] Amazement ! the long, venerable,  
Of statues, --- all Rome's old, and awful *Chiefs*,  
Lie fallen ! and shapeless fragments load the floor !

[*Long, and loud thunder.*]

*Cim.* Shou'd not a change, like this, that mixes palaces  
With the up-heaving *center*, at the moment,  
When our bold purpose *moves*, alarm our caution ?

*Caf.* Blow, till ye burst, ye big-mouth'd *menacers* !  
'Tis but a *breeze*, to hearts, inflam'd for glory.

*Cim.* Breeze !—in such breezes, furies imp their wings.  
Death ! the storm howls, as if the winds felt *envy* ;  
And wou'd *out-mouth* the thunder ! — Call ye *this*  
A *breeze* ? my feet want steadiness ! — the pavement,  
I leav'd, in disjointed surge, rolls loose beneath me.

*Caf.*

*Cæs.* By Heaven, 'tis glorious ruin!—round our heads  
 Fall Rome's imperial turrets:—earthquake, and tempest  
 Plow the mix'd elements: noises, far heard,  
*Live*, in the winds, and *voice* the frantic air.  
 Day darkens: and the eye of Heaven seems *quench'd*.  
 Nature's wide-loos'ning fabric *shakes*, about us!  
 While *we*, with nerves of steel, press on to vengeance.  
 Oh! my brave friends! what future fame is ours!  
 What Cato cou'd not — what nor Asia's aid,  
 Nor Pompey's sailing *fleets* — nor tawny Afric,  
 With all her sun-defying swarms of war!  
 We few,—we, Roman few — *have done* — this day!  
*Cim.* One way, or other, we shall *serve* the Senate:  
 Living, we set it *free*. — And, if we *die*,  
 We teach it to *vote safe*;—and rail, in *private*.  
*Dec.* See! what a pensive visage Brutus brings!  
*Cæs.* Save us! he looks, as if the tumbling *statues*  
 Had crush'd him into *cowardice*!

SCENE II. Cassius, Cimber, Decimus, Cinna,  
 Calpurnia, Brutus.

*Brut.* Rome's *left*.

*Cim.* Then Cæsar, timely *warn'd*, has shun'd his *danger*.

*Brut.* No. — The last thing, Cæsar will shun, is *danger*.

— *Romans!* attend; and weep your country's fate:

I swore the death of Cæsar: — curse me not,

Ye *parent Gods!* — I thought it *due*, to Rome;

To law—to liberty—to *man's* lost rights;

To power's restraint, and a deliver'd world.

The hour—the dreadful hour, high Heaven! *I nam'd!*

Ev'n now, its, last dire moment calls on Brutus:

And now, ev'n now, Brutus is Cæsar's—son!

[*Conspirators all start, and look down, in a speechless astonishment.*]

*Brut.* [*After a long pause.*] Servilia was in secret wed-  
 lock join'd —

And gave *herself*, and *me* — to Cæsar's love.

[*Conspirators still silent, fix'd, and amaz'd.*  
*Brut.*

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*Brut.* [After another short pause.] Is there a Roman, so benumb'd of soul,

So firm, so passionless, so steel'd a *stoick* !  
So nerv'd, beyond all vulgar strength of *man* !  
That he dares *urge* what Brutus swore to *do* ?  
*Cassius* !——thou tremblest.——

*Cas.* Thou shalt tremble, *too*,  
At the last counsel, I will live, to give thee.

*Brut.* *Think*, ere thou speak'st—for *nature* is at stake;  
And, list'ning, dreads th' advice, thou dar'st obtrude.

*Cas.* Mark then——were Brutus of Plebeian mould,  
*Cassius* wou'd say, *serve on* : the tyrant son  
Shou'd aid th' ambition of the tyrant father :  
Rome had but mark'd *two* Cæsars for *one* fate.  
But thou wert born her *friend*---thy name is Brutus,  
And every Brutus breath'd, to *bless* mankind.  
Thy changeless heart, inflexible for virtue,  
*Patriots* a tyrant blood, tho' drawn from Cæsar. [thee.

*Brut.* Be dumb--be warn'd--'twere *impious* more to hear

*Cas.* Nay mark—thou know'st what Catiline propos'd,  
When, with a rebel hand, he shook his country.

*Brut.* I know it, *Cassius* !

*Cas.* On that lawless day,  
When, desp'rate, he presum'd an act, like Cæsar's,  
Suppose---all---wily, with a tyrant's *craft*,  
This Catiline had claim'd thee, for his *son* ?

*Brut.* Roman, thou wrong'st me.——

*Cas.* Call me, then *no* Roman.

*Brut.* 'Twas a disgraceful question:---it imply'd,---  
A Brutus might be *brib'd*, to wrong his country.

*Cas.* Cæsar yet *lives*.——

*Brut.* Cæsar---and Catiline !  
Gods!---what disparities thou yok'st together !  
—— That Cæsar's *policy* not *feigns* me his,  
Learn---I have proof, too plain.—— *Servilia* spoke——  
Spoke, from the shades of death, and own'd me Cæsar's  
*Cas.* Did her *ghost* tell this dream ?

*Brut.*

*Brut.* The dream is thine,  
Light Cassius! ——— She confess'd it, in her letter.

*Cas.* Cæsar has *arts*, beyond thy honest reaching ———  
But, let it pass ——— Cæsar is Cæsar, still ; ———  
Be Brutus cheated, by his tale, or no ———  
He no less guilty. ——— Thou no less a Roman.

*Brut.* If he's my father ———

*Cas.* Rome was still his mother :  
Where lives a bolder *parricide*, than Cæsar ?

*Brut.* Away---my shrinking *soul* abhors thy purpose!  
If I am Cæsar's *son*, Cæsar, to me,  
Is faultless :---Nature made me *not* his judge.  
And, till Rome's *Gods* redeem her, Brutus dares not.

*Cas.* If *duty* binds ——— thy *soul* was *son* to *Cato* :  
He form'd thy truth, thy firmness, and thy virtue :  
He taught thee to *revere* the Gods, thou swor'st by :  
And feel the sacred force, that firms an *oath*.

*Brut.* *Perish* an oath ——— *against* the birth, I *breathe* by!

*Cas.* Thou but contribut'st *faith*, to help *deceit* !  
Thou *art not* — *canst not be* — the son of Cæsar :  
I *know*, thou art not.

*Brut.* Cassius! — *If I am* !  
— What clash of contradictions rends my soul !  
Horror, and piety, *divide* my virtue,  
*Save* Cæsar, all ye Gods! — but *save* Rome from him,

*Cas.* Cæsar must not be safe, — or, Rome must fall.

*Brut.* Oh, Cassius ! partial *hatred* weighs unjustly :  
Mercy so tempers his pretence to power,  
That tyranny grows *safe* — and *looks*, like freedom.

*Cas.* There is an awful equity, that tow'rs  
*Above* men's private passions : — tyrants *die*. —  
And *sons* of tyrants *want* their fathers' virtues :  
Then bleeds a groaning state ! and *right*, and *rapine*,  
*Descend* from heir to heir, for ten red ages,  
Ere comes *another* Cæsar. — Hence, 'tis *mercy*,  
When one man dies, to save the blood of *nations*.

*Brut.* *Dies* ! Cassius! — by a *son* ; — Oh ! righteous  
Heaven !

Avert

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Avert the impending *horror*! — Foe to *nature*,  
Hint it no more — or, Brutus turns the sword,  
Thou point'st at Cæsar's life — against thy *own*.

*Cas.* I've *heard*, I am *too hasty*! — judge me, Romans;  
You, who have seen the proof, that Heaven has lent me;  
Judge, to what *daring length*, this rash, blind, man  
*Provokes* his friend's impatience: — let that punish thee.

[*Gives him Cæsar's table-book.*]

Read *there*, what envied rights thy birth derives  
From Cæsar's blood — who, thus, cou'd sentence *thine*.

*Brut.* [*Reading.*] “ Wrong'd Cæsar claims redress  
from Curio's sword,

“ Be this his *warrant* for dispatching — Brutus.”

— If this was Cæsar's, he believ'd me *not*

His *son* — and I have treated *truth*, unkindly.

*Cas.* Yes — thou hast thank'd us well! — these friends!  
— this Cassius,

Who in the *grove*, from Cæsar's murderers, *save'd*  
Doom'd Portia, thy belov'd! on death's dire verge,  
And seizing Curio, found that warrant with him.

*Brut.* [*Reviewing the warrant.*] By Heav'n! 'tis Cæsar's

*Cas.* 'Tis Cæsar's *heart*: [band.

He judg'd the virtue, like his own *disguise*:

So try'd corruption's power — and held out *hope*

Of proud *succession*: thou, if Cæsar's son,

Wert heir to Cæsar's empire. — Failing, there,

He found one surer way: — Marius, his uncle,

Had taught him, that *dead foes* resist no longer.

*Brut.* Oh! it is all, too plain! — Come Cassius! *Cimber!*

*Decimus!* *Casca!* *Cinna!* guardian friends!

*Dwell* in my bosom; share the *joy*, you give:

Help me to thank the *Gods*, I'm once more Brutus?

Oh, I cou'd play the wanton — let loose pleasure; —

Laugh with the light: grow thoughtless, and *forget*

Rom's *danger*, for a *day* — to cherish rapture!

*Now*, where's the *tempest*? — where's the *thunder*, now?

Loud let it rend, unfear'd, the arch of heaven:

'Tis ominous, no longer: — let it roar

*De-*

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*Delightful*; Brutus is no son of Cæsar!  
*That*! let it *swell* that found?—let it to earth,  
 Air — heaven, and lowest *hell's* lost hope—*proclaim*,  
 That Roman Brutus is not son to Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Thank the kind Gods, who sav'd thee from such  
 horror.

*Brut.* Indulgent Heaven! were I like happier Romans,  
 Nature had now set free my patriot hand,  
 And Brutus were again, *but friend* to Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Time calls; ———the Senate waits us.

*Brut.* Stay, stay Cassius!

I feel, I know not what, of nameless *doubting*,  
 Still, hov'ring dark, and black'ning half my heart:  
 Oh! I am, *yet*, his son. ——— A *friend's* a father:  
 And *that* kind title has been, *ever*, Cæsar's.

[*Trumpet heard at a distance.*]

Help Heaven! that trumpet calls him to his fate!  
 Fly, Decimus! prevent him: court him *hither*:  
 For the *last* time, I'll *press* my power, to *save* him.

*Cæs.* Think—how expos'd thou leav'st the friends of  
 Rome!

*Brut.* If I betray you, may the Gods, I swore by,  
 Revenge your cause! and Rome renounce my name!

*Cæs.* On thy known truth, deserted we depend:  
 Fix'd in belief, as if those Gods, invoc'd,  
 Stood pledges for thy purpose.—On to the Senate.

[*Exeunt all, except Brutus.*]

*Brut.* [*Alone.*] Immortal taskers of this fatal moment!  
 Free my entangled thoughts from gathering darkness,  
 And let Rome's safety flow from Cæsar's will!  
 —He comes—Oh, shade of Cato! guard my virtue.

## SCENE III. Brutus, Cæsar, and *Liberators*.

*Cæsar.* [*To the Liberators.*] Retire, and wait within:—I  
 wou'd be private. [*Exeunt Liberators.*]  
 They tell me, thou hast *secrets* to impart:

What

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What are they ?

*Brut.* ———May the soul of Rome inspire me !

*Cæsar.* Wilt thou be son to Cæsar ?

*Brut.* Cæsar's son, ———

With *pride*---if Cæsar will be Son of Rome.---

*Cæsar.* Again ?--presumptuous weakness ! *know* thy duty  
Whither wou'd popular pretension drive thee ?

*Brut.* To *live* for liberty.---Or *die* for glory :

*Cæsar.* Thou mean'st a substance, but thou serv'st a *name*

*Brut.* Rome's Senate held her freedom *more* than *name*

*Cæsar.* Her Senate, rich and proud, oppress'd her people  
Her people, poor and headstrong, spurn'd their yoke :

Hence rose the new necessity, thou see'st not,

Of some unformal, self-supporting *sword*,

To cut sedition boldly, to its root,

And rectify the crooked growth of empire.

This done---regenerate Rome grown *fit* for liberty,

Make it thy future gift :---and, therefore reign.

*Now*, 'tis sedition's cloak---her trumpet's *call*,

That state-disturbers arm by.

*Brut.* Teach the *Senate*

These found defects; and shape their wish'd redress :

*Theirs* is the right to *think*, for *councill'd* Rome.

Cæsar a *King*, ———were all his virtues *stars*,

Rome's rights invading, makes his virtues---crimes.

Cæsar a *citizen*, protecting law,

Mix'd *with* the people, reigns the people's *God*.

*Cæsar.* What law ? *what* people ?---Government *gives*

And *violation* throve by law's protection : *[cries,*

Power's tott'ring ballance shall be fix'd more *justly*.

*Brut.* What *single* hand has right to fix *Rome's* scale ?

*Cæsar.* All men have *nature's* right, to bless their country.

*Brut.* Blessings are *insults*, if by force, impos'd.

*Cæsar.* Then, Heaven that bless'd an *unconcurring* will,  
Insults' nature's freedom.

*Brut.* Give up the *stubborn* ;

Trust Rome to Rome ; and freedom to the *Gods*.

*Cæsar.*

*Cæsar.* Errors that spring from pity, call for pity.

*Brut.* Pity thy country's tears: the groans of millions!

*Cæsar.* I did,---and, therefore, I assum'd dominion.

*Brut.* Dominion adds no fame to worth like Cæsar's:

Nature proclaim'd thee noblest.---Deeds, like thine,  
Raise their performer's rank, till King sounds poorly,  
Time's purple plunderers, all, shall steal thy name,  
And bid their proudest title be but ---Cæsar.

*Cæsar.* Surface, without a depth!---False patriots, thus,  
Busied in forms, let slip the soul of purpose!  
While with delusive toil, thou plow'st for freedom,  
Cheated by factious seed, thou sow'st but slavery.  
Against one fancied tyrant, blindly warm'd,  
Thou, for a hundred, help'st to curse thy country.

*Brut.* They curse their country, who disturb her peace;  
And march their iron legions, o'er her bosom.

*Cæsar.* I shew'd thee, obstinate, persisting rebel!  
Peace had no root in Rome:---Her rights were forms:  
Her Senate---a loud hive of insect Kings;  
That robb'd, and stung: and call'd oppression---privilege.  
Their lawful Sovereign Lord, the People---slaves:  
Slaves in the mockery of imagin'd freedom!  
See thy misguiders rightly.---Trust a father:  
Affection cannot injure.---Thou art pale!  
Look on me, Brutus!---What new dream disturbs thee?

*Brut.* ---Wake me, some Roman God!

*Cæsar.* ---Wake thee, to feel

Nature's lost power.

*Brut.* ---I feel it all, for Cæsar.

*Cæf.* What wou'dst thou teach my doubts to apprehend?

*Brut.* Vengeance and death, from Romans.

*Cæsar.* Vengeance is mine:

I won it in the field---to throw it back,---  
And scorn'd the unmanly trophy:---Death is my friend:  
Come, when it will---'tis but discharge from care:  
'Tis but to 'scape false fears, and real sorrows,  
'Tis but to rest from wrongs, and rise to glory.

*Brut.*



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*Brut.* There's not an unbought Roman in the Senate,  
But meditates thy murder.

*Cæsar.* Murderers, Brutus,  
Kill their own character : --- He, whom they strike,  
Dies to his memory's profit.---All, they can dare,  
When they attempt like men,---like *man*, I'll meet.

*Brut.* But shou'd they *mean* some dark, dishonest blow?

*Cæsar.* Then *Heaven*, that hates the *base*, will strike the  
Strikers.

*Brut.* If thou *can'st* fear, fear all.

*Cæsar.* To say, I *cannot*,  
Were light : --- I *will not*, Brutus,---Feeble *fear*  
Is a low, fruitless passion : It unnerves  
Resistance ; and obscures prevention's eye :  
Meets a short blow, half way ; and aids its weakness.  
Life is not worth a fear.

*Brut.* Fear for mankind ;  
Fear, for the fate of Rome, that loses Cæsar.

*Cæsar.* No more : I know Rome's wants,---and resign,  
to serve her.

Mercy to me, means nothing : spare thy terrors ;  
Not ev'n threats of *Heaven* alarm the just :  
Shou'd the contending elements break loose,  
And into tempests arms, rend the world,  
The friend of truth *must* fall --- but falls *unshaken*.

*Brut.* Oh, Cæsar ! --- my full heart --- *farewell for ever.*  
[Turning away disorder'd.]

*Cæsar.* Brutus in tears ! --- to mourn we grieve, we make !  
Immortal Gods ! --- what *madness* beholds conceit !  
He, who, unmov'd, refills the voice of nature,  
Melts, in imagi'd woes, and weeps for Rome.

*Brut.* No : --- I but die for Rome. --- I weep for Cæsar.  
[Exit in confusion.]

SCENE

SCENE IV. Cæsar, Trinovantius.

*Cæsar.* What, my bold Briton!--Welcome, Trinovantius,  
I love thy country's virtues.

*Trin.* Cæsar, hail!

When thy friends *fear*—and e'en a Brutus *weeps*,  
May the *Gods* guard thee, as thy *soldier* wou'd!

*Cæsar.* Long has thy brave and faithful cohort serv'd me;  
What are their *wants*?—teach Cæsar how to please thee.

*Trin.* No Briton wastes a prayer upon *himself*,  
When his *friend's* life's in *danger*.

*Cæsar.* What then wou'dst thou?

*Trin.* The *Senate* met, and full of seeming faith,  
Wait thy wish'd presence;—Rome's rais'd throne invites  
thee:

Thy plain, well-meaning friends, the populace,  
Bear offer'd *incense*, thro' the streets of Rome,  
And pay their willing worship to thy *statues*.  
All the pleas'd city smiles.—Yet, cou'd I move thee;  
Cou'd thy old soldier's first-felt *fear* persuade;—  
Cæsar shou'd *sbun* the sad-presaging hour,  
And bid this *diadem* attend his *leisure*.

*Cæsar.* I thought the sons of Thames had felt no *fears*.

*Trin.* No fears they feel from earth's uniting anger:  
But, when *Heaven* frowns, 'tis impious *not* to tremble.  
All nature, thro' her works, seems, now *convuls'd*:  
— I met the pallid *Vestals* wildly screaming:  
Fled, from th' *extinguish'd* fire, robeless, and *bare*:  
And blind amidst the dust of *crumbling towers*,  
Shook from their dark'ned summits!—Doors of *sepulchres*  
Untouch'd, fly open: and from silent *urns*,  
Where slept in monumental rest, the bones  
Of Rome's first rounders, slow-ascending *shades*  
Catch form;—and hov'ring, in the *quicken'd* air,  
View some *sad fate*, they want the power to *tell*:  
And shrink, and start—and fly the sick'ning sun.

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— Such

—— Such boding *signs* fore-note impending *fate* :  
And Heaven, from whom Kings hold, postpones thy claim.

*Cæsar*. Fie Trinovantius!--'Tis too bold for *man* !  
'Tis *insolence*, to lift th' eternal *Gods* :  
Make nature *busy*, and *unbinge* a *world* :  
To lengthen, or cut short, a mortal's moment.  
Th' all-ruling Powers have *fix'd* our destin'd space ;  
And we, too weak to *shun*, must wait their will. { *chief*.

*Trin*. 'Tis whisper'd, — some great names *unite* for mis-  
*Cæsar* *Ambition*, born for *contest*, owes contempt  
To threat'ners. —

*Trin*. Yes. — But, cautious *note* of treason,  
Timely, and oft, averts the traitor's purpose.

*Cæsar*. To live in daily *dread*, is daily *dying* :  
'Tis *worse* than death : — 'tis sickness *never cur'd* !

*Trin*. Suffer my Britons to surround the temple,  
And trust malicious *Senates* to their eye.

*Cæsar*. Who awes his enemy, submits to fear him.  
— Stay, my good friend, thou com'st no farther on.

*Trin*. I leave thee, *Cæsar* ! with a strange *regret* !  
For my fore-boding heart is fill'd with terror.

*Cæsar*. Be comforted. — Thou over-rat'st my danger.  
Three hundred *new Patricians* swell the *Senate* :  
All, mine, for their own safety : — half the *old*, ---  
Names, like the Julian, fam'd ere Rome *was* Rome !  
*Converts* to slow-found truth, embrace her warmly,  
These, nobly owning, teach the *rest* to own,  
When error is *disgrace*, retraction's *virtue*.  
What apprehend'st thou, then, from that small remnant,  
Whose weakness is too *wise*, to dare their wish ?

*Trin*. O Pallas ! Pallas ! --- Guide of martial *Cæsar* !  
How grew the master-soldier of the world  
Unmindful, what *success*, in deeds of blood,  
Crowns *unexpected* rashness ! — If we but *think*  
Th' attempt impossible, we *make* it safe.  
—— Had (but that Heaven forbids) this unfear'd *few*,  
Weak as they seem, dar'd in full *Senate* strike,  
Firm, and combin'd, at *Cæsar*'s sacred *life* ;

His

His friends, th' astonish'd *many* — powerless, unnerv'd,  
In gaze of helpless horror, had sat passive ;  
Each doubting each — a *foe* ; till fate had reach'd thee,  
And, while prevention paus'd, presumption triumph'd.

*Cæsar*. Briton ! thy heart is manly : and thy mind  
Adorn'd with every gift of faith, and wisdom !  
Act, as thy doubts inspire thee. — Since *thou* fear'st,  
'Tis strange, that I, too, cannot ! — Yet, beware,  
Thou call'st no aid of *arms* : — civil to civil,  
And but to *martial* military. — Hear'st thou

[*Loud cry of a Cæsar — a Cæsar !*  
Yon shouting swarm, that shakes Rome's echoing *domes* !  
Lead those *loud voters*, from the o'ercrowded streets,  
To where their cry may reach the *Senate's* ear :  
'Twill caution guilt, perhaps ! and aid resolves.

*Trin*. Thanks to the Gods, thy friends ! who led thee  
once,

To charm our fraudless *isle* — by *them* inspir'd,  
One grateful Briton saves the Roman *soul* !

[*Cæsar and Trinovantius turn to go off, on opposite sides.*

S C E N E V. Torbilius *entering hastily*. Trinovantius *meeting him*.

Bless thy quick step ! com'st thou to hold back Cæsar ?

*Tor*. Brave Islander, I *do*.

*Trin*. Emperor ! Dictator !

*Cæsar*. Hush thy too busy terrors.

*Trin*. [*Aside*.] Hold him, sweet Roman !

Tun'd *eloquence* is thine : tell him some *tale*,  
No matter on what subject, make it but *long*.

[*Exit hastily*.

*Cæsar*. [*Seeing Tor*.] *Why* art thou here ? — did Brutus  
vote for murder ?

*Tor*. Shun the met *Senate* : — all mean murder *there* :

*Cæsar*. All cannot. — Thou defam'st too *broadly* : — who ?

*Tor*. The Patriot faction.

*Cæsar*. Thou hast yok'd ideas,

324 ROMAN REVENGE.

Which reason must *divide*.—Patriot and faction,  
Like *oil on waters*, mix when strongly *broken* :  
But never can *unite*——disjoin'd by nature !

*Tor.* Patriots can *envy*.—And who envies——*bates*.

*Cæsar.* Let 'em hate on.—In men who love their country,  
Envy but quickens virtue.

*Tor.* This black *list*

Contains, O Cæsar, thirty traitors' names :  
Traitors, by great Calphurnia's care detected :  
Traitors, who under *friendship's* fair disguise,  
Have with confederate malice, *sworn* thy murder.

*Cæsar.* [*Taking the roll.*] Did my Calphurnia send thee?

*Tor.* Cæsar, she *did*.

*Cæsar.* My friends' names, say'st thou, in this roll of  
traitors ?

*Tor.* All thy most *trusted*, most *distinguished* friends.

*Cæsar.* [*After a pause, returning the roll, unopened.*] Take  
back thy bloody list, and *bide* man's baseness :

Where *trust* is tainted by such dire *deceit*,  
Life is not *worth preserving*.

*Tor.* Lov'd Calphurnia

*Demands* it:—for her sake, repress thy scorn.——  
Stay but to go well-guarded.

*Cæsar.* Against *enemies*,

Cæsar suffices for the *guard* of Cæsar:——

But, against friends, distrust were *violation*.

*Tor.* [*Holding his robe.*] Stay, but to be *convinc'd*—ill-  
fated Cæsar !

*Cæsar.* I *will not* be convinced, that *faith* is weakness.

Who wou'd take pains to *lose* that peace, he feels,

From generous confidence in human virtues ?

If there are wretches, who, oblig'd, *betray*,

'Tis comfort *not to know* 'em. [*Exit Cæsar.*]

S C E N E VI. *To Torbilius, enter Trinovantius,  
and two Roman Officers.*

*Tor.* Oh! farewell,

Rome's fame!——her *evil Genius* has prevail'd :

And

And Cæsar's *death* shall doom declining empire. [*Exit.*

*Trin.* [*Repelling a crowd of Plebeians.*] Stand back, keep distance ; reverence the sitting Senate :

Whom will you crown your *King* ?

*Pleb.* A Cæsar ! a Cæsar.

*Trin.* Bless your concurring joy ! ye grateful people !

Cæsar is yours — and you are justly Cæsar's !

*Crown* him with rapture. For were Cæsar *King*,

Rome had *no tyrants* : All your lordly *patrons*,

Stripp'd of oppressive power, shall call you *brothers*.

*Office*, with equal eye, shall search for *skill*,

And liberty become the *poor man's* claim.

There *are*, who justly dread in Cæsar's crown,

His love of the *unhappy* :---dread his *pity*.

*He* will not see the groaning debtor *sold*,

To feed the rich man's luxury.---No tears

Of starving *want* ;---no iron hand of law ;

No slaves to fellow-subjects, shall make *sad*

The streets of *bappy* Rome—if Cæsar reigns.

[*A cry from within*---Liberty ! liberty ! liberty !—

Hark ! in that cry, arose no voice of *joy* !

By Heaven, they murder Cæsar ! guard this door,

Good Romans ! Fulvius ! Ætius ! your try'd swords,

And mine, dare *enter*.—Follow *me*, and save him.

[*As they are going off, with their swords drawn ;*  
*they are stop'd by Antony, who enters disordered.*

*Ant.* Spare your meant aid — alas ! it comes too late :

*Murder*, with all Briareus' hundred hands,

Pierc'd the *world's soul*—and conquest *is no more*.

*Trin.* Curses consume their names ; what villain hand !—

*Ant.* Casca struck first—Cæsar, up-starting seiz'd

The assassin steel—back plung'd it home,—and cry'd,

No---villain Casca ! No---thus, thy own *poinard*

Corrects thy feeble purpose :—*die—die*—traitor !

Down to the expecting shades—say Cæsar sent thee.

*There*, press'd beneath a storm of wounds, at once,

He stood, and frown'd, and bled, on every side :

Moving at last, majestic—the red hand

Of miscreant Brutus met his radiant eye.

Then *thus*:—*All*, cruel murderers? what! *all*?  
 And thou! my son! my BRUTUS! nay then, to *conquer*,  
 Were to perpetuate *pain*:—and death grows *joy*.  
 Speaking, he sunk:—soft, o'er his manly form,  
 Smooth'd his disorder'd robe---and, sighless, *died*.

[*Cry again, from within*, Liberty! liberty!

*Trin.* Edge this true sword, kind Heaven! they dare *descend*.

[*Advancing to meet the conspirators, he is held back by Marc Antony,*

S C E N E VII. Trinovantius, Antony, and Officers,  
 Cassius, Decimus, Cinna, Marcellus, with bloody daggers.

*Cas.* 'Tis past—ambition bleeds; and Rome is *free*;  
 I hail! Lords of Rome reviv'd! nation of *Princes*.  
 Now, once more, *masters* of a world, you won!  
 Dare *vindicate* the hands, that *broke* your chain.

*Trin.* [*Struggling against Antony.*] Cowards! cold-heart-  
 ed cowards! --- You, who thus

Fear to *revenge*—'tis you, have *murder'd* Cæsar.

*Ant.* No, Trinovantius.—Trust the Gods and Rome  
 With Cæsar's vengeance! — Careful thro' the crowd,  
 I seek, but find not Brutus.

*Cim.* [*Enters wounded.*] — Who nam'd Brutus?

*Cas.* 'Twas Antony.---Come forward, valiant Cimber!  
 Where hast thou left our Chief?

*Cim.* Unhappy Brutus!

Struck, by the words and look of dying Cæsar,  
 He bow'd to *weep* upon the wound, he *made*:  
 When, from a gallery, bursting in *above*,  
 Held 'twixt the *frantic Vestals*, there appear'd  
 Cato's yet living sister ——— lost Servilia!  
 See! cry'd the breathless trembler,--*traitor! parricide!*  
 Call'd by *thy* crimes, in vain, from a retreat,  
 Where *bid* (not *dead*) I shun'd a hated world,  
 Thy mother's blasted eye, — fell monster! murderer!  
 Finds thee, too late; and every God shall curse thee;  
 She *for:am'd* and sunk, amidst the Vestal train.  
 Brutus! all wild, as with a *fury's* horror,

Gaz'd

Gaz'd up, down, round —— wrung his clos'd hands—  
ran —— stopt,

Return'd —— then, with a bursting sigh, resum'd  
*Comp:sure* : kneel'd, and kiss'd the robe of Cæsar ?  
But snatching a fall'n *dagger*, rose distracted,  
And cry'd - " Take, take me vengeance ! Rome is *free* :  
" But Brutus, in her cause, has *stabb'd a father* ! "

Near, as he aim'd the meditated blow,  
I broke its erring force ---- and on this arm,  
Receiv'd the pointed mischief. —— So, *prevented*,  
I left him, 'midst a guard of weeping Romans.

*Ant.* Well may he *weep* ! —— but when he *reads* a charge,  
The murder'd father left the murdering son ;  
What will he *then* endure ? - what *cave* has earth,  
So deep, so dark, to hide him from *himself* !  
When he shall see, that, to his bloody hand ;  
Cæsar consign'd the power to *fix* Rome's *liberty*.

*Cas.* Thou speak'st in mystery, Marc Antony !

*Ant.* Move to the *Forum*,—in the face of *Rome*,  
I shall untold the *will* of Rome's lost guardian.

*Cas.* Cou'd artful Antony, prove Cæsar *wrong'd* :  
Cassius wou'd then *confess*, he was *too hasty*.

*Ant.* Traitor ! thy willing *envy* lov'd the error ;  
And thou shalt expiate—far, as lowest *vice*.  
Too weakly can atone for murdered *virtue*,  
This hour's detested guilt, by *death* and *infamy*.

*Trin.* Summon the people :---I'll revenge this murder ;  
Then, mourn lost Rome——and guard Britannia's liberty.

[*Exeunt* Roman Officers and Plebeians,

*Ant.* [*Coming forward.*] Had but ambition *eyes* to look  
thro' time,

'Twou'd see its fruitless toil, and shun to climb :  
Fondness of noise, and crowds and courts would cease,  
And man's whole happiness be plac'd in *peace*.  
Safe Liberty wou'd guard each patriot *throne*,  
And *tyrant* be, henceforth, a name *unknown* :  
All fruit of power is *pain* : and what is *fame* ?  
When ev'n a Cæsar's glory stains his name.





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THE  
INSOLVENT:  
O R,  
FILIAL PIETY.

A  
T R A G E D Y.

ACTED AT THE  
THEATRE in the HAY-MARKET.

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STANLEY V. ...

STANLEY V. ...

STANLEY V. ...

STANLEY V. ...

STANLEY V. ...



## P R E F A C E.

**A**BOVE thirty years ago, Mr. WILKS (then one of the Patentees of the Theatre Royal) gave an old manuscript play, call'd, *The Guiltless Adulterers; or, Judge in his own Cause*, to Mr. THEOPHILUS CIBBER, who was then manager of what us'd to be call'd *the summer company*. This company consisted, in general, of the junior part of the performers; who during the vacation time, commonly acted twice, or thrice, a week. As they play'd on shares (divided in proportion according to their several salaries stipulated in the winter) their endeavours to please the town generally produced 'em double pay on those nights; sometimes more.

This kept some of 'em from strolling into the country, for the summer season; it added to their income, and gave 'em an opportunity of getting forward in their business, in a more regular manner, than has been practis'd of late years. It had its effect: performers then try'd their force in characters, in the summer; and became, by practice therein, gradually acquainted with their business, and the town with them. Nor was every one suppos'd to be equal at their setting out, to the most capital characters of the drama.

But to return to the Play.--By the hand, and the long time it had been in possession of the Managers, it was suppos'd to have been one of Sir WILLIAM D'AVENANT'S (formerly a Patentee) and, by the opening of the piece, palpably was founded on a play of MASSENGER'S, call'd, *The Fatal Dowry*---(this last piece has often been enquired after in vain)---Mr. WILKS recommended it to Mr. CIBBER to be got up in the summer, with some alteration.—

ration.---It lay by some time.---In the year 1733, it was intended for the stage in the summer---But the performers were then shut out of the Theatre, by the then Patentees of Drury-Lane.---

In the following year, when the principal Comedians of that time returned from the theatre in the Hay-Market, and play'd under the direction of Mr. FLEETWOOD, it was propos'd again to have a summer company; as the use of it, both to the actors and managers, had been experienced. Many light pieces were then reviv'd, and several new petit pieces brought on the stage; such as, *The Devil to pay*, *The Mock Doctor*, &c. which proved afterwards lasting entertainments in the winter season.

'Twas in *The Devil to Pay*, in a summer season, Mrs. CLIVE (then Miss RAFTOR) first surpriz'd a delighted audience with a proof of her extraordinary genius, in the character of NELL. Her spirited simplicity, and strong natural humour, carried her thro' the part with an astonishing variety, and propriety. She shew'd herself an excellent original.—She has had many followers, some imitators; and, 'tis but justice to add, no equal. She then promis'd to be, what she has since prov'd, one of the first performers of the stage: and, when judiciously examined in the general various cast of parts she acts, 'tis imagined she will be allow'd not to be inferior to any performer of her time.

Well, this is digression on digression—(pardon it, reader, and let it pass)—In 1734, a summer company was again propos'd. They play'd once the play of George Barnwell, to a very great house. The Manager (jealous lest the company shou'd get too much; order'd the farther acting to be stopp'd. It was judg'd, indeed, the jealousy of some actors (who were not concern'd in the summer) gave this advice—so the affair dropp'd—and there has been no summer playing since.

But, to return to our Play.--On a revival, it was judg'd to want some alterations--Accordingly, Mr. CIBBER requested his kind friend the late Mr. HILL (who was never happier

happier than when he had an opportunity to do a friendly office) to correct it---How much he was taken with the play, will appear on a perusal of some letters of his relative thereto, (publish'd in his collection) and sent to Mr. THEOPHILUS CIBBER, about the year.1746.---Let it suffice here, to add --- Mr. HILL almost new wrote the whole; and the last act was entirely his, in conduct, sentiment, diction, &c.

It was brought on the stage at the Theatre in the Hay-Market early this year, 1758---When his Grace the Duke of DEVONSHIRE humanely consider'd the unfortunate, extraordinary condition of a Comedian (who has had more frequent opportunities of happily entertaining the town, and gave him liberty to try his fortune, awhile, at the Little Theatre in the Hay-Market.

# P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. C I B B E R.

(Then in mourning for his Father.)

*O*UR scenes, to-night, would Nature's pangs impart ;  
True filial piety should reach the heart.  
I feel it now ——— That thought the tear shall claim ;  
To merit sacred, and immortal fame.

Now sleeps the honour'd dust, which gave me birth ;  
Recent in death, but newly lodg'd in earth :  
Forgive the heart-felt grief ! the filial lay !  
The public tear might drop o'er C I B B E R's clay !

His comic force — for more than half an age !  
His well wrote moral scene, his manly page,  
Your fathers fathers pleas'd — His scenes shall live ;  
And, to your child ens children, equal pleasure give.

Forgive the filial dews that thus distil ———  
'Tis from the heart they flow, and not from skill :  
By nature mov'd, your patience thus I try ;  
Art would but give my suff'ring soul the lie.  
Now for the father's sake, the son endure ;  
Let his paternal worth your Smile secure.

Let his rich merit my poor wants atone ;  
His high desert I plead ——— boast none my own.  
Let then this tribute, to the father due ;  
This public tribute, be approv'd by you.

Whatever faults may thro' this piece be shewn,  
No living bard can now those faults atone,  
While such you, transient, mark ——— let mercy spare,  
Such parts as you may think some merit share.

Where judgment wakes, let candour intervene,  
Mark out the failings with that golden mean,  
Nor for a single sentence damn a scene.

To our young actors too your smiles extend ;  
Youth claims indulgence ——— as want claims a friend :  
Whate'er their flatt'ring hopes, their fears are great,  
Which your applause alone can dissipate :  
And, 'tis a maxim with the truly brave,  
They triumph most, who generously save.

P R O.

# PROLOGUE.

By the late AARON HILL, Esq;

**P**OOOR (at first op'ning) seems the plot we chuse :  
But no felt indigence unfr'd the Muse.  
Insolvent pris'ner — bears no awful sound !  
Yet — cope strong buildings — on that humble ground.  
Debtor and creditor th' account begin :  
But then comes joy — wife — misery — death and find  
While, from these varying lights, fierce fires we raise,  
Lend but attention — and your tears shall praise.  
Few are the public stains, that tinge the fame  
Of this brave, rich, good-natur'd nation's name :  
Yet, one there is — from time's long licence, grown —  
That blebs our pity — and turns flesh to stone.  
'Tis — the deaf rage, that (where hard wants oppress)  
Doubles th' insolvent sufferer's dire distress.  
Stung by this wasp, past friendships lose their weight ;  
Warp'd estimation wears a face like hate :  
Suspended mercy bids affliction smart ;  
And, in a scale of sins, immures her heart.  
Self — yet, unreach'd by vice — made proud, by gain,  
Blind to disaster — and insulting pain ;  
In ease, short-sighted — hugs her lot, secure —  
And marks no difference — 'twixt the base, and poor,  
Flings from calamity, turns short on grief,  
And, to the prison's grave, refers relief.  
So — for awhile — triumphantly severe !  
Tow'rs the bid insult — and dares to hear.  
At last comes disappointment home — Then, starts  
You b'd sense — and wonders at men's cruel hearts !  
Then (self still upmost) the rous'd sleeper shakes ;  
And insensibly hopes — compassion wake !  
But scorn close waits upon the scorner's heel ;  
And he, that shunn'd to hear — touches to feel.  
Too late, he feels ! — The eye, that wakes for all,  
Fore-doom'd his anguish — and enjoys his fall ;

Points,



*Points, to his trembling view, that wise man's school--  
That God-given law--th' all-tempting golden rule :  
Bids him thank bitterness, for due despair ;  
And, since he could not pity, learn to bear.*

*From our last age's plays exemplar aim,  
Present and past, we find too much the same :  
Stern, unrelenting int'rest's partial will  
Reign'd then resistless--and it reigns so still.*

*How happy were th' effect--could miseries, here,  
From pride's correction (mourn'd by pity's tear)  
Teach the dry rock to melt, in pain-touch'd flow ;  
And ease th' unhoping crowds, that sigh, in woe !*



## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

Old AUMELE, first President of Burgundy.  
Young AUMELE, in love with AMELIA.  
Count CHALONS, Son of the Marshal of Burgundy.  
LA FOY, his Friend, a rough Soldier.  
VALDORE, Father to AMELIA, and Predecessor to old  
AUMELE.  
BELGARD, Cousin, and Dependent on AUMELE.  
LE FER, servant to VALDORE.

### W O M E N.

AMELIA, Daughter to VALDORE.  
FLORELLA, her Maid.

Presidents, Advocates, Clients, Goaler, &c.

S C E N E, The Capital of Burgundy.

T H E

# INSOLVENT:

O R,

## FILIAL PIETY.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

*A court sitting. Judges on the bench. Lawyers with clients at the bar.*

2d PRESIDENT.

**H**AIL ! reverend judges ! May this meeting prove  
Prosperous to us, and end in general good.

*Old Am.* Speak to the point, the cause of this order  
summons.

*2d Pres.* We meet, my Lords, reluctant to dispose  
The awful place, and high important power  
Of first in council of this sacred court :  
This, to our grief, the reverend wife Valdore  
Resolves, grown weary of the ponderous charge,  
Here to give up this day.

*Val.* Too heavy trust ! it pres'd my conscious weakness:  
Yet, not for private ease wou'd I resign it,  
But, bow'd beneath the burden, sinking age  
Implores your kind release from care too weighty.

*Old Am.* Still to preside, we all wou'd gladly move you.

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*Kal.*

*Val.* It must not be; nor can your Lordships goodness  
 Deny my poor remains of time the refuge  
 Of some short space, for penitence and prayer:  
 Let me employ my last low ebb of breath,  
 In cares for future life — and learn to die, —  
 I pray the court to ease me of this burden.

*3d Pref.* The court entreats your Lordship wou'd be pleas'd  
 To guide the general voice — The choice you make  
 Will be, by all confirm'd.

*Val.* The Lord Aumele.

*3d Pref.* [*After a pause—the President's bow.*] The court  
 allows it —

Be it so decreed.

*Val.* But here are suitors, and their cause may carry  
 More weight, than forms like those attending on  
 This choice — dispatch them first.

*3d Pref.* Please you, my Lord Aumele, to take the chair;  
 We wou'd begin.

*Old Aum.* [*Sits himself.*] Speak, Advocate; we hear.

*Adv.* The cause my client offers to your Lordships  
 Is in itself so pleaful, that it needs  
 Nor eloquence, nor favour, in this court.  
 The guilty, when condemn'd, confess your justice;  
 Our cause shall claim your mercy.

*Old Aum.* Speak to the cause.

*Adv.* 'Tis the cause speaks.—Great Burgundy's blest  
 Had once—But stop. [*Pause.*] To say that her dead Marshal  
 The father of this brave young Lord, my client,

[*Pointing to Chalons.*]

Honour'd his country's name by far-fam'd service,  
 Wou'd tax assertion, by a doubt undue.

You all, my Lords, remember that so well,

'Twere injury to prove it. ——— In his life,

He grew indebted to these thrifty men, [*Pointing to the*  
 And failing, by repeated loss in war, *Creditors.*

Of power to free himself from such low claims;

I weep to tell it ——— But, his country sav'd,

Saw him imprison'd ——— and in prison die.

It is a maxim in our law — that debts  
Die, with insolvent debtors : but these men,  
Length'ning malicious pain beyond life's bounds,  
From death snatch bodies for new chains.  
They dare deny him ev'n his funeral rites ;  
Rites, not by heathens held from wretched slaves.  
We humbly, therefore, pray your Lordships pity,  
Setting aside their more than barbarous insult,  
To disappoint revenge — That woe may rest.

*Old Aum.* How long have you, Sir, practis'd in this court?

*Adv.* Full twenty years, my Lord.

*Old Aum.* How ! — Twenty years ? —

So bold an ignorance had half convinc'd me,  
Your judgment scarce cou'd number twenty days.

*Adv.* I hope in such a cause as this, my Lord —

*Old Aum.* How dare you thus presume to urge the court  
(Law's sacred guardian, to dispense with law ?

Terror of bankrupts gave this statute birth.

Go home, and with more care peruse known acts ;  
And then make motions.

*Adv.* I submit — but mourn. [Exit Advocate.]

*La Foy.* Can then your Lordships think, that he whose  
Supports a friendless cause (condemn'd by law [plea  
Tho' justice owns it) errs by honest zeal ?

*Old Aum.* Prodigious arrogance !

*La Foy.* Is reason such !

Or is it here a maxim, that the pleader  
Reads on the Judge's face his cause's worth ?

*3d Pres.* Too bold La Foy — pay reverence where 'tis due.

*La Foy.* Or was the power you act by, trusted with you  
To qualify no rigour in the laws ;  
But doubling every wound that mercy feels,  
Treat pity like a guilt ? — Oh, shame of state ! —  
This strictness of your sour decree, that grinds  
The debtor's dying bones, to feast the spite  
Of a still greedy creditor, who gapes  
For payment from the grave's unclosing dust ;  
Condemns misfortune, to let crimes go free.

*Old Aum.* You, Sir, that prate thus saucily, what are you?

*La Foy.* I am a soldier—If you know not me,  
Ne'er has yourself been known in honour's courts.

Beneath the banner of the dead Chalons,  
Long witness of his deeds, I serv'd, in blood ;  
Sav'd your ungrateful head, and lent it means  
To life that haughty brow—my partial judge.

*3d Pres.* Forbear, bold man--'Tis rashness past support.

*La Foy.* Let those proud angry eyes flash lightning round,  
Each object they can meet feels dumb disdain ;  
Shrinks from their blood-shot beams, and frowns within :  
Long had they been, ere this, by some fierce hand  
Torn from their tasteless orbs ; or, sav'd for shame,  
Had, justly weeping, serv'd some needy foe ;  
Had I not worn a sword, and us'd it better,  
Than, in disgrace of law, thou dost thy tongue.

*Old Aum.* If insolence, like this, pass here unpunish'd--

*La Foy.* Yet I--who in my country's balanc'd scale  
Out-weigh'd a thousand tame proud logs like thee,  
Confess myself unworthy name, compar'd  
With the least claim of my dead General's worth.  
Then from his numberless, long line of glories,  
Make choice of any one, e'en of the meanest ;  
Whether against that wily fox of France,  
The politic Lewis, or more desperate Swift ;  
Still shalt thou find it poize, beyond all tricks,  
Craft, views, or acts, that ever gown-men thought of.

*Old Aum.* Away—to prison with him.

*La Foy.* Off. [*To the guards.*] If curses,  
Urg'd in the bitterness of aching wrong,  
E'er pierc'd the ear of Heaven—and drew down bolts  
On heads that most deserv'd them, let not mine,  
Now, rise in vain.—Fear, from this moment ;  
And, fearing, feel ; and tremble to sustain,  
The whips that furies shake o'er cruel men.  
[*To Aumele.*] You have a son ; take care this curse not  
reach him.

You clods [*To the creditors.*] in human forms, that cou'd deny  
Earth,

Earth, gentler than your own, its mournful claim,  
 To cover the remains of that great chief;  
 May all your wives prove false, and bring you heirs  
 Of liberal hearts, whose riots may undo you!  
 Your factors all prove thieves, your debtors bankrupts;  
 And thou, stern patron of their blushless plea,  
 Live to lose all thy lordships; not even save  
 Room on thy dunghill for thyself and dog.  
 Be old before thou diest, to die more wretched!  
 That, as thou hast deny'd the dead a grave,  
 Thy living misery in vain may wish one. —

I've well begun—on—imitate—exceed. [*To Chalons.*

*Old Aum.* Force him away. [*Exit La Foy guarded.*

*3d Pref.* Remember where you are. [*To Chalons.*

*Chal.* Thus low the wretched bends to thank your counsel.

I'll teach my temper'd language to suspend  
 All sense of filial pain — and speak but duty.  
 Not that I fear to raise my voice as loud,  
 And with as fierce complaint, as touch'd La Foy;  
 But that from me, who am so deeply sunk  
 In misery's gulph, so hopeless in distress,  
 'Twou'd seem the rash man's means to cure despair,  
 By casting off his load, that ends with life.  
 No — let my suffering duty to the dead  
 Live on — and pay the tribute of your praise,  
 Honest severity renowns your justice,  
 Why should such white, unfinning souls as yours,  
 Forgive the guilt you act not? — Why shou'd service  
 By any man perform'd, to bless his country,  
 Exact his country's mercy? — What tho' my father,  
 Ere scarce arriv'd at youth, out-acted man;  
 Number'd that day no part of life, wherein  
 He snatch'd not some new trophy from your foes,  
 Was he for that to triumph o'er your courts,  
 Superior to the laws he sought to save?  
 What tho' the sums he dy'd indebted for,  
 Were borrow'd, not for his, but public use,  
 Shou'd he be free from payment; because poor,

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From a spent patrimony, kindly spread  
To the starv'd soldiers' wants;—"Twas his brave choice;  
And, when the willing suffer,—are they wrong'd?

*Old Aum.* The precedents were ill—

*Chal.* True, my kind Lord!

What is it to your courts, that weigh but laws,  
That atter all our great defeats in war,  
Which in their dreadful ruins buried quick  
Courage and hope in all men, but himself;  
He forc'd the foe from that proud height of conquest,  
To tremble in his turn—and sue for peace!

What tho' he sav'd an hundred thousand lives,  
By hard fatigues, that robb'd him of his own;  
Dauntless to summer heats, and winter's frost,  
Ill airs, mines, cannons, and th' unsparing sword;  
Was he, for that, to hope escape from debt,  
Or privilege from prison?

*3d. Pres.* 'Twas his fault

To be so prodigal---he shou'd have spar'd. [Army.]

*Old Aum.* The state allow'd him what maintain'd their

*Chal.* You say he shou'd have spar'd--He shou'd indeed  
Have spar'd, to trust his hopes on hope-less ground.

I too will spare to speak the pangs I feel,  
And feed my thoughts within,---Yet to these men,  
[To the Creditors]. To these soft-hearted men, these wise  
men, here;

These only good men-- Men that pay their debts;  
To these, I turn my hopes---these honest souls!

*1st Cred.* And so they are.

*2d. Cred.* It is our doctrine, Sir.

*Chal.* Be constant in it---lest you change your road,  
And straggle to salvation---Do not cheat

The devil of his left dues---make punctual payment.

But my sad swelling heart forgets its cue---

On deal and narrow natures, such as yours,

I will not waste one hint that honour loves;

The court shall squeeze no scruple from the law,

That lends your felon hearts the weight of right.

I know

I know there is no music to your ears  
 More pleasing, than the groans of men in pain :  
 The tears of widows, and the orphans cry,  
 Feast but your happier sense of wealth's coarse joy:  
 But rather than my father's reverend dust,  
 Shall want its place in that still monument  
 Where all his silent ancestors sleep safe,  
 Take me, your living pledge--Renounce the dead,  
 And, in my fetter'd freedom, find revenge.  
 I am possess'd of strength to scorn your malice,  
 Shun the detested world, and love restraint.  
 I wou'd forget the sun, that shines on you,  
 And chuse my dwelling where no light can enter. —  
 Release my father's corpse.

*Val.* Alas! young Lord,  
 Consider well what hopes you cast away;  
 Your liberty, youth, joy, life, friends and fame.  
 Your bounty is employ'd upon a subject,  
 That cannot feel its vastness: The known glory  
 Of your dead father vindicates his urn,  
 Treads on their living dust who wrong his name,  
 And breaks the prison's gates that bind his body.

*Old Ann.* Let him alone--the young man loves renown:  
 If he courts misery, let misery meet him.  
 Provided these consent, the court objects not.

*Cha.* Consent!--the wrongful doubt offends their wisdom.  
 Can these trade-tools lie sullen, and shun work,  
 When willing interest hires 'em? — Calls their idol,  
 And shall their zeal grow deaf--and drop their worship!--  
 From my dead father's corpse what hopes of profit;  
 Nay, they have there no chance of giving pain.  
 What relish of revenge, where 'tis not felt?  
 In me they're sure, at least of present vengeance,  
 And cherish prospect of some future gain.

*1st Cred.* What think you of the offer?-- Shall we close?

*2d Cred.* I like the motion well--It gives some hopes.

*1st Cred.* Some young, unthinking girl, or gay,  
 warm widow,



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Pleas'd with his fame for manly deeds in arms,  
May pay us all our debts, and bind him hers.

*3d Pref.* What is your answer?

*2d Cred.* You shall speak for all.

*1st Cred.* Make all our actions on his father laid,  
Stand the son's debts, and we release the body.

*Old Aum.* The court must grant you that.

*Cbal.* I thank you all.

In this you have confer'd a glory on me,  
That nobly over-pays your envious view.  
Come, lead me to the gloom I long to find;  
'Twill free me from your forms, and shade my own.

*[Exit, with creditors, officers, &c.]*

*Old Aum.* Strange madness!

*Val.* Madness, do you call it! --- Term it  
Strange, generous extacy of matchless virtue!  
Worthy of happier fortune, nobler fate! ---  
But rest that now unargued. --- To my cause  
Already I have found your Lordships bounty  
So I wish in your grants, that it should teach me  
To limit my desires to narrower bounds.

*3d Pref.* There's nothing you can ask, we wou'd not  
grant.

*2d Pref.* Our wills are all your own; pray use 'em  
freely.

*Val.* It has been here, you know, the court's kind custom,  
Confirm'd by time's long venerable practice,  
That at surrender of the place I held,  
Some grant indulg'd confirms a favour ask'd.  
As proof then of your grace, that loves to give,  
I tempt its proffer'd bounty.

*3d Pref.* I think it yours.

*Val.* I ask remission for that rash La Foy;  
And that you, Lord Auncle, whose wrong partook  
Th' affront that mov'd the court, will pardon with it,  
And sign his wish'd enlargement.

*Old Aum.* Nay, my Lord,  
Demand one half of my estate --- Take all ---

But

But spare me this strange prayer It warms my wonder!

*Val.* If I must be deny'd —

*2d Pres.* That cannot be.

*2d Pres.* I have a voice to give.

*2d Pres.* I add mine to it.

*3d Pres.* If then persuasion fails — we must insist,  
That votes decide this question.

*Old Am.* You are too absolute;

I could consent to any thing but this:

Yet, this — if it must be — my Lord — I yield.

*Val.* I thank your hard concurrence.

*Old Am.* Break up the court. *[The venter rises.*

*[Exeunt, all but Valdere and Jerome.]*

*Val.* I'll follow instantly — Le Fer.

*Le Fer.* My Lord.

*Val.* What didst thou think, but now, of young Chalons;  
How did his conduct strike thee?

*Le Fer.* With due wonder;

And so did brave La Foy's.

*Val.* Fye, fye; he's faulty. —

What ready money have I unassign'd?

*La Foy.* Enough for every use your wish can form.

*Val.* 'Tis well — I'm wounded, when the brave feel pain:  
Some call this weakness — Heaven turn their hearts.

The filial piety of young Chalons, demands

Reward beyond our admiration —

Methinks from his example — low mankind,

Shou'd rise in body's scorn — for taste of mind;

Fly the coarse dross, that weighs down virtue's claim;

Stretch for futurity — and grapple fame.



## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Prison. Goaler and Le Fer.*

*Goal.* SO ripe a judgment, at an age so young;  
'Tis wonderful!

*Le Fer.* Religious — tho' a soldier!

*Goal.*

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*Goal.* That still is more a wonder! — So to quit,  
In the strong tide of youth, his flowing fortune ;  
Drop his own living taste of joy's full feast,  
To give his father's dead remains a grave,  
Seems something that exceeds the bounds of faith.

*Le Fer.* It makes a golden precedent indeed !  
It teaches piety a bright, new road,  
To reach perfection by a shorter cut.

*Goal.* What is his age ?

*Le Fer.* Scarce three and twenty years.  
When first he serv'd unhappy Burgundy,  
I remember

Under his more unhappy father's wing ;  
Where serving and commanding, he learn'd both,  
With such a ready fire and temper mix'd,  
That sometimes he appear'd his father's father ;  
And never less, than our great captain's son.

*Goal.* Look, where he comes; and see his friend *La Foy*,  
Waiting the father's corpse, the son has freed,  
Now moving to its last, long prison's cell.

*Enter Funeral, attended by Chalons, and La Foy, &c.*

*La Foy.* How like a silent stream, by night's dark brow  
O'er-shaded, gliding under still cold showers,  
Moves the slow march of that sad solemn train !  
Tears, sighs, and mournful black, but paint woe's face,  
Within lies all the depth that drowns distress.

*Chal.* Stay, friends, a moment — while a wretch,  
deny'd

To bear due murmurs to the cave of death,  
Bounds here his hollow groans. Rest, rest awhile.

*[To the bearers, who set down the bier.]*

Oh! hail ; for ever hail ! dear reverend shade !

Adieu, ye lov'd remains of that bless'd form,  
Who gave a nation rest — and lost his own !  
Cruel extent of proof, that he who toils  
To serve (mistaken thought) the public cause,  
Works for a fleeting shadow, that but seems

To

To wear a tempting shade—a dream, and fades,  
 Here stands thy poor executor—thy son;  
 More proud a captive, thus thy hearst to free,  
 Than when he fought thy cause, and shar'd its fame.  
 Of all the thousands thou hast serv'd and sav'd,  
 These only cou'd remember. These dear few,  
 Remember well—for they forget not gratitude.  
 I thank you—and I wish I cou'd reward;  
 'Tis the last friendly aid you lend his love.  
 His native land, like an unnatural mother,  
 Not only has devour'd the worth she bore,  
 But blots it from her memory's blank record;  
 Leaving thy heir (great stain of want!) so poor,  
 He cannot buy thee one sad humble stone,  
 To mark its only spot exempt from shame.

*[Observes soldiers weep.]*

Alas! the mournful scene's not wholly mine!  
 The honest soldiers weep!—La Foy too weeps!  
 Oh, Heaven! behold a miracle of virtue,  
 The very goaler weeps!—And look, La Foy,  
 The plaintiff crocodiles themselves shed tears!  
 Nay, then—my father's bones shall need no tomb;  
 Be these his body's balm; these drops, more hard  
 Than Idumean flints, on sun-burnt plains!

*[Creditors seem to weep.]*

*La Foy.* Away, ye sniv'ling rogues! nor mix prophane  
 The dry-drawn tribute of a whine like yours,  
 With rites of heart-felt sorrow—Howl not here:  
 Strain your squeez'd eye-strings 'till they crack, for pain;  
 Ne'er shall one generous dew-drop start, for virtue.

*Priest.* On with the procession.

*Chor.* Hold—yet hold——

But, 'till in presence of his honour'd hearst,  
 I struggle 'till I find a few poor legacies.  
*[To a soldier]* Come hither, generous soldier—Wear this  
 ring;  
 'Twill, when thou seest it, bid thy valour glow  
 Distinguish'd as thy pry.

Thou

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Thou, good friend, [*To another.*]  
 Cross thy afflicted manly breast shall bind  
 This scarf — and doubly dye the warlike crimson.  
 [*To the bearers.*] You, gentle bearers of the noblest load,  
 That e'er press'd willing shoulders, take this purse;  
 Divide its little all — for thee, La Foy,  
 Poor as thou think'st thy friend, I've gold yet left:  
 Take thou this medal; wear it for his sake  
 Who knew thy worth, and lov'd it.  
 And now my wants and wealth are ended all:  
 Now — bleak, inhospitable world, farewell;  
 Darkness will, gratis, in my silent cell  
 Furnish an unbought shelter — life's short storm  
 Blown over, I once more shall meet my father.  
 'Till then — tears speak the rest. [*Weeps.*  
*La Foy.* On — on — he shakes me.

*Funeral proceeds.*

1<sup>st</sup> Cred. No farther. [*Stopping Chalons.*] Goalers, at  
 your peril, keep him.  
 What! squander our estate before our faces!  
*Goal.* Sir---please you to return?  
 2<sup>d</sup> Cred. Please!---he shall please.  
 Come, even little helps---and money's money.  
*Chal.* Dear, venerable earth!---adieu, for ever! [*Goes in.*  
*[Exeunt omnes.]*

SCENE II. *A chamber in Valdore's house.*

*Enter Amelia and Florella.*

*Amel.* Your story of Chalons has greatly mov'd me.  
 If Aumele touch'd my thoughts, 'twas partial folly!  
 Yet 'twas not love, 'twas duty; since my father  
 Pointed his highness out, not warn'd me from it.  
*Florell.* Aumele is light, deceitful, loose, ignoble;  
 Loves every face, is every woman's claim,  
 And she who first believes, is first undone.  
 His very friendship's false---himself, whom only

He

He wishes not to cheat, he cheats the most.  
He courts you for a mistress, not a wife.

*Amel.* No more---I hear him with suspecting hope!  
And doubt, I shou'd not trust him.

*Flor.* Still 'tis thus! —  
Woman, by nature form'd to be undone,  
Oft sees, yet helps the treason she wou'd shun.

*Enter Young Aumele.*

*Amel.* Hush; good Florella--hush--no more--he comes!  
The gay, the witty, cou'd I add the just,  
Aumele were all the maid belov'd cou'd wish. [*Exit Flor.*]

*Aum.* Loveliest Amelia; if, before my hour,  
I break on your retirement, thank your charms.  
Love has its wing'd desires, when beauty calls.—  
Sweeter than spring! than summer's sun more awful!  
Yet colder than the winter's starry nights!  
Say, how much longer will that frozen heart  
Resist the warmth it gives me?

*Amel.* Gay Aumele! —  
Lovers make light complaints, who love like you.  
Too well you guess the father must prevail,  
Where daughters, by their duty, guide their choice:  
You know my heart admits no wavering flame.

*Aum.* Cou'd gifts of empty air enrich my claim,  
How wealthy had you made me! — still look angel,  
But more like woman love—meet flame with flame.

*Amel.* Has not my father's will pronounc'd me yours?

*Aum.* True—but methinks he gave what was not his;  
Your lover's pride wou'd owe you to yourself.  
Whate'er you to a father's orders yield,  
Proves your obedience, but it proves not love:  
The surest test of love is confidence.

*Amel.* She gives without reserve, who gives up all.

*Aum.* Manner, in miser's deeds, destroys their bounty:  
Bonds they insist on—first—then pinch out gold,  
While the true friend tells fast, and trusts repay.

*Amel.*

*Amel.* I understand you now.

*Aum.* Had you but love,  
Then cou'd you soon——

*Amel.* What mean you?

*Aum.* Credit mine——

But your calm, patient passion waits dull form;  
Asks holy mortgage——to insure captivity,  
And doubts if honour's ties can bind like priests.

*Amel.* How!--for thy honour, shou'd I part with mine?  
Fain wou'd I think less foully of Aumele,  
Than once to fear he dares design my ruin.

*Aum.* Thy ruin!——No, thy happiness he courts--  
Wou'd crown Amelia empress of his soul,  
Not warden of his body——See her reign  
Sovereign, by free-born choice, with generous sway,  
Safely surrounded with thy guard of charms.  
What need---what use---of yeoman duty's aid?

*Amel.* What wou'dst thou dare?——

*Aum.* Why——'tis unjust, my love,  
To treat our queen, like slaves--Weigh marriage rightly,  
You'll find it humbling fierce, tumultuous joy,  
Concurrent wills, and elegant desires;  
Made cold, and lifeless all——because compell'd.

*Amel.* Oh, Heaven! be gone for ever from my sight;  
Nor dare to blast my name, from this black moment,  
With breath more baneful than the viper's hiss!  
If, in some softer hour's unguarded faith,  
Trustful I listen'd, and half hop'd thee just;  
Spight of thy known, thy dreaded lightness, heard thee—  
Punish me, angry Powers, when I forgive thee!

*Aum.* Have frowns such charms! why heaves that  
snowy bosom,  
Unform'd for any sighs, but those of love?

*[Forcing her hand, and embraces her,——  
she puts him aside.]*

Change 'em for fiercer transports, yet unknown:  
Soft murmurs---stifled whispers---throbbing heart---  
Eyes mixing angry fear, with fond desires;

Earnest

Earnest of joy too violent to last,  
And kindly made too short, lest bliss might kill.

*[After struggling, she breaks from him.]*

*Amel.* Unhand me, villain! traitor, fly this moment!  
O! that the eyes thou wrong'st, cou'd look thee dead!  
The curs'd hyæna's wily cry—false tears  
Of crocodiles—all, all that's fatal, dire,  
Destructive to our sex—all meet in thee!  
No, base Aumele—once passion did but pause—  
This insult on my honour ends it all:  
I'd sooner—but be gone—'tis guilt to see thee;  
But, to hold converse with thee, blots my fame. *[Going.]*

*Aum.* Hear yet one humble word.—

*Amel.* When next I do,  
Then curse me every Power that hates not virtue.  
*[Going, meets her father entering.]*  
My father!—sure he has not been a witness  
To this man's daring perfidy!

*Enter Valdore.*

*Fal.* Amelia!—

Young Lord, allow me to expect your pardon, *[To Aum.]*  
That business of importance calls my daughter.

*Aum.* I humbly take my leave. *[Exit bowing.]*

*[Valdore sees him to the door, and returns.]*

*Fal.* Why look you sad, Amelia?

*Amel.* I was mov'd,  
By news my woman brought me of this fame,  
From great and generous praise, that crowns Chalons.  
*Fal.* Kind Heav'n prepar'd that thought to suit my  
Thy duty ever met thy father's will; *[purpose.]*  
And, as thou know'st I will but for thy good,  
I have no cause to doubt thy wish'd obedience.

*Amel.* Sir, I am yours—so wholly, that my heart  
Unhesitating hears—when you command.

*Fal.* To say I love thee, were too short—thou art  
My age's only comfort—my soul's joy—  
My hope for future time—my pride in this.

*Amel.*



*Amel.* Wou'd I had merit, Sir, to make this justice.

*Val.* I thought, Amelia, at my entrance here,  
I saw thee mov'd to anger?

*Amel.* Oh! my heart!

*Afide.*

*Val.* Aumele was with thee——as I know him vain,  
I fear some lightness shook thee!

*Amel.* Me! my Lord!

*Val.* Sprung from a brutal stem; himself more brutal,  
I now, too late, repent I bade thee love him.

Too conscious of his father's power, I poorly  
Barter'd my love of truth, for earth's proud views;  
And Heaven resentful, has resolv'd to blast 'em.

To him, this morning, I surrender'd up  
A power, his schemes insidious long had cross'd:  
But, by his conduct in Chalons' just cause,  
New shock'd by savage proof of flinty nature,  
He wak'd me into detestation, due  
To his whole impious race, and stop thy ruin.

*Amel.* Alas! my Lord, far happier had I been,  
Never to have indulg'd a list'ning ear.  
Unapprehensive innocence, in maids,  
Weighs man by its own meanings.

*Val.* Wary maids——

*Amel.* Alas! there are no such, when love reigns lord.  
Ah! what, if in obedience to your orders,  
I shou'd have given my heart, where you assign'd it?  
Think to what misery then my duty dragg'd me.  
Passions new-born at first are in our power;  
But, when their tide runs strong, they sweep resolves.

*Val.* Away—ere yet the priest has join'd your hands,  
To trust your passion's range beyond your power,  
Were treason against honour—if 'tis so,  
Recal it, while you can: You are too wise  
To doat, Amelia, on a youth so weightless.  
The solid lover guards his favourer's fame,  
Which the fool's whole wish'd joy but seeks to fully.  
Boasters of frothy foul, when young, like this,  
So little too inform'd by manly virtue,

Blast,

Blast, like a basilisk, each fair they look on :  
Loud, among lewd companions, wildly cruel,  
Each but compares with each his list of conquests,  
And he's most hero, who has ruin'd most,

*Amel.* And is Aumele of taste deprav'd like this ?

*Val.* Name him no more——I, whose mistaken hand  
Brought malady, will also bring the cure.  
Chalons, the brave Chalons, shall claim thy heart,  
And prize it to its value. Smile, Amelia ;  
Chalons, that mov'd thy praise, deserves thy pity:  
Chalons has ev'ry worth should charm a woman ;  
A mind exalted, like a fancied God !  
Judge it, by what thou'lt heard of his dead father.  
Example never reach'd it—it has fir'd  
My blood to sense of transport ! —— Give him then  
Your wonder and your love.

*Amel.* He has my wonder ! has my heart's applause ;  
But, for its tenderness, 'tis scarce my own !

*Val.* Peace, Amelia ;  
Lest thou shou'dst lead me to believe—but—no——  
Aumele had ne'er the power to wound thy honour ;  
I cannot then suspect thy heart admits him.  
Is that a man to move a lady's wish ?  
Light rival of her sex's emptiest arts ;  
The toilet and the ball-room are his fields——  
Thence rise his trophies——there expands his fame:

*Amel.* Yet, once, you thought him worthiest of my love.

*Val.* How careful shou'd men be to weigh resolves !  
Push thought to consequence, and take in fear !  
Else comes reproach ; let loose——for ever ours.  
I charge you, on my blessing, shun Aumele ;  
And view Chalons as one that claims your love.

*Enter Le Fer.*

*Le Fer.* La Foy, my Lord, attends.

*Val.* Amelia——you may now  
Retire, to suit your wish to my command ;  
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Or

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Or bear the weight of a wrong'd father's curse,  
And live a stranger to me.

*Amel.* Oh ! Sir !—— Oh ! father ! [*Kneeling.*]

*Val.* Away—— I will not hear thee!—go—obey !  
[*Exit Amelia, weeping.*]

*Enter La Foy.*

*Val.* I wish'd to see you, Sir, for your own sake ;  
'Twas to lend counsel to your iron rashness :  
Love of your bravery forc'd me to esteem you.  
Haste, and submit yourself to warm Aumele.  
Weigh your too bold contempt of a court's power,  
And deprecate its vengeance.

*La Foy.* When I do——

May my tongue rot.---My Lord, you know not me.  
Submit, and crave forgiveness of a brute !  
What tho' his wealth were equal to a monarch's ;  
Nay, tho' himself a monarch (as his pride  
Out-monarchs his crown'd master's) let me die  
The death his baseness merits, ere once stoop  
To think commission'd brutes are less than monsters.  
Does he not use his power to crush the needy ?  
Oppress the soldier, scholar, all desert ?  
Nay, wrong'd he not the Marshal!—— Nature form'd  
This loath'd, wry mouth of law, to scare mankind,  
By scorn of ugly vice, to love of virtue!  
How savagely the brute blasphemer spoke  
Of the dead General!—— Ask him forgiveness!  
First let me perish law-struck !—A judge!—a dog!  
How he insulted o'er the brave man's memory !  
Perdition seize him for't! —— I weep to think on't !

*Val.* I was to blame

To yield my place too blindly—but, perhaps,  
'Tis practicable to retrieve that error.  
Sir, give not way to passion.

*La Foy.* I weep not when I fight.—But, pardon me,  
I melt because too weak to check oppression.

*Where'er*

Whene'er I think of the vile injuries,  
The bold black injuries done my worthy master,  
I cou'd devour him piece-meal.

*Val.* Pray be temperate—

I but advise your frenzy——not constrain:  
Opinion is as free as air——and they  
Who err in power, are least exempt from censure.

*Enter Le Fer.*

*Le Fer.* The creditors attend with Count Chalons.

*Val.* Pay those hard men their claims--wait the Count  
Please you, La Foy, to witness their receipts; [in.  
And take their full releases——what but now  
I said, meant nothing——'twas this call  
Detain'd you for their coming——what you'll see  
Will more explain my purpose.

*La Foy.* What I hear  
Alarms my love and wonder.

*Le Fer.* This way, Sir. [*Exeunt Le Fer and La Foy.*

*Enter Chalons, wiping his eyes, and melancholy. Valdore  
meets him.*

*Val.* Brave Sir, you are most welcome.--Fye! be hush'd;  
You have out-wept a woman!——Noble Chalons!  
No man that lives but has a father lost;  
Or once must lose a father.

*Chal.* Sir, 'tis true.——  
I never thought my father was immortal;  
But as I pass'd your hall, his reverend picture  
Smil'd on my startled eye, and forc'd some tears.

*Val.* My Lord—I lov'd your father---and wou'd wish  
One favour from his son,

*Chal.* Of me——a favour!  
What has he left to grant, who wants his liberty?

*Val.* The liberty you think you want, is yours.  
The rich man that beholds the brave in chains,  
And pants not for his freedom, is a slave.

Jewels or gold, whate'er your wants require,  
 'Take all that I possess, and end restraint.  
 You look amazement.

*Chal.* Nay, I am amaz'd !  
 You cannot mock distress — Natures, like yours,  
 Call feign'd compassion insult. But your virtue  
 Shall wonder, in its turn — for I'll not tax  
 Your bounty for myself — but beg release  
 (In my forgotten stead) of poor La Foy.

*Enter La Foy.*

*Val.* See what a power the prayers of good men hold !  
 I give him to your friendship — and to his  
 I join your own due freedom — — — Live and love.  
 Your father's debts discharg'd, his name shines free.

*La Foy.* 'Tis an astonishing, yet sacred truth !  
 I come from witnessing the generous deed — — —  
 See here, your own discharge.

*Chal.* Honour'd Valdore ! — [*Pauses.*] But words wou'd  
 wrong my meaning.

Dumb be my tongue, while blushes only speak — —  
 All language is too light, for deeds like these !

*Val.* Wou'd you requite 'em, Count ?

*La Foy.* Command his life —  
 And, if one serves not ; throw in mine, my lord.  
 [*Chalons stands struck with silent attention.*]

*Val.* I have an only child, her mother's likeness,  
 Care of my life, and comfort of my years !  
 I stand so near the brink of time's dark stream,  
 That soon in course I must drop in, and die:  
 Fain wou'd I first provide a guard more strong  
 For my Amelia's youth, than age like mine.  
 Her birth perhaps less splendid, match'd with yours,  
 Yet worthy noblest notice. Take her, then,  
 And with her all my fortune — Call her wife.  
 Thank me, by loving her ; 'tis all the gratitude  
 My hopes, from brave Chalons, can bear to claim.

*Chal.*

*Chal.* Oh! what delightful payments you exact,  
When you thus plunge me deeper far in debt!  
Now, not my life's last toils can ever pay you.  
She were, without a dower, a prince's prize;  
How greatly then too rich, too dear, for me!

*Val.* Is it resolv'd then?

*Chal.* Sir—I have lov'd her long —  
Despairing (lost in fortune's clouds) to gain her.  
Her beauty is the boast of Burgundy;  
Her father is Valdore! — there honour strikes  
Perfection's proudest point — and joy stands dumb.  
Heav'n grant her generous will but pleas'd as mine,  
And ere the sun yet sets — his day's a year.

*Val.* Enough, I answer for her willing duty.  
She wants no sense of that — and knows your worth.  
This day shall smile on my compleated wish.

*Chal.* 'Tis more than love's stretch'd arrogance of hope  
Durst promise my desires. Oh, Sir! I groan  
Beneath such added weight of benefit!  
You, Curtius like, have cast into the gulph  
Of our sunk Burgundy's ungrateful thame,  
Your fame and fortune, to redeem her name.

*Val.* Fortune's an empty well — and hoards but air,  
'Till use lends weight to wealth — and taste to care:  
Then shine the rich man's joys — when shar'd they flow;  
He that wou'd well possess, must wide bestow.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



## ACT III. SCENE I.

*A garden, belonging to Valdore's house.*

*On one side, Florella and Aureole, discovered, talking earnestly: On the other, enter Belgard.*

*Bel.* SO! he has lodg'd me here, for his old purpose.  
How base are these employments! — I'll forsake  
Thinks he, because I owe his father's purse [him.

Alas;

My

My poor subsistence, I but eat to sin !  
 From this close conference, and that low voice,  
 The new bride's faithless maid, or I guess wrong,  
 Betrays some trusted secret. — Hark ! he's louder,

*Aum.* Well---grant that I advis'd the useful scheme,  
 Which authoris'd thy crafty tongue to paint me  
 In odious lights ; that, seeming not my friend,  
 Her caution shou'd not catch the least faint glimpse,  
 That I had bought thy service ; was you by that,  
 Commission'd to betray me for another,  
 And pay Chalons the joys bespoke by me ?

*Flor.* If you cou'd hear — I meant to do you service ;  
 Enrich you, by your loss ——— never, 'till now,  
 Was your hope likely ——— never near, 'till now.

*Aum.* Thy fancy is all woman — wind and feather !

*Flor.* Will you hear me ?

You say my Lady's married ——— thank Heav'n for it,  
 And feel the clue that guides you. — Track two footsteps ;  
 One o'er the trodden path of some hedg'd field,  
 That tempts approach to beat it more, yet tells not ;  
 The other 'cross cold lawns of shivering snow,  
 'Till then by mortal wanderer unimprinted ;  
 Which of these two proclaims discovery soonest ?  
 Shame on such shallow plotters ! ——— When in love,  
 Int'rest, or treason, your he blunderer moves,  
 Without a woman's help, his wit destroys him.

*Aum.* What am I to infer from this fine story ?

*Flor.* Her marriage but invites her lover's hopes ;  
 Unbars the door of doubt, fast lock'd by danger.  
 France, you well know, trusts wives with ample freedom ;  
 And when these wives have maids--those maids good friends,  
 And those friends liberal hearts---what think you now ?

*Aum.* Provided she consented, this were easy.

*Flor.* O ! there are arts — consent or not consent :  
 In short, I know she loves you — did you know  
 But half as well who serves your int'rest there,  
 You'd scorn to weigh how dear the hope may cost you.

*Aum.* Nay, that's unjust reproach. Here's a new  
 witness ;

[*Gives her a purse.*  
 I want

I want no grateful will to note thy friendship;  
If it succeeds, in this sweet view thou shew'it me,  
Be richer than thy mistress.

*Flor.* See! I told you,  
She shou'd walk there alone---pretend you fought her.  
[Exit Florella.

*Belgard comes forward.*

*Bel.* So, Sir! I see for what you dragg'd me hither.  
Preferr'd to be your pander; help to ruin  
A fine young Lady, form'd for love and piety.  
That she cou'd ever fancy one so wicked!

*Aum.* No, no; I brought thee but to take the air,  
Thy dull'd wit wanted fresh'ning: and besides,  
Thou hast a sword edg'd sharp, how blunt foe'er  
Thy surly virtue makes thee—Threat'nings, Belgard,  
Threat'nings grow frequent, and these groves are solitary.  
What! you want money now? That makes you peevish.  
There ——— [Offers money.

*Bel.* I scorn your money, Sir; nor will be bought  
To a base act. I shall acquaint your father.

*Aum.* Aye, do; he'll not believe thee—his own gambols  
Lay not my way, his loves have hard round faces;  
And what men wish not theirs, they grudge not others.

*Bel.* But will not law defend a Lady's honour?

*Aum.* No, 'tis the Lady's property: while so,  
What legal right has power to enter on it?  
Grant it were stolen, (as yet, woes me, it is not)  
Then in comes law indeed, and makes good pen'worths  
In the rogues rents that robb'd it.—Ah, Belgard!  
Had'st thou a kinsman judge — I'd say, sin cheap;  
But mum for that ——— So, cousin, go thy way:  
I'll think on thy advice, muse here awhile,  
And meet thee at the Vine, to hear more counsel.

*Bel.* Adieu, then, if you're still thus obstinate;  
The loss is but your own: henceforth, your father  
Shall hold my care excus'd for such a son;  
And I'll renounce his help, or wake his caution.

[Exit Belgard.

*Aum.*



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*Aum.* He went in pinch of time; for yonder walks  
A faint, this blust'ring devil had scar'd from sin.  
He's born to spoil my markets.—I'll stand shaded.  
[*Aumele stands on one side.*]

*Enter Amelia and Florella.*

*Flor.* You know I never lik'd him; if I had,  
Good faith, I might have laugh'd myself to pity:  
For cou'd you see how like a love-sick mope,  
The poor, touch'd penitent, weeps, prays and curses,  
Forlorn tho' he is, you'd ne'er forget him.

*Amel.* He has too much deserv'd the pain he suffers.

*Flor.* Wou'd you shun him?

Perhaps, for much he ever lov'd our grove,  
He may not yet have left it. — Look! — he's here.

*Amel.* I charge you, stir not—stay, and be a witness,  
If he dares speak---but sure he will not dare.  
Light chance lends slander oft to idle tongues,  
And innocence might suffer,

*Flor.* I will be near.

[*Exit.*]

*Aumele approaches respectfully.*

*Aum.* Madam---forgive a trembling criminal,  
Guilty---but greatly punish'd---that---thus---led,  
By chance---his conscious reverence of your power,  
Permits an awful anguish to approach you.

*Amel.* Chance was unkind to both; since neither's wish  
Cou'd have forecast a meeting, neither's reason  
Cou'd find pretence to justify.

*Aum.* Oh! my Amelia!

*Amel.* No, false Aumele!--forget presumptuous freedom,  
While I was yet my own, I was not yours;  
Lest can I, when another's.

*Aum.* I was to blame ———

But you have punish'd adoration's warmth,  
As coldness shou'd be punish'd!

*Amel.*

*Amel.* Guilty warmth,  
And adoration's transports never met.

*Ann.* Oh! had you seen my agony of soul,  
When, led by swift repentance, I return'd  
To throw me at your feet—but met your father,  
Alter'd like you—averse to ev'ry prayer,  
And all forgetful of his once kind wish,  
You wou'd have wept the misery you caus'd.  
Distracted with my love, rage, shame, despair,  
I loath'd my name, race, life; but, most, my crime,  
And hid me in your grove—to die absolv'd.

*Amel.* Your being here is adding to your crime:  
If truly penitent, offend no more.

*Ann.* I wou'd have kept away some sense of pain,  
Made the cold earth my bed; and try'd all night,  
Moisten'd by midnight dews, to shut out shame:  
But busy fancy rais'd thy beauteous form  
(Distracting image!)—giving joy to him,  
Who reaps the harvest my curs'd folly sow'd.

*Amel.* Be dumb—be gone—and never see me more:  
Honour demands it now, it justice did not.  
I can no more—I shou'd forget thee quite,  
But thy fault will not let me. Once I dreamt,  
And lumb'ring fancy shew'd thee gay, kind, honest;  
But, waking, 'twas no more.

*Ann.* You wou'd forget me then?

*Amel.* I must, and will forget thee.

*Ann.* If it must be—'tis best I take my leave:  
He cannot die too soon, who lives for scorn.

*Amel.* I do not wish your death; but go—for ever.

*Ann.* For ever is a dismal sound, Amelia!  
Wou'd it be more than pity might allow,  
Since all my crime, bold as it was, was love,  
To grant one last—soft—trembling—distant touch,  
[Takes her hand to kiss it. She draws it back again.  
Of this dear hand—that touches me? 'twas too much;  
'Twas extasy too great for one condemn'd.

*Amel.* Be gone, Ann! *Ann.*

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*Aum.* Grant one nearer rapture— [Takes her hand again,  
And it shall dwell so sweetly on my thought,  
That memory shall admit no sad idea.  
This last permitted transport, and I go. [Kisses her hand.

*Enter La Foy, at a distance, and starts.*

Yet, since I never am to see you more,  
You will not, must not, think despair grows bold,  
If I thus force one warmer, dearer draught,  
From these press'd lips, to cool my feverish soul.  
[Struggling, he kisses her.

*Amel.* Leave me, presumptuous, grief-struck madman,  
leave me.

*Aum.* I wou'd—but 'tis impossible.

*La Foy.* Sure 'tis a vision.— [Draws his sword.  
Draw, ruffian, or thou dy'st.

[Aumele retreats fighting in confusion, follow'd  
out by La Foy.

*Ame.* Florella—where?—Oh! wretched, lost Amelia!  
This only wanted to compleat thy woe.  
My fame's fair promise, my white name is lost :  
Blood too must follow.—Innocence, in vain,  
Will now appeal to truth's distrustful aid,  
And I am black as guilt—indulging none.  
[Exit in disorder.

*Enter La Foy, putting up his sword.*

*La Foy.* Light as the robber's purpose was his foot,  
And he has 'scap'd my vengeance. Now I'm cool,  
Let me reflect,—— I'm glad of his escape,  
His death had broad proclaim'd her now hid shame.  
What shall I do? Shall I conceal or tell it?  
Something I must resolve, nor injure friendship.  
Had she been well inclin'd—— to keep her cautious,  
Her secret shou'd be kept—but—she's a woman;  
And who can stem their passions? To surmount

Her

Her sex's rage of heart beneath restraint,  
Is harder than to prop a falling tower.

*Enter Valdore.*

*Val.* Good morning, my La Foy.

*La Foy.* My Lord, good morrow.  
How if I break it to him? he is wise, [*Aside.*  
And his authority will give due weight  
And warrant to his counsels. ———  
It shall be so.

*Val.* 'Tis an inspiring sun ——— and the day shines;  
Good omen to your friend's beginning joys.

*La Foy.* Yes, the air's hot — I wish it had been purer.

*Val.* I never heard it merited that censure.

*La Foy.* Some climes change fast, my Lord.

*Val.* I pray, be plain.

*La Foy.* I stand engag'd for such unbounded favour,  
That 'twere to be ungrateful to be dumb,  
On what concerns your honour.

*Val.* Honour! — how?

*La Foy.* Serious and pensive in my morning walk,  
Led through these covering groves and hid between 'em,  
I saw your daughter and Aumele —

*Val.* How, saw 'em?

*La Foy.* Close as the grove they kifs'd in.

*Val.* Kifs'd in, soldier!

*La Foy.* Faith, I'm no orator;  
Knew I a word more kind than kifs, you'd had it.

*Val.* I hope you saw no guilt, beyond that promise.

*La Foy.* She struggl'd, and he prefs'd her; she struggl'd on,  
And he prefs'd closer. 'Twas no more than woman  
Can all, by nature, do as well as she did.

*Val.* I must inform you, Sir, my daughter's modesty  
Discredits this bold tale, that stains her virtue.  
I know not from what quarter to suspect,  
Unless some hatred of Aumele's light race,  
Propell'd you to accuse him. If 'twas so,

'Tis

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'Tis an ungenerous anger ; that for vengeance  
'Gainst an offending foe, forgets the friend.  
I will, however, hold a watchful eye  
O'er her examin'd conduct ; and mean while  
Trust, and demand your silence. [*Exit Valdore angrily.*]

*La Foy.* Curse on my wayward fate that sent me here,  
To interrupt their loves — It was ill-breeding.  
Some soft, cool wit, whom love more warm'd than friendship  
Had past it o'er, or forwarded the business ;  
So wisely gain'd good-will---and pleas'd 'em all.

*Enter Chalons.*

*Chal.* Muttering alone, *La Foy* ? what fretful scheme,  
What melancholy rage of honest heart,  
Disturbs thy spleen thus early ? prithee brighten ;  
Since Fortune smiles at last — for shame, smile with her,  
If thou'rt untouch'd within, and know'st no joys  
Thy own ——— let mine inspire thy sullen temper.

*La Foy.* Yes---that's a wife man's plot---thy joys disturb me.

*Chal.* Thou art too good for envy ? What then moves thee ?

How can a happiness, like mine, distress thee ?  
Married to beauty — reconcil'd to hope ;  
Splendid in riches ——— in thy friendship happy ;  
And blest by fame and love ——— what want I more ?

*La Foy.* One thing I'm sure you want.

*Chal.* What's that ?

*La Foy.* Distrust  
Of woman's wavering love.

*Chal.* Nay, now thou'rt cynical :  
Merits my wife no trust ?

*La Foy.* Aye———trust her on.  
As to myself, I feel no pain for woman :  
'Twas for your sake, I found one not quite angel.

*Chal.* For my sake ! —— be explicit in thy charge,  
And ease my heart's new anguish.

*La*

*La Foy.* No—rest it here :

You are too young a lover—ill prepar'd.  
For proofs your faith will start from; 'twill unman you.

*Chal.* What can'st thou mean?

*La Foy.* Why shou'd I pull down plagues?

Why should I strike diseases through thy bones,  
Beyond the cure of medicine — scorch thy blood;  
Rob thy torn hours of peace — and send in pain?  
Better continue blind, than see but misery.

*Chal.* Thou strik'st a deadly coldness to my heart.

Point out this foe to life; that, like a man,

I may subdue, or bear it. Am I not,

(Cruel *La Foy*!) was I not bred---a soldier?

If it be fate, I'll meet it---if but a fault

That cankers on my mind, I'll cut it off,

Or cure it by my reason. Thus adjur'd,

If you continue dumb, you doubt my courage.

*La Foy.* I've heard that married men find friends in heav'n:

You shou'd have many there—pray their kind guard

To keep your fair wife chaste. *[Is going.]*

*Chal.* Stay—What said'st thou?

Take this devouring wolf out of my breast.

Stay—or for ever lose me.

*La Foy.* Nay —— I but go,

Left I should lose thee.

*Chal.* Have a care thou dost not;

Thou hast inflam'd me now—and I will have it.

*La Foy.* Nay---be content —— thou hast it.

*Chal.* Death and hell!

Hast it! —— what have I?

*La Foy.* Why, a fine young wife.

How can I help it, if she too has claims,

Beyond all rights allow'd her.

*Chal.* Rights! claims! —— Furies!

Speak plainly, or thou dy'st.

*La Foy.* Why there 'tis, now!

Was it my fault, that I don't like her kissing

The son of your wrong'd father's mortal enemy?

*Chal.*

*Chal.* Nay, then---the world has no fix'd honour in't;  
And he whom most I lov'd, is most a villain.

*La Foy.* Hark—my hot child! villain's a wrong, bad  
Use it no more---or, if again thou speak'st, [word;  
Think twice, who hears—and let no name denote him.

*Chal.* Nature and name thy own—hear it to heav'n,  
Ye saints, that waste no prayer for falshood damn'd;  
Hear it, ye winds, and blow it through his ear,  
'Till his heart shrinks to feel it — that *La Foy*,  
His friend's belyar, his stain'd sword's disgracer,  
Envi's superior bliss — and is a villain.

*La Foy.* Madman, be dumb for ever. Thou hast shrunk  
Indeed my feeling heart, and pour'd in horror.

[*Drawing.*] Look here---behold this sword--bright as the  
'Tis drawn for---never was it stain'd, 'till now; [truth  
But, when it wears thy blood, 'twill blush for pity.

*Chal.* Hold---ere thy courage dares this desp'rate stake,  
Throw not for life on the bad chance of guilt;  
Own but thy falshood—it shall stand forgiven.

*La Foy.* Wittal! thy wife's a wanton--that's truth; keep  
She'll want it for her dowry. [falshood,

*Chal.* Oh! my father! [Drawing.  
This was your heart's try'd friend; you lov'd him long;  
And, with your dying breath, you bad me love him;  
Now, from the grave that hides you from his guilt,  
If possibly those awful eyes pale beams  
Can pierce the marble vault---Oh! see me wrong'd,  
And groan reluctant licence to revenge it. [geance.

*La Foy.* Amen--to that; where the wrong lies, fall ven-  
[Offering the medal.] Here---ere I kill thee—take back  
what thou gav'st me.

Take all that bears thy virtuous father's image;  
Take back this kiss-worn paper—shou'd thy sword  
Force a success thy crime's bad cause disclaims,  
'Twou'd, if I then retain'd that good man's gift,  
Seem drawn against thy father. Take it from me!  
Tear it, and scatter it in air---for ever;  
— has thy rashness torn the love that bound us.

*Chal,*

*Cbal.* What wou'd this paper teach me?

*La Foy.* Teach thee---nothing;

Distraction will not learn---it shuns to hear.

'Tis the dear, grateful oath he sign'd and gave me,

On the victorious evening of a day,

Thou dar'st not hear me name without a blush.

When cover'd o'er with blood, from wounds ill earn'd,

In thy unthank'd defence---then fall'n and hopeless,

Half trampled into earth beneath the hoofs

Of fiery Villeroy's barb'd iron squadron;

He snatch'd me to his breast---hail'd my sword's labour.

He wept, kind man! wept tears of grateful joy---

Gave that seal'd, written oath, to pay me greatly;

Or, shou'd he die unable, leave th' oblig'd in charge,

(I scorn to name him) bound himself to pay me.

Well has he paid his father's vow!--quick---tear it,

Let not the bond upbraid thee. Cancel that,

Since thou hast blotted me; then, if I fall,

The payment I declin'd in life---dies too.

*Cbal.* [*Drops his sword.*] Oh! all ye blissful angels,  
who have seen me,

What horror am I 'scap'd from!

*La Foy.* Raise thy fall'n point.

*Cbal.* Not for a thousand wrongs wou'd I resist thee.

Perish th' unlist'ning rage of human pride,

That burns up kind remembrance!--wound me--kill me;

'Tis but to take your own--the life you sav'd me.

Generous La Foy!--brave hearts make room for pity!

Say but I'm pardon'd, and I'll dare look up,

Meet thy offended eyes---and hear thee chide me.

Why was love touch'd too roughly?

*La Foy.* [*Putting up his sword.*] Did I?---faith,  
I halt begin to doubt I was to blame---

But 'twill be always thus in womens matters;

Clap one of those white make-bates 'twixt two pigeons,

You turn 'em into vultures.

*Cbal.* You say strangely,

My wife gave wanton freedoms, to the son

Of my worst enemy?---Sure 'twas impossible!



*La Foy.* Likely enough---we'll walk and waste an hour  
On some fresh subject; air our glowing bloods,  
'Till they grow cool as reason; then resume  
That feathery theme, and find its weight anon.  
'Think-- have you mark'd no favour from her eye,  
When it survey'd Aumele?

*Chal.* Aumele has long  
Made boast of her attachment to his folly;  
But, as 'twas folly taught him to believe it,  
I charg'd it to his lightness.--- Yet-- 'twas cold,  
When the priest join'd our hands, she dragg'd her's back,  
'Trembling and cold; then rais'd it to her eyes,  
Cover'd an ill-tim'd tear, and sigh'd profound.  
Let me consider----- [Pauses.]

*La Foy.* Do; and this do further.  
If she has guilt, and you dare search it boldly,  
'Trust my advice---- make light of my grave jealousy;  
Laugh when you tell it her--- call it the blunder  
Of an uncourtly taste, not broke to gallantry.  
I will contrive Belgard, the honest hater  
Of Aumele's shameless riots, shall be sent,  
As from his father, to require your presence  
For two whole days, to wait th' assembled States.  
Obey the summons with assum'd regret,  
Mourning such tedious absence. Then take leave,  
And go no farther than to Belgard's brother's.  
But have a care---- women have subtle pricings;  
Kiss warm at parting-- closer-- longer-- kinder;  
Squeeze a more hard, blind lover's hug, than ever.

*Chal.* I will.

*La Foy.* Then leave the rest to me.

*Chal.* O! what a bliss might marriage hopes create,  
Were but its joys as permanent as grief!

[Exeunt omnes.]

ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

*An Anti-chamber in Valdore's House.*

*Enter Florella and young Atmèle.*

*Flor.* YOU a young lover, and so near his mistress—  
And she asleep too—and stand wisely doubting !  
Go, and protect your fears within yon night-gown ;  
Then safely fill your absent rival's place :

Darkness can tell no tales——if rapture does not :  
If you must speak, take care you don't too soon ;  
Wise women know, mistakes once past are helpless.

*Atm.* But where's that sullen friend ? Did he go with him ?

*Flor.* No, no—the Count's kind, undistrusting goodness,  
Thank'd the rough soldier's too officious sight,  
The husband's usual way——and check'd his error.

*Atm.* Impossible !

*Flor.* What can be so to woman ?——

Drown'd in due tears, and rack'd by strong despair,  
Fled from the garden to her chamber's shelter,  
She tore her hair; beat wild her beauteous bosom;  
Cuts'd every sleeping star; that watch'd not innocence ;  
Wounded the senseless floor with bleeding nails;  
As if she plough'd up graves to cover shame.  
Just in this tempest of ungovern'd rage,  
In comes th' all-hushing husband; kiss'd her to stillness,  
And every whirlwind's wing grew fledg'd with down ;  
Soft lent his head on her hard-heaving bosom,  
While in an eager, doubt-dispell'd embrace,  
He broke the chain of fear that held her dumb.

*Atm.* No more of their embracing——pass that by.

*Flor.* He told her all the rough La Foy's report,  
But laugh'd at, while he told it——Generous spouse !  
He scorn'd to see too clear——'twas wronging love !

Sorry he was (and there the jest grew pang-full)  
 That, for two endless ages — two — long — nights!  
 He must, that moment, leave her. All the rest  
 I have already told you; and thus near her,  
 I dare not trust, in my constraint of muscles,  
 To tell it o'er again — for I shall laugh;  
 Nay, laugh too loud — and if she wakes, all's over.

*Aum.* By Cupid's dart,  
 I love thee for thy virtues! Thy keen rays  
 Of sparkling wantonness have fir'd my fancy,  
 And I could kiss thee into tenfold ecstasy!

*[Kisses her eagerly.]*

*Flor.* Psha! mind your business, my French man of  
 straw;

Soon kindled, soon burnt out — The proverb knew ye.

*Aum.* Well — thou shalt see I am a judge's son;  
 I will be stay'd, and reverend — But let me once  
 Catch thee behind the curtain of occasion,  
 And if there's judge or serjeant 'mongst 'em all  
 Makes sweeter use of darkness — I'm his client.  
 Heav'n save me! what a dreadful thought was that?

*Flor.* My lady and myself, alone inhabit  
 This right wing of the mansion — You may secure  
 Undress in the next chamber; two doors farther  
 You'll find your hope soft sleeping. Take the night-gown,  
 She'll dream the Count return'd. Keep your voice under;  
 Short murmurings pass for eloquence in love.  
 Whisper, whene'er you give her breath for question,  
 That you receiv'd fresh orders, and return'd.

*Aum.* Sweet oracle! — Hadst thou been born in Greece,  
 Cupid were King of Delphos. Here, eat gold —  
 Melt the whole purse. *[Gives her a purse.]*

*Flor.* One hint more I'll give you —  
 When you succeed, triumphant in your scheme,  
 Own, in soft tumult, and with humblest joy,  
 The pleasing theft — Lest, ignorant of that,  
 She might blab secrets in a husband's ear,  
 Wou'd set his brains a madding. Timely warn'd,

She

She will be glad to bury what is past ;  
And for her own sake, or for yours, conceal it.

*Ann.* No more, but trust me to my fate---Away ;  
I can no longer my fierce joys delay ;  
Too swiftly ended, with approaching day.

*[Exeunt severally.]*

*Enter La Foy, softly.*

*La Foy.* By the Count's master-key I've past three doors,  
Yet fail to find this closet. 'Tis no matter,  
I'm sure I've sprung my quarry——So there needs  
No covert, from a game already started.  
How shall I act ? If I alarm the house,  
And he once more escapes, Valdore's blind trust  
In this chaste daughter's modesty, will break  
His spleen with laughter——and conclude me mad.

*Enter Chalons, pensive.*

Hark ! there's some cautious step !——It must be he ;  
He enter'd with a view, that bids tread soft——  
Guilt stands in need of silence. May this  
Good sword and arm for ever fail me,  
If he out-lives this meeting——

*Chal.* Who is there ?

*La Foy.* Shrink from thy horrid purpose, fatal sword !  
Is not that voice Chalons' ?

*Chal.* La Foy !

*La Foy.* The same.

Speak softly—Why are you come hither, now ?  
You promis'd to be patient, and expect  
'Till I return'd to call you.

*Chal.* Is she innocent ?

I glow with pain to wait the dear, wish'd news,  
I dare be sworn, you found her watchful virtue,  
Besieging Heav'n with pray'rs for my return.  
How have you mark'd her busied ? All was hush'd,

B b 2

As

As through the private grot I pass'd unseen ;  
 All was serene as peace. Still midnight nods,  
 And nothing breathes in this hush'd house like guilt.

*La Foy.* I hope, all's well--and wish you wou'd be gone.

*Chal.* Be gone first, self tormenting jealousy !  
 Thou dire camelion, that from air's each blast  
 Catchest new colours——and deceiv'st to live !  
 Honest La Foy——'tis generous, as a God,  
 To change hard hasty doom—and make it mercy.

*La Foy.* In mercy too, some fears I yet retain ;  
 Remitted—but not cur'd. Go——my heart bleeds,  
 And spurs to tell thee more——Go hence, this moment.

*Chal.* Nay, then there's fate !

*La Foy.* You'll make it fate, by staying.

*Chal.* Answer me only this.

*La Foy.* Be brief——propose it.

*Chal.* What have you seen---of what I dread to hear ?

*La Foy.* Best friend--your sorrows make you doubly such.

*Chal.* Go on : I find then there is cause for sorrow.

*La Foy.* Oh! wou'd to Heaven there was not. I have seen  
 (Oppress'd by all thy miseries made my own,  
 How can I tell thee) thy fond faith's misplac'd.  
 I love thee more than ever ; for I add  
 My pity to my friendship.——

Thou must prepare thy honest heart for woe.  
 Here, like a ghost that haunts its hidden treasure,  
 With melancholy glide thou stalk'st along,  
 Fond of the dirty earth thou tak'st for gold.

*Chal.* If thou hast pity, torture me no longer.

*La Foy.* Scarce had I turn'd the corner of the street  
 That fronts this fatal house——ere I beheld  
 Swift passing by me, muffled from their note,  
 Amelia's faithless favourite maid, Florella ;  
 And close behind her, as sin follows hard  
 Upon temptation's heels, on stalk'd Aumele.  
 I saw 'em enter——saw the door shut softly :  
 Watch'd, 'till the lights extinguish'd shew'd all quiet ;  
 Then follow'd, by the way you lately taught me.

He's

He's still within ; if you, without much noise,  
Search close, you'll find him closer. If he starts,  
I'll seize him at his out-shot.

*Chal.* Give me thy sword.

*La Foy.* I'll keep it for your use—but not your folly.

*Chal.* If you refuse it now, you stain my fame.

*La Foy.* You know I wear it, but to serve your cause ;  
Let me go with it, you command it freely.

*Chal.* I shall be sham'd for ever, if thy rashness  
Denies to trust me with it.

*La Foy.* So adjur'd,  
I am no more its master——Use it wisely.

*Chal.* Go, and be safe then—by the way you came.  
Take my repentant thanks for all past goodness,

[*Embracing La Foy.*

And pardon your poor friend, that—once—he wrong'd you.  
Oh ! my La Foy, they who have soldiers' hearts,  
Unmingled with the lovers', never felt  
The soft'ning pangs of tenderness we suffer.  
Did you but know to what excess of joy  
I rais'd my foolish hope, from this lov'd woman,  
You wou'd forget my fault —— and call it weakness.

*La Foy.* Before you let your passion loose once more,  
Take care it not deceives you. Heedfully  
Convince yourself of wrongs, we now but fear :  
And, above all, be mindful she's a woman.

*Chal.* Yet once embrace me, dear, too kind La Foy.  
If we must meet no more——tell the hard world  
My wrongs—and vindicate an injur'd name.

[*Exit, as into the chamber.*

*La Foy.* I'll hover near, and hold attentive note  
On what may want prevention. Swords us'd rashly,  
May justify intrusion every where.  
I haunt no beauty's bed-chambers—Pray Heav'n  
He finds not Aumele does. —— I rais'd my voice  
Higher than prudence ton'd it, purposely  
To warn escape from danger.——Troth, this pain  
Wounds my poor friend, beyond the cause's claim :

I cou'd half hate myself, for having given it.

[A noise of footsteps within]

That's a new step, and near me ; by its sound,  
'Tis from a different quarter.

*Enter Florella, frighted.*

*Flor.* Sure ! I heard  
Some noise—and, if my fear deceiv'd me not,  
The hum of busy voices. Now 'tis hush'd ;  
And I almost dare hope, 'twas but the echo  
Of the wind's hollow groan, through empty chambers.  
I'll venture list'ning at the inner door ;  
Lest some alarm has reach'd them.

[Passing near La Foy, he seizes her.]

*La Foy.* Who art thou,  
That thus, in dead of night, with robber's tread,  
Steal'st to some purpos'd scene of frightened guilt ?

*Flor.* Say rather, what presuming ruffian's grasp,  
With-holds me from my duty ?—Who, or what thou  
May'st be, my trembling heart wants power to guess.

*La Foy.* I know thy raven's croak.

*Flor.* I am call'd Florella ;  
Attendant on the Countess of Chalons.

*La Foy.* Thou art the brib'd she-bawd that led Aumele  
Hopeful of livelier pastime, to the sword,  
That his vain penitence and punish'd vanity  
Have fail'd to save his youth from.

*Flor.* Heav'n forbid !

Alas ! is Aumele dead ?

*La Foy.* How dar'st thou doubt it ?

*Flor.* Who murder'd him ?

*La Foy.* Say, 'twas La Foy.

*Flor.* I knew

Thy voice, but too, too well.

*La Foy.* Thou'rt come to die ;  
I waited but 'till Heav'n's just anger sent thee,  
For thou art doom'd to follow.

*Flor.*

*Flor.* Oh ! for pity !  
Spare my defenceless life. I will kneel, weep,  
Beg mercy undeserv'd—and tell thee all.

*La Foy.* Has the unhappy Countess e'er before  
Been guilty with Aumele ?

*Flor.* No———by my soul !  
Nor is she guilty now.

*La Foy.* Play'st thou at riddles ?

*Flor.* Hark ! what's that frightful noise ! I hear clash'd  
And die with apprehension. [swords,

*La Foy.* Go —— I want leisure,  
But shall examine further. Do but prove  
Thy Lady innocent, and claim some pity.  
Which is the Count's gilt closet ?

*Flor.* See it there.

*La Foy.* I have the key—in —— enter —— and be safe,  
Lock'd from escape or danger ; 'till I ripen  
The growing distant hope, that may release thee.  
[Shuts her in the closet. Takes the key,  
and puts it in his pocket.

And now, forgetful of all forms, I rush  
To interpose prevention. [Is going — Starts.  
Horrid hand !

*Enter Chalons, his sword drawn and bloody.*

Eyes horrid ! mien confus'd —— and that sword bloody,  
Make needless all enquiry.

*Chal.* He is dead.

*La Foy.* Alas ! too sure you found him ! Oh, 'twas  
thoughtless !

What will his father, what Valdore, what law,  
Misjudging censure, and the public tongue,  
What will the world and Heav'n —— conceive of this ?

*Chal.* I did not kill him basely.

*La Foy.* Where is your wife ? [name

*Chal.* I've given her to the winds---They'll blow her  
Round the four borders of her country's scorn.



*La Foy.* Joyless Chalons!--you kill'd him in her bed?

*Chal.* No, not in bed---I found him kneeling near it.  
He sigh'd, and kiss'd her hand with amorous boldness,  
Muttering his transports o'er it. Oft, in vain,  
He try'd to interrupt her torrent rage  
Of agoniz'd reproach, and conscious shame.  
Cruel, unkind Aumele! I heard her say;  
How can I see the sun, when day-break comes?  
How meet my injur'd husband's dreadful eyes,  
My reverend father's tears, my friends disdain,  
The hoot of the light rabble's cutting scorn,  
And all the killing anguish I must owe thee?  
Go--- for if here, by some disastrous chance,  
Discover'd---'twill undo me. Patience bore it,  
Even to this madding length---'twas all it cou'd,  
And I was tame no longer.

*La Foy.* 'Twas indeed  
Too much for injur'd excellence, like thine,  
To bear, from blind depravity of taste,  
That left to feed upon a boundless lawn,  
And brows'd on a dry common!

*Chal.* Out, at once,  
Burst my relentless rage. Swift step I to him,  
Sending my honest sword before---that ne'er,  
'Till then, had arm'd a hand unworthy. Take,  
I cry'd, regardless of the shrieks she rais'd,  
Take a defence undue---protect thy vileness---  
Nor let me basely kill, tho' basely wrong'd.  
He rose--leap'd back, and wonder'd--Paus'd, stood dumb,  
And, for awhile, declin'd his urg'd defence.  
"I should not," he began---and purpos'd more,  
"In such a cause as this"--I stopp'd him short---  
Pour'd in reproach, and rous'd him into firmness.  
He, in his turn, grew hot---came fiercely on---  
Met the vindictive point---Sigh'd loud, and fell.

*La Foy.* Trembling I ask--rash, violent Chalons!  
Ask with a friend's too apprehensive dread;  
Ask, since I must prepare my ear for anguish,

What

What follow'd this beginning ? — The offence  
Was bitter — bitterer still th' offender's fate !  
Oh, 'twas enough ! — and ask'd no weak partaker.

*Chal.* Ease that ungrounded pain — I cou'd not wound her.  
Oh ! had'st thou *seen*, and heard, thou had'st not fear'd die.  
Speechless with horror — wasting fruitless tears ;  
Trembling, with force that shook the curtains round her,  
Wringing her hands, in half-rais'd attitude,  
And bending o'er the bed, through night's pale gleam,  
She mark'd the bleeding form, and ey'd it ghastly.  
“ Cruel, lost, shameless wanton ! — Oh ! ” I cry'd,  
“ I want a name to speak thee ! — Shou'd I kill thee ;  
“ What marble heart of censure durst reproach me :  
“ But I remember what thou, wanton, did'st not ;  
“ And for thy sex, I spare thee. Be this room  
“ Thy prison, 'till that venerable judge,  
“ Thy own shock'd father, sentence, or release thee.”  
There, as I turn'd to go, th' unhappy starter  
Sprung from her pillow, caught my feet, and held 'em ;  
Clung, like her beauty's influence, fast and painful ;  
Hung her dragg'd weight on my retarded knees,  
That, trembling, scarce sustain'd me. At the door,  
Fainting and hopeless, she relax'd her hold.  
I snatch'd th' afflicting moment, shook her from me ;  
And, prison'd in her chamber, left her captive,  
Companion of a flatterer cold and dumb,  
And now grown tasteless of a Lady's liking.

*La Foy.* Poor, poor Amelia !, what a fate is yours !  
How fall'n, from yester morning's awe-mix'd shine,  
Of white untainted beauty — Since 'tis thus,  
I must approve the sad appeal propos'd,  
To an impartial judge, at once, and father :  
His influence too, in your judicial process,  
Will ballance, and 'twill all be needful there,  
The vengeance of a judge less just than he.

*Chal.* Too generous, ill-rewarded, lov'd Valdore !  
How shall my sick'ning soul find strength to meet him !  
I cannot — 'Tis impossible.

*La Foy.*

*La Poy.* 'Tis necessary ;  
 I leave to my care that melancholy duty ;  
 I'll bring him first prepar'd to stand the shock.  
*Chal.* But break not in on his too short repose ;  
 Shake not his unsuspecting heart abruptly ;  
 Wait 'till his usual hour of waking comes ;  
 'Twill be too soon, however long delay'd,  
 To sigh such sorrows to him.  
*La Poy.* I'll go listen. [Exit.  
*Chal.* Oh what a change can one short hour bestow !  
 To bury man's best hopes in endless woe !  
 Beauty's frail bloom's a cheat ! Valour's brief fame  
 An empty sound ——— the shadow of a name !  
 Riches are envy's bait — Scorn haunts the poor —  
 In death alone, from pain we rest secure. [Exit.

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## A C T V. S C E N E I.

*The Anti-chamber.*

*Chalons on the floor, half rais'd, and weeping.*

*Chal.* **W**HY shou'd it be a sin, when life grows painful,  
 To end it, and to trust futurity ?  
 Whom can the wretched here offend above,  
 By hall'ning to hereafter ? ——— Gilt, indeed,  
 Might pale th' expiring murder's conscious cheek,  
 Ghastly with fear to meet the dead man's eye,  
 Now glaz'd, to glare a vengeance ——— But the wrong'd,  
 The soul sick sufferer ——— the despis'd — th' insulted ———  
 The poor, pin'd boneling, that, grown old in want,  
 Begg his cold draught, and drinks it mix'd with scorn ;  
 What have these grumbling windfalls of the world,  
 To fear from future tempests ? ——— Out, false meteor !  
 Faithless in every form ——— This life deludes us.  
 Valour's but pride's big bubble.    Honesty,  
 'The plain man's devious path to thung prosperity.  
Learning

Learning and wit (not prostitutes to power)  
Are marks for shafted envy. Beauty (curse her !)  
Lures us to every chace of every joy,  
That every plague may blast us—Love's blind fool-mark  
Stamp'd on the Almighty's weaken'd image, man,  
Tempt's but a woman's mischief.—Down, proud worms !  
Fill your stretch'd mouths with dust—and farewell all.  
*[Throws himself prostrate.]*

*Enter Valdore and La Foy.*

*La Foy.* See ! my good Lord, where on the floor extended,  
Torn by too fierce a sense of strong distress,  
The mournful misery of his fate has cast him !

*Val.* Leave this dejected bed of humble sorrow ———  
For her, who—from thine softer ——— sadly fell ;  
Fell, e'en too stain'd and low for this last refuge.

*La Foy.* Find the forgotten firmness of thy brow,  
And with a manly meekness meet compassion.  
Who, that e'er lov'd a woman, liv'd exempt  
From weakness that o'er-rates her ?—Fye, Chalons !  
Is this that fam'd enliv'ner of the field,  
Whose heart grew sprightly at the trumpet's call ?  
Oh ! I have seen thee war against distress ;  
Charge home, on softness and fatigue at once,  
And conquer in both onsets. Come, come, rise ;  
Shift this sad scene of shame : change it for views  
Of opening glory——that shall dazzle pain.  
Look up——the reverend witness of thy weakness  
Hides his own's heart's distress, to comfort thine.

*Cbal.* [*Half rais'd.*] Oh ! my afflicted father ! ——  
That I thus

Dare face the sorrows on that awful brow,  
(Which but for generous pity of my woes,  
Had felt no home-born pang)—requires more courage,  
Than ever warm'd the veins of warring youth.

*Val.* Reach me thy hand—Lean on my feeble aid ;  
And, every way confiding, task my help.

*Cbal.* Too much already have I task'd thy goodness ;  
Too ill have I repay'd its wasted care.

How

How can I look on miseries I have made!  
 When I was sunk beneath lost mercy's hope;  
 Found by no far-strain'd eye — this hand's kind —,  
 Took pity on my wants; stretch'd out relief,  
 And drew me from a prison's joyless gloom.

*Val.* No more of that sad tale — forget it, now;  
 One far more sad repels it.

*Cbal.* Never, never,  
 Will I forget the hand's kind help that sav'd me:  
 From all this deep distress you call'd me up;  
 Chac'd insult, grinding poverty, and shame;  
 Heal'd ev'ry insect sting contempt can wound with;  
 Gave me your power, friends, fortune — gave me — Oh! —  
 How shall I, trembling, add — gave me your daughter!

*Val.* Worse than I fear'd — La Foy thou hast deceiv'd me.  
 Cruel Chalons! — Since she deserv'd to die,  
 Had but her shame dy'd with her, I had strove  
 To hold back nature's tax — these father's tears,  
 And labour'd to forgive thee.

*Cbal.* Sir! but hear me.

*Val.* 'Tis needless — What have artful words to do  
 With a pain'd parent's anguish? Sooth not me  
 With unavailing flattery. Let vain youth  
 Taste false mens frothy praises — Age is wiser;  
 Age has experience in such fruitless wiles —  
 Will not be flatter'd — knows, that rash revenge  
 Is blinder than transgression — How am I sure  
 My daughter was not innocent? — The jealous  
 Dream that they see best — when darkest.

*La Foy.* My Lord, my Lord,  
 Lend you ear calmly.

*Val.* Had he but let her live to own her guilt;  
 Had I but read it in her silent eye,  
 I had forgiven him both — yet one too much.  
 He snatch'd the sword from the wrong'd hand of law.  
 And plung'd it in the strong's unsentenc'd breast:  
 The weak shou'd have escap'd — and touch'd his mercy.

*La Foy.* Give him his way, mistaken grief impels him;  
 n, he will be juster.

*Val.*

*Val.* Juster! ——— Juster! ———  
 What justice has he right to?—Justice, say'st thou?  
 What justice can th' ungrateful squanderer plead,  
 That ruins his redeemer?—Has he not  
 Pour'd misery on my dotage? All my joys,  
 The poor faint remnants of an old man's gleanings,  
 For his few, feeble wishes! at one blow,  
 Cut from their tender root; destroy'd for ever!  
 Oh! 'twas a black return---to me, who lov'd him!  
 What, tho' he knew not half her claims to pity,  
 He shou'd have felt for me. I lov'd---I watch'd her;  
 Rais'd her from prattling infancy, to wonder!  
 She touch'd my charm'd (perhaps too partial) heart.  
 I priz'd her own sweet bloom---still more endear'd,  
 By her dead mother's likeness. He shou'd have stopp'd;  
 When his fell point was rais'd, and thought whose pangs  
 Were to partake his sufferings.

*Chal.* Had she been dead---  
 Had she---(but, oh! she is not)---been partaker  
 Of her lost paramour's disastrous fate;  
 Think then---oh! then---how had my horror torn me;  
 Who scarce support, with life, th' undue reproach.

*Val.* What says he, my La Foy? Does he not mean  
 That my Amelia lives!

*La Foy.* She does, my Lord:  
 I told you that before; but your sad heart  
 Repell'd the offer'd comfort.

*Val.* Generous Chalons!  
 Scarce has the daughter's crime more wrong'd thy goodness  
 Than did the father's anguish.

*Chal.* Oh! my dear Lord ———  
 Cou'd some descending angel but restore  
 Her innocence (for ever lost!)---lend peace  
 Of mind once more---and make life tasteful to her;  
 To such excess of fondness am I her's,  
 That I wou'd burn discernment's eyes to blindness,  
 Rather than see a fault, in one so lov'd---  
 So much has this day's torture cost my soul!

*La Foy.* Chalons, thou hast a sure friend's voice in  
 heav'n. My

My General oft wou'd say---"Pray, soldiers, pray;  
 "If you deserve success--'Tis yours for asking."  
 Alas! I have too seldom try'd this power;  
 Who knows, but some such angel as you wish'd for,  
 (I am no teasing, troublesome invoker)  
 May in your closet, on my prayer descend,  
 And whiten the stain'd name that paints your love.

*[Goes, and unlocks the closet.]*

*Val.* Poor man--thy griefs have touch'd thy pitying  
 friend,

'Till his hurt brain grows frantic.

*La Foy.* Appear, thou wing-clipt dæmon!--If thou  
 hop'st

To shun the doom that waits perdition's tribe,  
 Wash thy sav'd soul from all its native black,  
 And take an angel's form--Truth's convert friend.

*[La Foy leads out Florella.]*

*Val.* What means this?---Florella!

*Flor.* I once was Florella;

But Heav'n has touch'd my heart with will so new,  
 That my old name offends me.

*La Foy.* Answer, first,  
 Truly and briefly, as when late I caught thee,  
 Skulking through night's lone gloom, that wanted shade  
 To suit thy darker purpose--Answer, plainly,  
 Is thy unhappy Lady innocent,  
 In Aumele's dire admission to her chamber?  
 Or, is she guilty of it?

*Flor.* Innocent.

*Val.* How!--Innocent?

*Chal.* A wife---her husband absent,  
 Admits a lover in his room, at midnight---  
 Found in her chamber, in a loose dis-robe;  
 Nay, in the husband's night-dress---Yet all this,  
 Thy venal evidence (false maid!) calls innocence!

*La Foy.* Pray let her speak. My Lord, you are a judge;  
 Shou'd an accuser brow-beat witnesses,  
 Or interrupt their answers?

*[To Valdore.]*

*Chal.* Nay, La Foy;

Pity,

Pity, thus forc'd, grows insult. I have told thee,  
I heard her loud reproach confess the guilt,  
To am'rous Aumele, when kneeling by her bed.  
She call'd him cruel Aumele — Bid him begone;  
For, if he there was found, her name was blasted.

*La Foy.* Away with such strain'd proofs. Had I myself  
Been there, but on some far more honest purpose,  
Poor soul! she might have said the same to me;  
When blund'ring accident alone had brought me.

*Val.* I think, Chalons, you said that Aumele knelt  
But near Amelia's bed — Was it not more?

*Fler.* Had it been more — She still were innocent;  
Unconscious of his coming. I alone  
Was guilty. I (betray'd by bribe's profusion)  
Admitted the deaf, head-strong, thoughtless lover,  
Both to the house and chamber. I advis'd  
The night-gown's needful cover. I gave notice  
Of your wrong'd Lordship's absence; taught him how  
To personate your chanc'd return; toit whispering,  
That if she wak'd not ere he reach'd her bed,  
Whate'er succeeded, might be meant for you.

*La Foy.* Now, now, Chalons! what now becomes of all  
Those mad mis-proofs of guilt she shines untouch'd by?  
By Heav'n! 'tis plain, to me, she wak'd too full  
Of your remember'd image, to mistake  
For that th' intruder's loath'd one. She reproach'd  
Not her accomplish'd, but intended, ruin:  
And tho' the traitor not unjustly fell,  
His crime was nobly, by her guarded virtue,  
Prevented, and ideal.

*Folr.* Never breath'd  
A virtue more untainted. May my soul,  
In time's last dreadful judgment meet no mercy,  
If ever wife more faithful blest'd a husband;  
Or, with more cautious conduct, fear'd a lover.

*Val.* Oh! what hast thou deserv'd — if this her due?

*Chal.* Pity, forgiveness — A safe-bought retreat,  
To some sweet convent's silent space for prayer:  
For penitence to Heav'n — and 'scape from shame.

More



More shall be her's; for, oh! my gracious Lord,  
 'Tis by her just amends for cast-off sin,  
 Your own paternal tenderness——my love——  
 And my brave, honest, generous friend's compassion,  
 Are all redeem'd, at once, from deep despair.  
 Go, fly Florella—— Take this guilty key——  
 Tell the poor captive innocent this tale;  
 And court her to be blest'd, by blessing all.

*[Gives her the key, and exits Florella.]*

*Val. [Kneeling]* Thou ever gracious, ever present Power!  
 That, first, inspires our virtue—— loves it not;  
 And guards it, in conclusion!—— Take, oh! take  
 An old man's awful thanks, for days prolong'd;  
 Days doom'd, by grief, to pain——now sav'd for joy!

*Chal. [Kneeling]* From me (most worthless of the  
 mercy shewn)

Accept, all-worship'd Author of all bliss!  
 The pour'd-out heart's whole tide of grateful pray'r.

*La Foy.* Let me not seem least sensible of zeal,  
 Because less taught to speak it. *[Kneels too.]*—— Had I  
 words,

I wou'd adore Heav'n eloquently—— (Now)——  
 Receive a plain blunt heart's sincerest thanks,  
 For more than I deserve—— or know to tell.

*Florella within speaks.*

*Flor.* Oh! horror! horror!---Comfort comes too late,  
 Death intercepts relief—— and help is vain.

*All start up in confusion; and La Foy, running out, meets  
 and assists Florella, leading in Amelia bleeding.*

*Chal.* Defend me from this vision's ghastly menace,  
 Or I am lost again!

*Val.* Hapless Amelia!

What has thy rashness done? Just Heav'n, but now,  
 Hear'd our given thanks——Thy innocence stood clear'd.  
 Florella guilty, prov'd thy virtue wrong'd:  
 And, in this ill-chosen crisis of our joy,

*Thou*

Thou murder'st thy own blessing!

*Amel.* [*Kneeling to Valdore.*] Heaven was too kind!  
That eas'd my honour'd father's aching sense,  
Of a lost daughter's shame! Death, in this thought,  
Robb'd of its sharpest sting, grows half a friend.  
[*To Chalons; who raises her, weeping.*] Oh! too unkind  
Chalons! ——— What shall I say ———

What shall distrust'd honour ——— think ——— of thee?  
I cannot — must not — blame ——— thy dreadful rage:  
Appearance was against me ——— Ah! ebb flow,  
My offer'd blood ——— Give my sick, trembling heart  
One moment's short reprieve ——— to clear my name.

*Cbal.* Pause, my saint, injur'd charmer — thy clear'd name,  
Is spotless as thy beauty.

*Val.* Save thy shook spirits.

*Cbal.* Florella! fly ——— Go call immediate aid.

*La Foy.* No — let her stay — I'll haste myself, my Lord.  
[*Exit La Foy.*]

*Val.* How hast thou given thy breast that fatal wound?

*Amel.* Shut up with horror, and bound in with death,  
'Twas natural to despise familiar fear.

Shunning the breathless corpse, that clogg'd my way,  
I stumbled o'er a sword ——— thus learnt its use ———

And thank'd it, for escape from dreaded shame.

Living, and hopeless to attract belief,

To the unhappy story of my woe;

The eye of ev'ry gazer's dumb reproach,

Had given a sharper wound, than this I chose.

*Val.* Didst thou discover the vile youth's disguise?

Or — wert thou sleeping, and unconscious found,

When his bold craft surpriz'd thee?

*Amel.* Troubled thoughts,

For my departed Lord's so sudden absence,

Chas'd from my eye-lids with all power of sleep:

Anxiously doubtful for his safe return,

Alarm'd by apprehension's busy fears,

And wond'ring what strange hasty cause had call'd him —

I started ——— when the door's soft-opening sound

Gave glanc'd admission to th' intrusive tread.

Poring, I shook with terror——for I saw  
 (By the pale, gleamy, ghost-like glaze of light)  
 That nor the force nor freedom shew'd that ease  
 Of manly grace, that marks my mienful lord.

*Chal.* Oh! I was born to curses—thus to wrong  
 Such tenderness of virtue!

*Amel.* Twice I rais'd  
 My frighted voice——and twice he try'd, in vain,  
 To sooth it into silence. Failing that,  
 Grew fearful of discovery—pauz'd amas'd,  
 Stepp'd back—return'd—stood doubtful—'till at last,  
 He threw himself on his presumptuous knees,  
 As (my dear angry lord) you found, and heard him.  
 Nearer than that (by the blest hopes I haste to!  
 When, from this world of grief I rise to peace!)  
 He never had approach'd me. — Ah! — farewell——  
 My swimming eyes, dim'd o'er, have lost your forms,  
 And I am cover'd round with dark — thick---shadow.

*Val.* [*Kissing her.*] Dear, dying child!---Her lips are  
 cold and pale.

Farewel, too ill-star'd girl!---farewel---for ever.

*Chal.* She cannot die. Heav'n is too kind, too just,  
 To excellence like her's---to let that be.

*Val.* Lead, to her chamber---Gently guide her feet,  
 They lose--(Oh killing fight!) their own sweet motion.  
 [*Exit Amelia, led off by Chalons and Florella.*]

*Enter La Foy, with Belgard.*

*Val.* Alas! you're come too late. See, where they  
 lead her---

Lifeless, and past all sense of art's lost care.

*La Foy.* Follow, Belgard; haste, urge thy utmost skill:  
 Snatch her from death--and thou command'st my fortune.

[*Exit Belgard.*]

*Val.* I knew Belgard--unknowing of his skill.

*La Foy.* He practis'd many a year, sav'd many a life,  
 In war's deep-wounding rage---but peace came on,  
 And his thunn'd virtue starved.--'Twas not him,  
 propos'd to have call'd; but met him, coming

To warn us, Lord Aumele (who now supports him)---  
 Fir'd at his son's presumptuous levity,  
 His watch'd admission here, and whole night's absence,  
 Comes, with intent to note and tell his practice;  
 Then take such measures as you best approve.

*Val.* What shall we do!--He seeks a living son:  
 He finds a dead one Unprepar'd event!  
 But, he must bear his part---and share distress.

*La Foy.* 'Twas due to his hard heart.---My curse  
 (provok'd  
 For his unfeeling wrong to my dead General)  
 Falls heavy on his head---to teach him pity.

*Enter Chalons and Belgard.*

*Chal.* Bless'd, my La Foy, be thy successful call  
 Of this good angel's aid!--She wakes!--She breathes!--  
 He tells me she shall live!--Her opening eye  
 Adds to the morning's light, and shines once more.

*Val.* Then is indulgent Heav'n grown kind indeed:

*Bel.* The wound, itself not mortal, gather'd danger  
 From weak'ning waste of blood: her spirits, thence,  
 Lost vigour to sustain the toilsome length  
 Of agoniz'd complaint, I'm told, she made.  
 So, fainting, she seem'd dead; but rest, with aid  
 Of skill'd attention, will restore her soon:

*La Foy.* Let us forethink of old Aumele's approach.

*Val.* I'll justify the fate that reach'd his son.

*La Foy.* Warn'd by that fate, the brutal mind shall  
 feel.

Pangs, due to cruel breasts, with hearts of steel  
 On their own heads shall fall woe's driving rain,  
 And drown too bold contempt of others' pain:  
 Pity shall smile, to see th' unpitied fall;  
 And he who aids no want, shall suffer all.

# E P I L O G U E.

(By AARON HILL, *Esq;*)

Spoken by AMELIA.

*I'VE 'scap'd, to-night, two terrible disasters ;  
My honour's indignation — and my master's :  
And Heaven best knows what hapless hole can hide me,  
If (to crown all my woes) your help's deny'd me.*

*LADIES, you see how much expos'd our sex is ;  
Sleeping, or waking, some sad chance perplexes.  
Man's a more wily snake than mother EVE's was ;  
In his own shape — and others too — deceives us.  
Hungry devourer ! never tir'd with snapping ;  
Shun him with open eyes — he'll catch us napping :  
And how to 'scape him, if I know — ne'er let me  
Break thro' th' entangling nets, that thus beset me.*

*Now, GENTLEMEN, to your own thoughts appealing  
(Fitter, I doubt, for making wounds — than healing)  
What wou'd you have poor women do with honour,  
When danger heaps such monstrous loads upon her ?*

*D'ye think in conscience now — half-wak'd, half-weary  
With foregone frights, for one's departed deary —  
'T had been so strange a crime — or worth such potber,  
In darkness to mistake one dear for t'other ?*

*Pray think on't — Put yourselves behind the curtain ;  
What can't be cur'd must be endur'd — that's certain.*

*'Tis a fair question — and 'tis plainly ask'd ye :  
Answer it — or confess, I've over-task'd ye.  
Suppose me bound in sleep's soft, silken fetter,  
And one of your dear selves the dark besetter :  
Sight has no eyes, at midnight — and, for touches,  
“ JOAN,” (says the proverb) “ in the dark's a dutchess.”  
For my part — I can't find we've any senses,  
Can furnish such attacks with fit defences.*

*Let trusty spouse, when business sends him packing  
 (“ Safe bind safe find”) leave no due caution lacking.*

*I see some judge-like eyes, that look too sprightly  
To miss a she law-point, put to 'em rightly.  
Is mine the court's decree ? — I humbly move it ;  
That, if your hearts affirm — your hands approve it.*

L O V E



admiring; but to speak you, is as impossible, as to excell you!

It were the business of an age, to read the learning of your eyes! They let out more meanings, than they take in objects! And to study the occult sciences, which may be learnt from their perusal, will teach me to-morrow night, the most enchanting philosophy.

I am,

with the profoundest respect,  
and admiration,

Madam!

your most humble and most obedient servant,

A. HILL.

*To the never enough admir'd Mrs. ———, after seeing her  
as Julius Cæsar.*

PLEASE'D to be plac'd, unknown, in MIRA'S view,  
I gave my eyes free look, and gaz'd you through;  
Watch'd your unguarded looks, each motion weigh'd,  
And, unsuspected, lurk'd, in ambuscade;  
But, if, unlure, my sympathetic heart,  
Felt you, thro' distance, with ideal smart,  
How shall I point the strong, the sweet, surprize,  
To see you stand, confess'd, and bless my eyes!  
Happy, mean while that those doubt wand'ring beams,  
Spread random fires, nor shot collected streams,  
Scarce I sustain'd her charms' diffusive shine,  
While gilding every form, they glanc'd o'er mine,  
But, ah! what power unpurs'd cou'd then protect,  
When their whole force, contracted, darts, direct.  
Soft are her features, and her air is sweet,  
High majesty and melting languor meet!  
Round her pleas'd mouth impatient Cupids throng,  
To snatch th' inspiring music from her tongue:

Thick,

Thick, thro' her sparkling eyes, break unconfin'd,  
 The wing'd ideas of her crowded mind ;  
 A mind ! that burning with inferior glow,  
 Does her whole form with lustre overflow !  
 Still as she speaks—or looks—or moves—new rays  
 Scatter fresh beauties, in eternal blaze ;  
 Lost in excess of wonder, we retire,  
 Find words too weak, and silently admire.  
 Judge then, O Muse ! thus awful, in thy charms,  
 How my soul labour'd with its late alarms ;  
 To see you near—to see you so divine !  
 Was joy to others' eyes—was pain to mine !  
 Dubious, perplex'd, with interrupted gaze,  
 I turn'd my varied looks a thousand ways.  
 Reduc'd at length, to one forc'd choice, of two,  
 To look on Cæsar's murder, or on you ;  
 Slow, my reluctant eyes to disengage,  
 I bent 'em, tingling, on the bloody stage !  
 'Tis hard—I sigh'd—to see my fav'rite bleed,  
 But, 'tis more hard to die, in Cæsar's stead.

*To the adorable Mrs. ———, in excuse for not answering  
 immediately one of her letters.*

CAN heavenly MIRA easily forgive !  
 But why do I that needless query make ;  
 Pity, and she, like twin-born sisters, live,  
 And their sweet union, death alone can break.

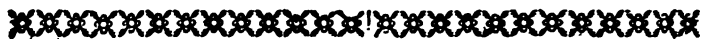
Speak then O guilty Muse, with humble sound,  
 Softly approach—and whisper in her ear ;  
 As criminal thou art, it will be found,  
 She caus'd thy crime, whose power now moves thy fear.

Tho', I confess my thanks too long delay'd,  
 My thanks for blessings, which impoverish thought,  
 Yet if she calls compassion to her aid,  
 She'll save the guilty penitent she taught.



Ere I beheld her face, with ease I writ,  
 With ease cou'd float on passion's troubled roll;  
 But, since her eyes have reinforc'd her wit,  
 Th' unconquer'd fire consumes my burning soul.

So generals, not yet near enough to fight,  
 Fearless dispatch light parties far and nigh,  
 But when the foes whole army comes in fight,  
 Slow they draw back, and in close silence lie.



## LETTER II.

MADAM,

**T**HE language of your heart declines all hearers, but the object of its tenderness: and, since I never see you, alone, (but when my dreams are kinder than your lodgings) you must give this paper leave to tell you, what I cannot—that the admiration, which I long since found your due, now only serves to dignify a warmer passion: for it became impossible again to see and hear you, without effects that soften'd friendship into wishes of a dearer nature.

To converse with you, and yet be patient under these necessities of often leaving you, is to be wretched, within view of transport.—A man, who never once had seen you, might live happy in his ignorance: but far from such a happiness is he, who, after having learn'd from your accomplishments indifference for all your sex besides, is tortur'd by restraints, and distance, and lives separated from the soul you rob him of.

I will not aim at a description of my sentiments.—They must have been unworthy their inspirer, if words cou'd have the power to make her comprehend them.—Respectful, soft, endearing years of life, devoted to your  
 taste,

taste, and acting for your happiness, might do, perhaps, some little justice to the passion you impress me with ; but writing is by far too faint, and distance too incapable, to give ideas of your influence.

Receive me therefore, ever yours,—or, be so generous to save me from this growth of your attraction.—Condemn me never to behold you more ; or let me never be depriv'd of seeing you.—All repetitions of such pleasures, as my heart is filled with, when I sit and listen to your sweetness, are succeeded by new pains, which you can never rightly judge of, because there is no man as worthy your esteem, as you are of mankind's in general.—I carry with me, from your gentle conversation, a thousand inexpressible remembrances, of words, looks, movements, softnesses and graces ;— which, compared with the gay female world, make all things tasteless in it, but the image of that single loveliness, where all those excellencies center.

Since I must gather, from the consequence of this confession of my wish, what rank my happiness may hold in yours,—and since it cannot be a difficulty to convey your sentiments, where they will be sacred to my bosom only,—be so divinely good, as, 'with a frankness, fit for generous minds, like yours) to let me be instructed—how far I may presume to hope, your heart's dear confidence (once tastelessly rewarded) has the courage to believe again ; and trust the influence of your power—which I was born to feel the force of,—on the soul of,

Madam,

your now happy, or unblest'd, but always

your most faithfully devoted servant,

A. H I L L.

LETTER

## LETTER III.

MADAM,

**E**VERY new time I see you, every new letter I have the blessing to receive from you, I gather still new proofs, in justice to the sex you honour, that all their softest and most amiable virtues may consist with all their elevated, and most thoughtful.

You look, and write, and act, with such an equal likeness to yourself, and such a sweet superiority to all the world beside, that friendship is too cold a passion, to do justice to your influence; and love too bold a wisher, when it wou'd aspire to hope your tenderness.

I know not how to disobey you, since my soul is in your custody;—yet, do not use your power, to the prevention of my future peace.—I can, I must forbear to press you,—if you will insist upon that sacrifice!—but I must never think of happiness, after such proof of your indifference.

Why, Madam, are you so unjust, in your opinion of your own fine mind? Why so insensible to its angelic covering?—In all the world, but in yourself, you are the first to find accomplishments!—Why do you speak of Time? It has but heightened your attractions.—Tho' you were always form'd as now, you were not always so supremely perfect!—Time has robb'd you of no beauties, in attending you from spring to summer.—'Tis to that profitable change, your fine sense owes its title to the fruits of this compleater season.—Why shou'd you, with this delicate unconsciousness, do such injustice to your loveliness?—You have every thing of gayety, but its light flutter, and its vanities; and you have every thing of wisdom, but its sowerness and its gravity.

Divinely

Divinely modest, and judicious, as you are, you recommend refinement, as a bound to my esteem; and speak of happiness as lost, if carried farther.—But surely! all esteem for you, must, of necessity, be a refin'd one:—for, while its growth is from your personal charms, it has its root in your dear virtues.—There is indeed a happiness, that may be sometimes lost in finding: but, it is the fate of rash and unweigh'd passions.—I have long been charm'd with, long reflected on my present wish:—I have felt you at my heart, and held, and press'd you to my reason.—I have been the lover of your mind and body; and, it is as possible to sense, that one, of your inspiring eyes, shou'd cloud the lustre of the other, as that a heart, which you have touch'd, as you have mine, shou'd grow less conscious of your dearness, because bless'd with your possession.

If therefore you insist (which Heaven forbid!) on my obedience to your hard injunction, you can have but one just reason for your doing so; — and I must find it in my own unworthiness.—As for my friendship, which you do such honour to, when you declare it worth your keeping,—That must be yours, by double claim, when I am also bless'd with being so.—When did you ever think, that light was less refin'd, because it had some warmth mix'd in it? Why then shou'd such a love, as you inspire, be less refin'd than friendship? Why, rather, not join'd with it, both to strengthen, and enliven it?

But, what are all these reasonings, if oppos'd to your felicity! I love, with too devoted an attachment, to be happy, while you seem to doubt it.—I had rather see myself for years, unblest'd, than you a day uneasy.—Continue then your generous frankness: It so charmingly becomes you, that it raises your idea, even above your other greatnesses! — Inform me with it,—if there is not yet some stronger reason than you have express'd? — If it is so, I will prefer your quiet, to my own.—I will shew you the refinement of my love, by the submission

submission (wou'd I cou'd add suppression!) of my wishes.---But, if your apprehension of the common consequences of unsteady and ill-grounded passion, is the only motive of your cold, yet kind advice,---conclude it an impossibility, to any weigh'd, or rational affection; and, therefore, never capable of finding the least room, in the devoted heart you animate.

Your dear invaluable letter came (as all mine do) directly to my hand.---The postmen bring me several at once; and, if I am from home, they are all put together in a little box I keep for that purpose.---Your heavenly image, in my heart, is not securer of a sacred privacy, than every thing you write, is sure of, in your letters.---And it is with purpose that my own shou'd find their way to your view only, that I thus inclose 'em, in such others, as are fit for any eye you please; these being taken out, and honour'd with a happier disposition.

I cannot be at rest, nor dare indulge myself, in the wished joy to meet your eyes, 'till you remove this painful doubt, in which your last (all goodness as 'twas meant!) has left the heart, of,

Madam,

your unchangeably devoted,

and (from his soul) your faithful,

humble servant,

A. H I L L.



#### L E T T E R I V.

*My every moment dearer, and still more deserving to be dear.*

**T**HE sight of that lov'd hand suspended a long week of melancholy: but it return'd, when I had read your letter.

With

With what an unimagined cruelty of kindness, have you given me advice, about some Lady, and call'd that the sole occasion of your writing?

The busy world, I find, is full of eyes and tongues; and you have heard of something, which has had, perhaps, its chief foundation in some friend's partiality, or their good wishes. — But, what are prospects which concern but figure in the world, when crossing the more noble bias of the heart's internal happiness? — A shining misery is more than misery, for 'tis a wretchedness expos'd, and public: and he who sells his peace of mind is doubly a betrayer; — he gives up comfort, in exchange for interest, — then wrongs the giver of that interest, by convincing her, with an ungenerous coldness, how incapable he is to relish it.

Believe me, always excellent, and truly dear \*\*\* these outsidings of felicity deceive but lookers on. The wearers of 'em know, and feel, what empty masks they are. — All lasting happiness in life is lodg'd in what we are, — not in what others think us. — It were as possible to taste by other people's palates, as to be blest'd by other people's apprehensions. — What is there then in figure, further than an independency? A man of sense, who wou'd be rich, has no great difficulties in his way: but he who wou'd be happy has a thousand. He has, first, life's elegancies, and its pleasures, to distinguish from its noises, and its vanities. He has, next, the great improbability of finding a \*\*\* form'd to bleis, as Heaven meant blessings: and, after he has been so strangely fortunate as to discover this soft miracle; he has then her cruel diffidence, and delicacy, to surmount: or, like a vessel loaded with some new-found treasure, suffers shipwreck in the harbour.

Cou'd I be blest'd enough to flatter my devoted heart with the most wish'd, the dearest sense of that soft sensibility, for which my whole soul thanks the generous goodness of your pen, whence then those fear'd allays?

As

As for the ambitious world, 'tis fashion'd to amuse, not satisfy. It swarms, 'tis true, with company; so has a desert too, its wild society:---but just such melancholy, bustling solitude, as man wou'd undergo, surrounded by that savage turbulency, is his unsocial lot, who misses, in your sex's sound, and show, some sweet resemblance of your loveliness.

Receive this plain-drawn picture, of a heart that knows your worth, and truly feels, and values it. And, that I may demonstrate, as I ought, the influence you hold within it, believe this declaration, from my soul's sincerest depth. I never can forbear to think of you with the same tenderness as now,---nor can I ever hope for happiness, in such a separation as you recommend. But, yet (so much do I prefer you to myself) if you continue to insist that I shou'd struggle to suppress this passion---I cannot, must not, strive to compass an impossibility.---But, I will sacrifice my quiet to your ease---I will be so far master of my grief, as never to disturb you with it: tho' I shall wish to be at all, no longer, than while you suffer me to be,

Dear Madam,

your most faithful,

and devoted servant,

A. H I L L.

\*\*\*\*\*

## L E T T E R V.

**W**HAT shall I do, my loveliest, dearest, never to be forgotton, never to be obtain'd \*\*\*? What language shall I find, to represent the situation of a heart so fix'd, yet so divided?

Respectful

Respectful to your will, even when it bids me be unhappy, I have tried the two extremes, of business, and of solitude. But, still I saw you, in the midst of crowds, where nothing in the least resembled you; still met you in retirement, so cut off from the surrounding world, that scarce an object enter'd, but the image of your sweetness.

In every place you interpose the silent influence of a form, that was not made to be forgotten: and it wou'd be all in vain, shou'd I retreat to the world's utmost limits, you wou'd be with me there, my meditation and my prospect. You only have engross'd my heart; you only must engage my senses.

I hear, at my return, new instances of your great goodness, (who never meant to give a pain, yet do it, while you pity)---Why are you so severely kind, to suffer me to think of seeing you? How can I bear the trial of so anxious a delight? It will be transport mixt with misery, too touching to be wisely cover'd, and too serious to be safely hazarded.---If absence cannot screen me, how is it possible I shou'd sustain the thousand dangers of your converse?---when I must compare my sense of what I see and feel in your society, with my remembrance that it is a bliss, you have forbidden me the greatest claim to?

And yet, what ease, what mitigation, can I hope in distance?---On one side 'tis despair, and on the other, agony.---I know not how I ought to act. I am unable to support your presence, under sense of the restraint you bind me to. I am more unable to support my life, made tasteless to me by your absence.

What was there, most desirable, and most faultless, yet most cold \*\*\*? What cou'd you apprehend in my solicitation, that deserv'd a prohibition, of such consequence to my felicity?---My passion was no light effect of suddenness, or fancy: it had its birth from your experienc'd excellence; its growth from my reflection, and my judgment.---I endeavour'd to suppress it, long before you had the least idea of my feeling it; because I feared



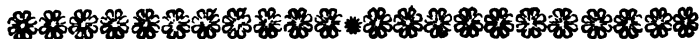
feared I cou'd not give you back, that happiness I shou'd have ow'd you : I mean, that sympathetic, infelt happiness, the happiness of minds : for fortune cannot furnish it.—I therefore had no thought of yours, unless to have enlarg'd it.---That wou'd indeed have been my study, and my pride ;---for tho' I shun all gayety myself, I know you born for shining.---I made it my entreaty, that you wou'd, by proper previous settlements, have cut off, from my claim, all right, but to your mind, and person. There only lay the treasure of my hopes---there only, the ambition of my purpose.

But I am in the wrong perhaps, to dwell upon this subject, since you wish me to decline it.---Forgive me the restless discomposure---and, may you long live undisturb'd, and happy!---Permit me, only, to remember, and to love you ; and to carry on, to death, this dear unalterable consciousness, of soft respectful tenderness, so due, from

Madam,

your everlasting devoted servant,

A. H I L L.



## LETTER VI.

— *My Heart's last wish ! My dear, my lov'd \*\*\* !*

**S**URE, some unlucky spirit hover'd over and mislaid my pen, when it was capable of giving pain, where all the mingled pleasures of this life wou'd be too little to express my wishes ! Yet, do not say that I refus'd---even to destroy your letters. I wou'd destroy myself, to save you from a grief, or pain : and therefore dare not let my fondness for those sacred treasures prevail against the  
reverence,

reverence, and the honour, which are due to their dear writer. Yet, if there ever comes a day, when you resolve to dispossess me of their beauties, expect not I can treat 'em in the manner which you mention. It will be cruelty enough, to bid me re-deliver them. So far I can, and will obey, shou'd you condemn me to the trial, as rather to give up my heavenly converse with your spirit, in those breathings of its angel purity, than be the cause, however undesignedly, of half a moment's apprehension, to your too refin'd, and never to be equal'd delicacy.

But, when you speak of having writ your sentiments with too much frankness: — with such freedom, as that matchless life cou'd give no other instance of! Such charming words at once transported, and astonish'd me! I look'd,—and search'd again; I linger'd over every dear, and well-known syllable. Again, I weigh'd, in the most partial, and most stretch'd signification, every meaning of each modest paragraph. — And, since it was impossible to find the smallest shadow of a cause for this enchanting fear, in any thing you have express'd, my heart, that catches at the weakest hope, to save itself from anguish, had almost flatter'd me, that your divine compassion might have meant some sensibility in my behalf, which you but barely purpos'd in your secret bosom, and then feared, you had been kind enough, to bless me with the sweet confession of.

It wou'd be to affect stupidity, not to perceive I am more bless'd, in this, than you design'd to make me. The sweet disorder of your groundless doubt half charms me to presume, I am not quite indifferent to you. And the dear, unmeant discovery is happiness, above all gratitude: and never to be felt with too much joy, nor own'd with too much honour.

Shou'd I be thus beyond my apprehension happy, shou'd sympathy for one, whose soul was form'd to take in all your loveliness and influence, have mov'd your pity to this generous sense of what I suffer if divided from you, why, my severely lovely, and too rigid apprehender!

why must you not confess it to me? Why will you not permit me to expect some future possibility of being yours, in a more dear engagement, even than that of friendship? Why will you not remove that dreadful bar, of your declar'd resolve? Why am I to be held debarr'd from the delightful bliss of consecrating the uncertain limit of my years to come, to the respectful tenderness of living but to serve you? of watching over your wish'd health? of finding mitigation for your griefs, when sometimes unavoidable? of always heightening your propos'd felicities? enlivening your retirement with the homeselt sweets of converse? and partaking your society, in public pleasures, with a pride and consciousness of your observ'd perfections? receiving, and returning, all those softeners of the humane soul, which make life elegant and comfortable: and which Heaven enabled us to feel, by way of balance for its shortness, and uncertainty?

A mind superior, as yours is, to all your sex's dangers, or their levities, shou'd also be above their doubts, and apprehensions. You cannot be deceived in passion. You judge, and reason, with too guarded an excess of caution. You know how to distinguish truth from light pretence, and insincerity: and, knowing this, must know, he cannot fail to be unhappy, who is fill'd, as I am, with your image, yet kept distant by your coldness.

Be then, so nobly frank, no longer to accuse yourself unjustly—but, in real earnest bless me, with the hope you now but seem to have permitted me. I cannot think of peace, unless you favour me.—As to regard of fortune, 'tis too poor a thing for passion. Yet, so far is outward happiness concern'd in its advantages, that you will teach me to love riches, from the splendor they might shew your beauties in.

Be so endearingly compassionate to bid me entertain this hope, and I will lay aside some purposes, that else, will lead me distant from the power to charm my soul in your belov'd society.—So blessed, I will forget all cares, and watch in your angelic eyes, for that sweet future



affliction, I shou'd hate my heart if it were capable of shunning.

If I had never seen the dear \*\*\*, I too might have resolved like her, against a second tenderness. But, both in spirit, and in person, you were form'd for all my passion; and I must have had no soul at all, or felt it charin'd by your impression.—Had it pleas'd his liberal had, that gave you this inimitable excellence, that you had thought me worth possessing it, or that I shou'd have seen you, with un-entering eyes, all tasteless and unmoved, like fashionable friends and lovers, you would never have been press'd by such unwish'd addresses—and I might have been easy, tho' not happy, without dreaming there was such a bliss to wish for.

You are sweetly condescending in your cruelty, when you invite me to partake, in common with the happier branches of my family, the charming privilege of sometimes seeing you.—No, my too dear mistaker! your tender spirit wou'd not wish me such insufferable torture. It wou'd be the punishment of Dives, to lift up my eyes in agony, and see the heaven I am shut out of.—Live, ever undisturb'd, and waste no thought on me.—Be blest'd, beyond all womankind, as I am sure, you are adorn'd beyond 'em!—Rise, every hour, if possible, increasing in felicities.—I never will invade the quiet of your wish'd enjoyments.—But, while I labour to forget myself, will beg you also to forget me.

It is the mark of real passion to give up all self, and find its happiness, in that of its dear object.—In this sharp tryal, I will prove myself a lover not unworthy of your pity.—I will teach my struggling soul the hard submission to your order: and presume no more to ruffle your wish'd calm of life with any whisper of his sufferings, who must, in life, and death, for ever find himself,

Still dearer, and more loved \*\*\*

your unchangeably devoted servant,

A. HILL.

F I N I S.









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